THE CENTURY

Vol. 92 AUGUST, 1916 No. 4

The Dark Tower

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Author of "Broken Music," "The Captive," etc.

Illustrations by J. H. Gardiner Soper

CHAPTER I

WINN STAINES respected God, the royal family, and his regiment; but even his respect for these three things was in many ways academic: he respected nothing else.

His father, Admiral Sir Peter Staines, had never respected anything; he went to church, however, because his wife did n't. They were that kind of family.

Lady Staines had had twelve children. Seven of them died as promptly as their constitutions permitted; the five survivors, shouted at, quarreled over, and thrashed, tore themselves through a violent childhood into a rackety youth. They were never vicious, for they never reflected over or considered anything that they did.

Winn got drunk occasionally, assaulted policemen frequently, and could carry a small pony under each arm. Charles and James, who were in the navy, followed in the footsteps of Sir Peter; that is to say, they explored all possible accidents on sea or ashore, and sought for a fight as if it were a mislaid crown jewel.

Dolores and Isabella had to content themselves with minor feats and to be known merely as the terrors of the neighborhood, though ultimately Dolores succeeded in making a handsome splash by running away with a prize-fighting groom. She made him an excellent wife, and though Lady Staines never mentioned her name again, it was rumored that Sir Peter met her surreptitiously at Tattersall's and took her advice upon his horses.

Isabella, shocked and outraged by this sisterly mischance, married, in the face of all probability, a reluctant curate. He subsided into a family living given to him by Sir Peter, and tried to die of consumption.

Isabella took entire control of the parish, which she ruled as if it were a quarter-deck. She did not use her father's language, but she inherited his voice. It rang over boys' clubs and into mothers' meetings with the penetration and volume of a megaphone.

Lady Staines heartily disliked both her daughters, and she appeared not to care very deeply for her sons, but of the three she had a decided preference for Winn. Winn had a wicked temper, an unshakable nerve, and had inherited the strength of Sir Peter's muscles and the sledge-hammer weight of Lady Staines's wit. He had been expelled from his private school for unparalleled insolence to the head master; a repetition of his summing up of

Copyright, 1916, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

that gentleman's life and conduct delighted his mother, though she assisted Sir Peter in thrashing him for the result.

It may have contributed to his mother's affection for him that Winn had left England at nineteen, and had reached thirty-five with only two small intervals at home. He had been sent straight from Sandhurst to South Africa, where he had fought with violence and satisfaction for two years, winning the D. S. O., a broken nose, and a cut across the face. When the fighting was over, he obtained leave for a two-years exploring expedition into the heart of West Africa. Ten men had gone on this expedition, and two survived. Winn never talked of these experiences, but he once admitted to a friend that the early study of his sisters' characters had saved him in many awkward moments. He had known how to appeal to female savages with the unerring touch of experience.

From West Africa he was called to the Indian frontier, where he put in seven years in variegated and extremely useful service. He received his majority early, and disappeared for two years into Tibet, Manchuria, and China. After that he came back to England for polo, and met Estelle Fanshawe. She was lovely, gentle, intensely vain, and not very truthful.

Lady Staines disposed of her at once as "a mincing ninny." The phrase aggravated Winn, and his fancy deepened. It was stimulated by the fact that Estelle was the belle of the neighborhood and had a large supply of ardent admirers. It was almost like running a race with the odds against you. Winn was not a conceited man, and perhaps he thought the odds more against him than they actually were. He was the second son of a man who was immensely rich.

He met her at a dance, and insisted upon dancing with her the whole evening. He took her card away from her, and scored off all her indignant partners. In the interval of these decisive actions he made love to her in a steady, definite way that was difficult to laugh at and impossible to turn aside.

When he said good-night to her he told her that he would probably come and see her soon. She went away in a flutter, for his words, though casual, had had a sharply significant sound; besides, he had very nearly kissed her; if she had been more truthful, she would have said quite.

Lady Staines told her son at breakfast a few mornings later what she thought of Miss Fanshawe.

"She 's a girl," she observed, knocking the top off her egg, "who will develop into a nervous invalid or an advanced coquette, and it entirely depends upon how much admiration she gets which she does. I hear she 's religious, too, in a silly, egotistical way. She ought to have her neck wrung."

Sir Peter disagreed; they heard him in the servants' hall.

"Certainly not!" he roared, "certainly not! The girl 's a damned pretty piece. I won't have the boy crabbed for fancying a neighbor! It 's very natural he should. You never have a woman in the house fit to look at. Who the devil do you expect your boys to marry? Negresses or barmaids?"

"Gentlewomen," said Lady Staines, firmly, "unless their father's behavior prevents them from being accepted."

Winn said nothing. He got up and began cutting ham at the sideboard. His mother hesitated a moment; but as she had only roused one of her men, she made a further effort in the direction of the other.

"The girl 's a mean-spirited little liar," she observed. "I would n't take her as a housemaid."

"You may have to take her as a daughter-in-law, though," Winn remarked without turning round from the sideboard.

Sir Peter grunted. He did n't like this at all, but he could n't very well say so without appearing to agree with his wife, a thing he had carefully avoided doing for thirty years.

Lady Staines rose and gathered up her letters.

"You 're of age," she said to her son,

"and you 've had about as much experience of civilized women as a European baby has of crocodiles, and you 'll be just about as safe and clever with them. As for you, Peter, I should think you might begin to save toward the damages of Winn's divorce proceedings now."

Sir Peter's oaths accompanied his wife across the dining-room to the door, which her son opened ceremoniously for her. Their eyes crossed like swords.

"If I get that girl, you 'll be nice to her," Winn said in a low voice.

"As long as you are," replied Lady Staines, with a grim smile. He did not bang the door after her, as she had hoped; instead, he went to see the girl.

CHAPTER II

It was eleven o'clock when Winn arrived at the Fanshawes. Estelle was barely dressed; she always slept late, had her breakfast in bed, and gave as much trouble as possible to the servants.

However, when she heard who had called to see her, she sent for a basket and some roses, and five minutes later strolled into the drawing-room, with her hat on, and the flowers in her hands.

Her mother stayed in the garden and nervously thought out the lunch.

Winn seized the basket out of Estelle's hands, took her by the wrists.

She was n't frightened of him, but she pretended to be. She said, "Oh, Major Staines!" She looked as soft and innocent as a cream-fed kitten. Winn cleared his throat. It made him feel rather religious to look at her. He did not of course see her as a kitten; he saw her approximately as an angel.

"Look here," he said, "my name 's Winn."

"You 're hurting my wrists," she murmured. He dropped them. "Winn," she said under her breath.

"Look here," he said after a moment's pause, "would you mind marrying me?"

Estelle lifted her fine China blue eyes to his. They were n't soft, but they could sometimes look very mysterious.

"Oh," she said, "but, Winn—it 's so sudden—so soon!"

"Leave 's short," Winn explained, "and besides, I knew the moment I looked at you that I wanted you. I don't know how you feel, of course; but—well—I 'm sure you are n't the kind of girl to let a fellow kiss you, are you, and mean nothing?"

Estelle's long lashes swept her cheeks; she behaved exquisitely. She was, of course, exactly that kind of girl.

"Ah," she said, with a little tremble in her voice, "if I do marry you—will you be kind to me?"

Winn trembled, too; he flushed very red, and suddenly he did the funniest, most unlikely thing in the world: he got down on his knees beside her, and taking both her hands in his, he kissed them.

"I 'll be like this as much as ever you 'll let me," he said gravely.

Estelle's wedding was a great success, but this was not surprising when one realized how many years had been spent in preparation for it. Estelle was only twenty-three, but for the last ten years she had known that she would marry, and she had thought out every detail of the ceremony except the bridegroom. You could have any kind of bridegroom,—men were essentially imperfect,—but you need have only one kind of ceremony, and that could be ideal.

Estelle had visualized everything from the last pot of lilies—always annunciation ones, not arum, which look pagan—at the altar, to the red cloth at the door. There were to be rose-leaves instead of rice; the wedding was to be in June, with a tent in the garden and strawberries.

If possible, she would be married by a bishop; if not, by a dean. The bishop having proved too remote, the dean had to do. But he was a fine-looking man, and would be made a bishop soon, so Estelle did not really mind. The great thing was to have gaiters on the lawn afterward.

The day was perfect. Estelle woke at her usual hour in the morning, her heart beating a little faster than it generally

did, and then she remembered with a pang of joy the perfect fit of her wedding-gown hanging in the wardrobe. She murmured to herself:

"One love, one life." She was not thinking of Winn, but she had always meant to say that on her wedding morning.

The village church was comfortably full, and with her eyes modestly cast down Estelle managed to see that all the right people were there, including the clergyman's daughters, whom she had always hated.

At the top of the aisle Winn waited for his bride. Instead of looking as if he were waiting for his bride, he looked exactly as if he were holding a narrow pass against an enemy. His very figure had a peculiarly stern and rock-like expression. His broad shoulders were set, his rather heavy head was erect, and when he did look at Estelle, it was an inconceivably sharp look, as if he were trying to see through her.

She did n't know, of course, that on his way to church he had thought every little white cloud in the blue sky was like her, and every lily in a cottage garden.

Then the service began, and they had the celebration first, and afterward the usual ceremony, perfectly conducted, and including the rather over-exercised "Voice that Breathed o'er Eden." In the vestry Winn began to be tiresome. The vicar said:

"Kiss the bride," and Winn replied:

"No, thanks; not at present," looking like a stone wall, and sticking his hands into his pockets. The vicar, who had known him from a boy, did not press the point; but of course the dean looked surprised. Any dean would.

When they drove off, Estelle turned toward Winn with shining eyes and quivering lips. It was the moment for a judicious amount of love-making, and all Winn said was:

"Look here, you know, those high-heeled things on your feet are absolutely murderous. They might give you a bad tumble. Don't let me see you in 'em again. Are you sure you 're quite comfortable, and all that?"

He made the same absurd fuss about Estelle's comfort in the railway carriage; but it was one of the last occasions on which he did it, because he discovered almost immediately that however many things you could think of for Estelle's comfort, she could think of more for herself.

Estelle had a great deal that she wanted to talk over about the wedding.

Winn listened hard and tried to follow intelligently all the family histories she evolved for him. At last after a rather prolonged pause on his part, just at a point when he should have expressed admiration of her guidance of a delicate affair, Estelle glanced at him and discovered that he was asleep! They had n't been married for three hours, and he could go to sleep in the middle of their first real talk! But Winn was old,—he was thirty-five,—and she could see quite plainly now that the hair round the tops of his ears was gray. She looked at him scornfully, but he did n't wake up.

When he woke up he laughed.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I believe I 've been to sleep!" but he did n't apologize. He began instead to tell her some things that might interest her, about what Drummond, his best man, and he had done in Manchuria, just as if nothing had happened; but naturally Estelle would n't be interested. She was first polite, then bored, then captious. Winn looked at her rather hard. "Are you trying to pay me back for falling asleep?" he asked with a queer little laugh. "Is that what you 're up to?" Estelle stiffened.

"Certainly not," she said; "I simply was n't very interested."

Winn leaned over her, with a wicked light in his eyes, like a naughty school-boy. "Own up!" he said, laying his rough hand very gently on her shoulder. "Own up, old lady!"

But has anybody ever owned up when being spiteful?

Estelle did n't. She looked at Winn's hand till he withdrew it, and then she re-

marked that she was feeling faint from want of food.

After she had had seven chicken sandwiches, pâté de foie gras, half a melon, and some champagne, she began to be agreeable.

Winn was delighted at this change in her and quite inclined to think that their little "breeze" had been entirely due to his own awkwardness. Still, he wished she had owned up.

It took him a month to realize that he had paid his money, had his shy, and knocked down an empty cocoanut.

He could n't get his money back, and he must spend the rest of his life carrying the cocoanut about with him.

It never occurred to him to shirk the institution of marriage. The church, the law, and the army stood in his mind for good, indelible things. Estelle was his wife as much as his handkerchief was his handkerchief. This meant that they were to be faithful to each other and go out to dinner together, and he was to pay her bills. He knew the great thing in any tight corner was never in any circumstances to let go. All the dangers he had ever been in had yielded only because he had n't.

It was true he had not been married before, but the same rule no doubt held good of marriage. If he held on to it, something more bearable would come out of it. Then one could be out of the house a good deal, and there was the regiment. He began to see his way through marriage as a man sees his way through a gap in an awkward fence. The unfortunate part of it was that he could n't get through the gap unless Estelle shared his insight.

He would have liked to put it to her, but he did n't know how; he never had had a great gift of expression, and something had brought him up very short in his communications with his wife.

It was so slight a thing that Estelle herself had forgotten all about it, but to a Staines it was absolutely final. She had told the gardener that Winn wanted hyacinths planted in the front bed. Winn had n't wanted a garden at all, and he had let her have her way in everything else; but he had said quite plainly that he would n't on any account have hyacinths. The expression he used about them was excessively coarse, and it certainly should have remained in Estelle's memory. He had said that the bally things stank. Nevertheless, Estelle had told the gardener that the master wanted hyacinths, and the gardener had told Winn. Winn gazed at the gardener in a way which made him wish that he had never been a gardener, but had taken up any other profession in which he was unlikely to meet a glance so "nasty." Then Winn said quietly:

"You are perfectly sure, Parsons, that Mrs. Staines told you it was *my* wish to have the hyacinths?" And the gardener had said:

"Yes, sir. She *did* say, sir, as 'ow you 'ad a particler fancy for them." And Winn had gone into the house and asked Estelle what the devil she meant? Estelle immediately denied the hyacinths and the gardener. People like that, she informed Winn, always misunderstood what one said to them.

"Very well, then," Winn replied. "He has lied to me, and must go. I 'll dismiss him at once. He told me distinctly that you had said I liked them."

Estelle fidgeted. She did n't want the gardener to go. She really could n't remember what she 'd said and what she had n't said to him. And Winn was absurd, and how could it matter in any case, and the people next door had hyacinths, and they 'd always had them at home.

Winn listened in silence. He did n't say anything more about the gardener having lied, and he did n't countermand the hyacinths; only from that moment he ceased to believe a single word his wife said to him. This is discouraging to conversation and was very unfair to Estelle; for she might have told the truth more often if she had not discovered that it made no difference to her husband whether she told it to him or not.

CHAPTER III

ESTELLE knew that her heart was broken, but on the whole she did not find that she was greatly inconvenienced.

In an unhappy marriage the woman generally scores unless she is in love with her husband. Estelle never had been in love with Winn; she had had an agreeable feeling about him, and now she had a disagreeable feeling about him, but neither of these emotions could be compared with beaten-brass hot-water jugs, which she had always meant to have when she was married.

She said to herself and a little later to the nearest clergyman, "I must make an offering of my sorrow." She offered it a good deal, almost to every person she met. Even the cook was aware of it; but, like all servants, she unhesitatingly sided with the master. He might be in the wrong, but he was seldom if ever in the kitchen.

They had had to have a house and servants, because Estelle felt that marriage without a house was hardly legal; and Winn had given way about it, as he was apt to do about things Estelle wanted.

There was one point he never yielded: he firmly intended to rejoin his regiment in March.

The station to which they would have to go was five thousand feet up, lonely, healthy, and quite unfashionable. Winn had tried to make it seem jolly to her and had mentioned as a recommendation apparently that it was the kind of place in which one need n't wear gloves. It was close to the border, and women had to be a little careful where they rode.

Estelle had every intention of being careful; she would, she thought, be too careful ever to go to the Indian frontier at all. She had often heard of the tragic separations of Anglo-Indian marriages; it was true that they were generally caused by illness and children, but there must be other methods of obtaining the same immunities.

She had never had any difficulty with the doctor at home; she relied on him entirely, and he had invariably ordered her what she wanted, after a nice quiet talk.

Travers, the regimental doctor, was different; he looked exactly like a vet and only understood things you had actually broken. Still Estelle put her trust in Providence; no self-respecting higher Power could wish a woman of her type to be wasted on a hill station. Something would happen to help her; and if not, she would be given grace to help herself.

One day Winn came down to breakfast with a particularly disagreeable expression. He said good morning into his newspaper as usual without noticing her pathetic little smile.

He only unburied himself to take his second cup of coffee; then he said, without looking at her:

"It 's a beastly nuisance, the War Office want me to extend my leave. Hanged if I do."

Estelle thanked Heaven in a flash and passed him the marmalade. She had never dreamed the War Office could be so efficient.

"That shows," she said gracefully, "what they think of you!"

Winn turned his sardonic eyes toward her. "Thanks," he drawled, "I dare say it 's the kind of thing you 'd like. They propose that I should stay on here at the Staff College for another year and write 'em a damned red tape report on Tibet." His irony dropped from him. "If it was a job," he said in a low voice, "I 'd go like a shot."

Estelle sighed, and gazed pathetically out of the window. Her eyes rested on the bed where the hyacinths were planted, and beyond it to gorse bushes and a corrugated iron shed.

They were at Aldershot, which was really rather a good place for meeting suitable people. "What do you intend to do?" she asked, trembling a little. Winn was at his worst when questioned as to his intentions; he preferred to let them explode like fire-crackers.

"Do!" he snorted. "Write and tell 'em when they 've got any kind of job on

the size of sixpence I 'll be in it. And if not, Tibet 's about as useful to draw up a report on—as ice in the hunting season. But I 'm off in March, and that 's that."

A tear rolled down Estelle's cheek and splashed on the table-cloth; she trembled harder until her teaspoon rattled.

Winn looked at her.

"What 's up?" he asked irritably. "Anything wrong?"

"I suppose," she said, prolonging a small sob, "you don't care what I feel about it!"

"But you knew we were always going out in March, did n't you?" he asked, as if that had anything to do with it.

"I never knew I should be so unhappy!" she moaned. Winn looked extremely foolish and rather conscience-stricken.

"I 'm sure I 'm awfully sorry," he said apologetically. "I suppose you mean you 're a bit sick of me, don't you?"

Estelle wiped her eyes, and returned to her toast.

"Can't you see," she asked bitterly, "that our life together is the most awful tragedy?"

"Oh, come now," said Winn, who associated tragedy solely with police courts and theaters. "It 's not so bad as all that, is it? I dare say I 've been rather a brute, but I shall be a lot better company when I 'm back in the regiment. I don't like to bother you about it, but I think you 'd see things differently if we had a kid. I do really."

"How can you be so disgustingly coarse!" shuddered Estelle. "Besides, I 'm far too delicate. Not that you would care if I died; of course you 'd just marry again."

"Oh, no, I should n't do that," said Winn in his horrid quiet way which might mean anything. "You 'd be a jolly sight stronger all the rest of your life. I asked Travers."

"Oh!" she cried, "you don't mean to tell me that you talked me over with that disgusting red-faced man!"

"I don't talk people over," said Winn, without turning round. "He 's a doctor. I asked his opinion."

"Well," she said, "I think it was horrible of you—and—and most ungentlemanly."

Winn said nothing. One of the things Estelle most disliked in him was the way in which it seemed as if he had some curious sense of delicacy of his own. She wanted to think of Winn as a man impervious to all refinement, born to outrage the nicer susceptibility of her own mind; but there were moments when it seemed as if he did n't think the susceptibilities of her mind were nice at all. He was not awed by her purity.

He did n't say anything of course, but he let certain subjects prematurely drop.

Suddenly he turned round from the window and fixed his eyes on hers. She thought he was going to be very violent, but he was n't; he talked quietly.

"Look here," he said, "I 've thought of something, a kind of bargain. I 'll give in to you about this job, if you 'll give in to me about the other. If you 'll have a kid, I 'll stay on here for a year more; if you won't, I 'll clear out in March. But if you do what I ask about the child, I 'll meet you all the way round. Only you must ride straight. If you play me any monkey tricks over it, you 'll never set eyes on me again; and I 'm afraid you 'll have to have Travers, because I trust him, not some slippery old woman who 'd let you play him like a fish. D' you understand?"

Estelle stared aghast at this mixture of brutality and cunning. Her mind flew round and round like a squirrel in a cage.

She could have managed beautifully if it had n't been for Travers. Travers would be as impervious to handling as a battery mule. She really would n't be able to do anything with Travers. He looked as if he drank; but he did n't.

Of course having a baby was simply horrid; lots of women got out of it nowadays who were quite happily married.

Her wistful blue eyes expanded.

"I can't," she said touchingly, "decide all this in a minute."

He could stay on for two years at the War Office, and Estelle meant him to stay without inconvenience to herself. He tried bargaining with her; but her idea of a bargain was to gain things for herself. One day she said:

"I sometimes feel as if you kept me out of everything."

"How do you mean?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh," she said contemplatively, "such heaps of things! One thing, I don't expect you 've ever noticed that you never ask your friends to stay here. I 've had all mine; you 've never even asked your mother! It 's as if you were ashamed of me."

"I 'll ask her like a shot if you like," he said eagerly. Estelle was not anxious for a visit from Lady Staines, but she thought it sounded better to begin with her. She let her pass.

"It 's not only your relatives," she went on; "it 's your friends. What must they think of a wife they are never allowed to see?"

"But they 're such a bachelor crew," he objected. "It never occurred to me you 'd care for them—just ordinary soldier chaps like me, not a bit clever or amusing."

Estelle did not say that crews of bachelors are seldom out of place in the drawing-room of a young and pretty woman. She looked past her husband to where in fancy she beheld the aisle of a church and the young Adonis who had been his best man with eyes full of reverence and awe gazing at her approaching figure.

"I thought," she said indifferently, "you liked that man you insisted on having instead of Lord Arlington at the wedding?"

"I do," said Winn. "He 's my best friend. I meet him sometimes in town, you know."

"He must think it awfully funny," said Estelle, sadly, "our never having him down here."

"He 's not that sort," said Winn. "He was my sub, you know. He would n't think anything funny unless I told him to. We know each other rather well."

"That makes it funnier still," said Estelle, relentlessly.

"Oh, all right," said Winn, after a moment's pause. "Have him down here if you like. Shall I write to him or will you?"

"He 's your friend," said Estelle, politely.

"Yes," said Winn, "but it 's your idea." There was a peculiar look in his eyes, as if he wanted to warn her about something. He went to the door and then glanced back at her, apparently hoping that she had changed her mind.

Estelle had n't the faintest intention of changing her mind. She had already decided to put sweet peas in Lionel's room and a marked copy of "The Road Mender."

"You may as well ask him yourself," said Winn, "if you really want him to come."

CHAPTER IV

It was time, Estelle felt, that the real things of life should come back to her. She had had them before marriage,—these real things,—light, swift contacts with chosen spirits; friendships not untinged with a liability to become something less capable of definition. But since her marriage she had been forced into a world of secondary experiences. Winn, to begin with, had stood very much in the way; and when he had ceased to block the paths of sentiment she had not found a substitute. At Aldershot, where they lived, there was an unspoken rule that brides should be left alone. Women called, and men were polite, but when Estelle began those delicate personal conversations which led the way to deeper spiritual contacts she discovered that nothing followed. She could not say that she found the men elusive; stone walls are not elusive, but they do not lend themselves to an easy way across country. As to women, theoretically Estelle desired their friendship just as much as that of men; but in practice she generally found them unsympathetic, and incapable of the finest type of intimacy. They did not

seem to know what the word devotion meant. Men did, especially young men, though the older ones talked more about it. Estelle had already seen herself after marriage as a confidante to Winn's young brother officers. It seemed to her that in Lionel Drummond she would find a perfect spiritual counterpart. She dreamed of a friendship with him too deep for mere friendliness, too late for accepted love; and it seemed to her exactly the kind of thing she wanted. Hand in hand they would tread the path of duty together, surrounded by a rosy mist.

They might even lead Winn to higher things; but at this point Estelle's imagination balked. She could not see Winn being led,—he was too truculent,—and he had never in his tenderest moments evinced the slightest taste for higher things. It would be better perhaps if they simply set him a good example. He would be certain not to follow it.

She and Lionel would have terrible moments, of course. Estelle thrilled at the thought of these moments, and from time to time she slightly stretched the elastic path of duty to meet them. They would still keep on it, of course; they would never go any further than Petrarch and Laura. These historic philanderers should be their limit, and when the worst came to the worst, Estelle would softly murmur to Lionel, "Petrarch and Laura have borne it, and we must bear it, too."

Lionel arrived one night before Winn had finished dressing. Estelle greeted him with outstretched hands. "I am so very glad to see you at last," she said in her softest, friendliest voice. "I think it will do Winn good to have you here."

Lionel laughed shyly.

"I should n't have thought," he said, "that Winn would need much more good."

"Ah, my dear fellow!" said Winn's voice behind him, "you don't know how great my needs are. Sorry I could n't meet you."

Estelle's beautiful, wavering eyes rested for a moment on her husband. She had never known a man to dress so quickly, and it seemed to her an unnecessary quality.

The dinner was a great success. Both men were absurdly gay. Winn told good stories, laughed at Lionel, and rallied his young wife. She had never seen him like this before, and she put it down to the way one man sets off another.

Estelle felt that she was being a great success, and it warmed her heart. The two men talked for her and listened to her; she had a moment when she thought that perhaps, after all, she need n't relegate Winn to a lower world.

They accepted with enthusiasm her offer to sing to them after dinner, and then they kept her waiting in the drawing-room for an hour and a half.

At last they came in, and Lionel said without any attempt at an apology:

"We should love some music, Mrs. Winn."

Winn said nothing. He stuck his hands into his pockets, and stood in front of the fireplace in a horribly British manner while she turned over her songs. Estelle sang rather prettily. She preferred songs of a type that dealt with bitter regret over unexplained partings. She sang them with a great deal of expression and a slight difficulty in letting go of the top notes. After she had sung two or three, Lionel said:

"Now, Winn, you sing."

Estelle started. She had never before heard of this accomplishment of her husband's. It occurred to her now that Lionel would think it very strange she had n't, but he need never know unless Winn gave her away. She need not have been afraid. Winn said quietly, as if he said it to her every evening, "D' you mind playing for me, Estelle?" Then he dragged out from under her music a big black book in which he had painstakingly copied and collected his selection of songs.

He had a high, clear baritone, very true and strangely impressive; it filled the little room. When he had finished, Lionel forgot to ask Estelle to sing again. Winn excused himself; he said he had a letter or two to write, and left them.

"It 's jolly, your both singing," Lionel said, looking at her with the same admiring friendliness he had shown her before. She guessed then that Winn had said nothing against her. After all, at the bottom of her heart she had known he would n't. You can't live with a man for five months and not know where you are safe.

Estelle smiled prettily.

"Yes," she said gently, "music is a great bond," and then she began to talk to Lionel about himself.

She had a theory that all men liked to talk exclusively about themselves, and it is certain that most men enjoyed their conversation with her; but in this particular instance she made a mistake. Lionel did not like talking about himself, and above all he disliked sympathetic admiration. He was not a conceited man, and it had not occurred to him that he was a suitable subject for admiration. Nor did he see why he should receive sympathy.

Still, he would n't have shrunk from talking about Winn with Estelle. It was her right to talk about him, her splendid, perfect privilege. He supposed that she was a little shy, because she seemed to slip away from their obvious great topic; but he wished, if she was n't going to talk about Winn, she would leave his people alone.

She tried to sympathize with him about his home difficulties, and when she discovered that he had n't any, her sympathy veered to the horrible distance he had to be away from it.

"Oh, well," said Lionel, "it 's my father's old regiment, you know; that makes it awfully different. They know as much about my life as I do myself, and when I don't get leave, they often come out to me for a month or two. They 're good travelers."

"They must be simply wonderful!" Estelle said ecstatically. Lionel said nothing. He looked slightly amazed. It seemed so funny that Winn, who had n't much use for ecstasy, should have married a so easily ecstatic wife.

The next few days were very puzzling to Estelle; nobody behaved as she expected them to behave, including herself. She found Lionel always ready to accept her advances with open-hearted cordiality, but she had to make the advances. She had not meant to do this. Her idea had been to be a magnet, and magnets keep quite still; needles do all the moving.

And Winn would n't behave at a disadvantage; he was neither tyrannical nor jealous. He left her a great deal to Lionel, and treated her with good-natured tolerance in private and with correct attention before his friend.

Lionel was delightful to her; he waited on her hand and foot; he studied all her tastes and remembered everything she told him. Could playing polo with Winn, going out for walks in the rain, and helping to make saddles in Winn's musty, smelling den appeal to him with greater force than her society? He was n't in love with any one else, and if men were n't in love with any one else, they were usually in love with Estelle. But with Lionel everything stopped short. They conversed confidentially, they used each other's Christian names, but she was left with the sensation of having come up against an invisible barrier. There was no impact, and there was no curtness; there was simply empty space. She was not even sure that Lionel would have liked her at all if she had n't been Winn's wife. As it was, he certainly wanted her friendship and took pains to win it. It must be added that he won more than he took pains to win. Estelle for the first time in her life stumbled waveringly into a little love.

The visit prolonged itself from a week to a fortnight. Estelle did not sleep the night before Lionel went. She tossed feverishly to and fro, planning their parting. Surely he would not leave her without a word? Surely there must be some touch of sentiment to this separation, horrible and inevitable, that lay before them?

It was a very wet morning, and Lionel was to leave before lunch. Winn went as usual into his study to play with his eternal experiments in leather. Lionel went

with him. She heard the two men laughing together down the passage. Could real friends have laughed if they had minded parting with each other?

She sat at her desk in the drawing-room biting nervously at her pen. He was going; was it possible that there would be no farewell?

But after a time she heard steps returning. Lionel came by himself.

"Are you busy?" he asked. "Shall I bother you if we talk a little?"

"No," she said softly. "I hoped you would come back."

Lionel did not answer for a moment. For the first time in their acquaintance he was really a little stirred. He moved about the room restlessly; he would n't sit down, though half unconsciously she had put her hand on the chair beside her.

"Do you know," he said at last, "I 've got something to say to you, and I 'm awfully afraid it may annoy you."

Was it really coming, the place at which he would have to be stopped, after all her fruitless endeavors to get him to move in any direction at all?

"The fact is," he went on, "I simply can't go without saying it, and you 've been so awfully good to me—you 've let me feel we 're friends." He paused, and Estelle leaned forward, her eyes melting with encouragement.

"I am so glad you feel like that, Lionel," she murmured. "Do please say anything—anything you like. I shall always understand and forgive, if it is necessary for me to forgive."

"You 're awfully generous," he said gratefully. She smiled, and put out her hand again toward the chair. This time he sat down in it, but he turned it to face her.

He was a big man and he seemed to fill the room in which they sat. His blue-gray eyes fixed themselves on hers intently, his whole being seemed absorbed in what he was about to say.

"You see," he began, "I think you may be making a big mistake. Naturally Winn 's awfully fond of you, and all that, and you 've just started life, and you like to live in your own country, surrounded by jolly little things, and perhaps India seems frightening and far away." Estelle shrank back a little; he put his hand on the back of her chair soothingly. "Of course it must be hard," he said. "Only I want you to see. Winn's heart is yours, I know, but it 's in his work, too, as a man's must be, and his work 's out there; it 's not here at all."

He stopped abruptly; Estelle's eyes had hardened and grown very cold.

"I don't know what you mean," she said. "Has he complained of my keeping him here?"

Lionel pushed back his chair.

"Ah, Mrs. Winn! Mrs. Winn!" he exclaimed half laughingly and half reproachfully, "you know he would n't complain. He only told me that he was n't coming back just yet, and I—well, I thought I saw why he was n't."

"Then," she said, turning careful eyes away from him, "if he has n't complained, I hardly see why you should attack me like this."

Lionel stood up and looked down at her in a puzzled way.

"Oh, I say, you know," he ventured, "you 're not playing very fair, are you? Of course I 'm not attacking you. I thought we were friends, and I wanted to help you."

"Friends!" she said. Her voice broke suddenly into a hard little laugh. "Well, what else have you to suggest to me about my husband—out of your friendship for me?"

"You 're not forgiving me," he reminded her gently, not dreaming what it was she had been prepared to forgive. "But perhaps I 'd better go on and get it all out while I 'm about it. You know it is n't only that I think he won't care for staying on here, but I think it 's a bit of a risk. I don't want to frighten you, but after a man 's had black water fever twice, he 's apt to be a little groggy, especially about the lungs. England is n't honestly a very good winter place for him for a year or two—"

Estelle flung up her head.

"If he was going to be an invalid," she said, "he ought n't to have married me!"

The silence that followed her speech crept into every corner of the room. Lionel did not look puzzled any more. He stood up very straight and stiff; only his eyes changed. He could not look at her; they were filled with contempt. He gave her a moment or two to disavow her words; he would have given his right hand to hear her do it.

"I beg your pardon," he said at last. "I have overstated the case if you imagine your husband is an invalid. I think, if you don't mind," he added, "I 'll see if my things are ready."

"Please do," she said, groping in her mind for something left to hurt him with. "And another time perhaps you will know better than to say for my husband what he is perfectly competent to say for himself."

"You are quite right," Lionel said quietly; "another time I shall know better." The rain against the windows sounded again; she had not heard it before.

He did not come back to say good-by. She heard him talking to Winn in the hall, the dog-cart drove up, and then she saw him for the last time, his fine, clear-cut profile, his cap dragged over his forehead, his eyes hard, as they were when he had looked at her. He must have known she stood there at the window watching, but he never looked back. She had expected a terrible parting, but never a parting as terrible as this. Mercifully she had kept her head; it was all she had kept.

CHAPTER V

It was shortly after Lionel's departure that Estelle realized there was nothing between her and the Indian frontier except the drawing-room sofa. She fixed herself as firmly on this shelter as a limpet takes hold upon a rock. People were extremely kind and sympathetic, and Winn himself turned over a new leaf. He was gentle and considerate to her, and offered to read aloud to her in the evenings.

Nothing shook her out of this condition. The baby arrived, unavailingly as an incentive to health, and not at all the kind of baby Estelle had pictured. He was almost from his first moments a thorough Staines. He was never very kissable, and was anxious as soon as possible to get on to his own feet. At eight months he crawled rapidly across the carpet with a large music-box suspended from his mouth by its handle; at ten he could walk. He tore all his lawn frocks on Winn's spurs, screamed with joy at his father's footsteps, and always preferred knees to laps.

Estelle lay on the sofa one autumn afternoon at four o'clock, with her eyes firmly shut. She was aware that Winn had come in and was very inconsiderately tramping to and fro in heavy boots. He seldom entered the drawing-room at this hour, and if he did, he went out again as soon as he saw that her eyes were shut.

Probably he meant to say something horrible about India; she had been expecting it for some time. The report on Tibet was finished, and he could let his staff work go when he liked.

He stood at the foot of her couch and looked at her curiously. Estelle could feel his eyes on her; she wondered if he noticed how thin she was, and how transparent her eyelids were. Every fiber in her body was aware of her desire to impress him with her frailty. She held it before him like a banner.

"Estelle," he said. When he spoke she winced.

"Yes, dear," she murmured hardly above a whisper.

"Would you mind opening your eyes?" he suggested. "I 've got something I want to talk over with you, and I really can't talk to a door banged in my face."

"I 'm so sorry," she said meekly; "I 'm afraid I 'm almost too exhausted to talk, but I 'll try to listen to what you have to say."

"Thanks," said Winn. He paused as if, after all, it was n't easy to begin, even in the face of this responsiveness. She thought he looked rather odd. His eyes

"'You may have to take her as a daughter-in-law, though,' Winn remarked without turning round from the sideboard"

CHICAGO
RYERSON LIBRARY

had a queer, dazed look, as if he had been drinking heavily or as if somebody had kicked him.

"Well," she asked at last, "what is it you want to talk about? Suspense of any kind, as you know, is very bad for my heart."

"I beg your pardon," he said. "It was only that I thought I 'd better mention I am going to Davos."

"Davos!" She opened her eyes wide now and stared at him. "That snow place," she asked, "full of consumptives! What a curious idea! I never have been able to understand how people can care to go there for sport. It seems to me rather cruel; but, then, I know I am specially sensitive about that kind of thing. Other people's pain weighs so on me."

"I did n't say I was going there for sport," Winn answered in the same peculiar manner. He sat down and began to play with a paper-cutter on his knee. "As a matter of fact, I 'm not," he went on. "I 've crocked one of my lungs. They seem to think I 've got to go. It 's a great nuisance."

It was curious the way he kept looking at her, as if he expected something. He could n't have told exactly what he expected himself. He was face to face with a new situation; he was n't exactly frightened, but he had a feeling that he would like very much to know how he ought to meet it. It had all come with a curious suddenness. He had gone to Travers one day because when Polly pulled he had an odd pain in his chest. He had had a toss the week before, and it had occurred to him that a rib might be broken; but Travers said it was n't that.

Travers had tapped him all over and looked grave, uncommonly grave, and said some very uncomfortable things. He had insisted on dragging Winn up to town to see a big man, and the big man had said, "Davos, and don't lose any time about it."

Winn had written to Lionel and made his will, and had rather wondered what Estelle would feel about it. He had n't wanted to upset her. He had n't upset her. She stared at him for a moment; then she said:

"How odd! You look perfectly all right. I never have believed in Travers."

Winn mentioned the name of the big man.

"It does sound rather rot," he added apologetically. He still waited. Estelle moved restlessly on the sofa.

"Well," she said, "what on earth am I to do? It 's really horribly inconvenient. I suppose I shall have to go back to my people for the winter unless you can afford to let me take a flat in London."

"I 'm afraid I can't afford that," said Winn. "I think it would be best for you to go to your people for the winter, unless, of course, you 'd rather go to mine. I 'm going down there to-morrow; I 've written to tell them. I must get my father to let me have some money as it is. It 's really an infernal nuisance from the expense point of view."

"I could n't go to your people," said Estelle, stiffly. "They have never been nice to me; besides, they would be sure to teach baby how to swear." Then she added, "I suppose this puts an end to your going out to India."

Winn dropped his eyes.

"Yes," he said, "this puts an end to my going back to India for the present. I 've been up before the board; they 're quite agreeable. In fact, they 've been rather decent to me."

Estelle gave a long sigh of relief and gratitude. It was really extraordinary how she had been helped to avoid India. She could n't think what made Winn go on sitting there, just playing with the paper-knife.

He sat there for a long time, but he did n't say any more. At last he got up and went to the door.

"Well," he said, "I think I 'll just run up and have a look at the kid."

"Poor dear," said Estelle, "I 'm frightfully sorry for you, of course, though I don't believe it 's at all painful—and by the by, Winn, don't forget that consumption is infectious."

He stopped short as if some one had

struck him. After all, he did n't go to the nursery; she heard him go down the passage to the smoking-room instead.

CHAPTER VI

It had n't seemed dismal at first; it had only seemed quite unnatural. Everything had stopped being natural when the small creature in lawn, only the height of his knee, had been torn reluctantly away from its hold on his trousers. This parting had made Winn feel as if something inside him was being unfairly handled.

There was nothing he could get hold of in Peter to promise security, and the only thing that Peter could grasp were the trousers, which had had to be forcibly removed from him.

Estelle wept bitterly in the hall, but Winn had n't minded that; he had long ago come to the conclusion that Estelle had a taste for tears, just as some people liked boiled eggs for breakfast. He simply patted her on the shoulder and steadfastly looked away from her while she kissed him.

He had enjoyed starting from Charing Cross, intimidating the porters and giving the man who registered his luggage dispassionate and unfavorable pieces of his mind. But when he was once fairly off he began to have a new feeling. It came over him when he was out of England and had crossed the small gray strip of formless, familiar sea,—the sea itself always seemed to Winn to belong much more to England than to France,—so much so that it annoyed him at Boulogne to have to submit to being thought possibly unblasphemous by porters. He began to feel alone. Up till now he had always seen his way. There had been fellows to do things with and animals; even marriage, though disconcerting, had not set him adrift. He had been cramped by it, but not disintegrated. Now what seemed to have happened was that he had been cut loose. There was n't the regiment or even a staff college to fall back upon. There was n't a trail to follow or horses to gentle; his very dog had had to be left behind because of the ridiculous restrictions of canine quarantine.

It really was an extraordinarily uncomfortable feeling, as if he were a confounded ghost poking about in a new world full of surprises. It was quite possible that he might find himself among bounders. He had always avoided bounders, but that had been comparatively easy in a world where everybody observed an unspoken, inviolable code. If people did n't know the ropes, they found it simpler to go, and Winn had sometimes assisted them to find it simpler; but he saw that now bounders could really turn up with impunity, for, as far as ropes went, it was he himself who would be in the minority. He might meet men who talked, long-haired, mysterious chaps too soft to kick, or radicals, though, if the worst came to the worst, he flattered himself that he had always the resource of being unpleasant.

He knew that when the hair rose up on his head like the back of a challenged bulldog, and he stuck his hands in his pockets and looked at people rather straight between the eyes, they usually shut up.

He did n't mind doing this of course, if necessary; only if he had to do it to everybody in the hotel it might become monotonous, and he had a nervous fear that consumption was rather a cad's disease.

Fortunately he had got his skates, and he supposed there 'd be toboggans and skees. Whatever happened, he would refuse to share a table.

It was curious how one could get to thirty-six and then suddenly in the middle of nothing start up a whole new set of feelings—feelings about Peter, who had, after all, only just happened, and yet seemed to have belonged to him always; and his lungs going wrong, and loneliness, like a homesick school-girl! Winn had never felt lonely in Central Africa or Tibet, so that it seemed rather absurd to start such an emotion in a railway train surrounded by English people, particularly as it had nothing to do with what he looked upon as his home. His feeling about leaving the house at Alder-

shot had been, "Thank God! there are n't going to be any more dinners!"

Still, there it was. He did feel lonely; probably it was one of the symptoms of bad lungs which Travers had n't mentioned, the same kind of thing as the perfectly new desire to lean back in his corner and shut his eyes.

He felt all right in a way, and his muscles acted; but there was a blurred sensation behind everything, a tiresome, unaccountable feeling, as if he might n't always be able to do things. He could n't explain it exactly; but if it really turned up at all formidably later, he intended to shoot himself quickly before Peter got old enough to care.

One thing he had quite made up his mind about: he would get well if he could; but if he could n't, he was n't going to be looked after. The mere thought of it drove him into the corridor, where he spent the night alternately walking up and down and sitting on an extremely uncomfortable small seat by a drafty door to prove to himself that he was n't in the least tired.

He began to feel rather better after the coffee at Basle, and though he was hardly the kind of person to take much interest in mere scenery, the small Swiss villages, with their high pink or blue, clock-faced churches, made him wish he could pack them into a box, with a slice of green mountain behind, and send them to Peter to play with.

After Landeck he smelt the snows, and challenged successfully the whole shivering carriage on the subject of an open window. The snows reminded Winn in a jolly way of Kashmir and nights spent alone on dizzy heights in a Dak bungalow.

The valleys ceased slowly to breathe; the dull autumn coloring sank into the whiteness of a dream. The mountains rose up on all sides, wave upon wave of frozen foam, aiming steadily at the high, clear skies. The half-light of the failing day covered the earth with a veil of silver and retreating gold.

The valleys passed into silence, freezing, whispering silence. The moon rose mysteriously behind a line of black fir-trees, sending shafts of blue light into the hollow cups of mountain gorges. The mountains receded a little, and everything became part of a white hollow filled with black fir-trees, and beyond the fir-trees a blue lake as blue as an Indian moonstone, and then one by one, with the unexpectedness of a flight of glow-worms, sparkled the serried ranks of the hotels. Out they flashed, breaking up the mystery, defying the mountains, as insistent and strident as life.

The train stopped, and its contents spilled themselves out a little uncertainly and stiffly on the platform. Instantly the cold caught them, not the insidious, subtle cold of lower worlds, but the fresh, brisk buffet of the Alps.

It caught them by the throat and chest, it tingled in ears and noses; there was no menace in it, and no weakness. It was as compulsory as a policeman in a street fight.

Winn had just stepped aside to allow a clamorous lady to take possession of his porter when he saw a man struggle into the light under a lamp-post; he was carrying something very carefully in his arms.

Winn could not immediately make out what it was, but he saw the man's face and read utmost mortal misery in his eyes; then he discovered that the burden was a woman. Her hands were so thin that they lay like broken flower petals on the man's shoulders; her face was nothing but a hollow shell; her eyes moved, so that Winn knew she was alive, and in the glassy stillness of the air he caught her dry, whispering voice. "I am not really tired, dearest," she murmured. In a moment they had vanished. It struck Winn as very curious that people could love each other like that, or that a dying woman should fight her husband's fears with her last strength. He felt horribly sorry for them and impatient with himself for feeling sorry. After all, he had not come up to Davos to go about all over the place feeling sorry for strange people to whom he had never been introduced. The funny

part of it was that he did n't only feel sorry for them, he felt a little sorry for himself. Was love really like that? And had he missed it? Well, of course he knew he had missed it; only he had n't realized that it was quite like that.

Fortunately at this moment a German porter appeared to whom Winn felt an instant simple antagonism. He was a self-complacent man, and he brought Winn the wrong luggage.

"Look here, my man," Winn said smoothly, but with a rocky insistence behind his words, "if you don't look a little sharp and bring me the *right* boxes with green labels, I shall have to kick you into the middle of next week."

This restored Winn even more quickly than it restored his luggage. No one followed him into the small stuffy omnibus which glided off swiftly toward its destination. The hotel was an ugly wooden house in the shape of a hive, built out with balconies; it reminded Winn of a gigantic bird-cage handsomely provided with perches. It was only ten o'clock, but the house was as silent as the mountains behind it.

The landlord appeared, and, leading Winn into a brilliantly lighted, empty room, offered him cold meat.

Winn said the kind of thing that any Staines would feel called upon to say on arriving at a cold place at a late hour and being confronted with cold meat.

The landlord apologized in a whisper, and returned after some delay with soup. Nothing, not even more language, could move him beyond soup. He kept saying that it was late and that they must be quiet, and he did n't seem to believe Winn when Winn remarked that he had n't come up there to be quiet. Winn himself became quieter as he followed the landlord through interminable passages covered with linoleum where his boots made a noise like muffled thunder.

Everywhere there was a strange sense of absolute cleanliness and silence, the subduing smell of disinfectant and the sight of padded, green felt doors.

When Winn was left alone in a room like a vivid cell, all emptiness and electric light, and with another green door leading into a farther room, he became aware of a very faint sound that came from the other side of the door. It was like the bark of a dog shut up in a distant cellar; it explained to Winn the padding of the doors.

In all the months that followed, Winn never lost this sound, near or far; it was always with him, seldom shattering and harsh, but always sounding as if something were being broken gradually, little by little shaken into pieces by some invisible disintegrating power.

Winn flung open the long window which faced the bed. It led out to a small private balcony,—if he had to be out on a balcony, he had of course made a point of its being private,—and looked over all Davos.

The lights were nearly gone now. Only two or three twinkled in a narrow circle on a sheet of snow; behind them the vague shapes of the mountains hung immeasurably alien and at peace.

A bell rang out through the still air with a deep, reverberating note. It was a reassuring and yet solemn sound, as if it alone were responsible for humanity, for all the souls crowded together in the tiny valley, striving for their separate, shaken, inconclusive lives.

"An odd place—Davos," Winn thought to himself. "No idea it was like this. Sort of mix-up between a picnic and a cemetery."

And then suddenly somebody laughed. The sound came from a slope of mountain behind the hotel, and through the dark Winn's quick ear caught the sound of a light rushing across the snow. Some one must be tobogganing out there, some one very young and gay and incorrigibly certain of joy. Winn hoped he should hear Peter laughing like that later on. It was such a jolly boy's laugh, low, with a mischievous chuckle in it, elated and very disarming.

He hoped the child would n't get hauled up for being out so late and making a noise. He smiled as he thought that

the owner of the voice, even if collared, would probably be up to getting out of his trouble; and when he turned in, he was still smiling.

CHAPTER VII

Dr. Gurnet's house was like an eye, or a pair of super-vigilant eyes, stationed between Davos Dorf and Davos Platz.

It stood, a small brown chalet, perched high above the lake. There was nothing on either side of it but the snow, the sunshine, and the sense of its vigilance; inside, from floor to ceiling, there were neat little cases with the number of the year, and in each year there was a complete, exhaustive, and entertaining history of those who wintered, unaware of its completion and entertainment, in either of the villages. No eye but his own saw these documents, but no secret policeman ever so controlled the inner workings of a culprit's mind. There was nothing in Dr. Gurnet himself that led one to believe in his piercing quality. He was a stout little man, with a high-domed, bald head, long arms, short legs, and whitish blue eyes which had the quality of taking in everything they saw without giving anything out.

Sometimes they twinkled, but the twinkle was in most cases for his own consumption; he disinfected even his jokes so that they were never catching. The consulting-room contained no medical books. There were two book-shelves, on one side psychology from the physical point of view, and in the other book-case psychology as understood by the leading lights of the Catholic religion.

Dr. Gurnet was fond of explaining to his more intelligent patients that here you had the two points of view.

"Psychology is like alcohol," he observed: "you may have it with soda-water or without. Religion is the soda-water."

Two tiger-skins lay on the floor. Dr. Gurnet was a most excellent shot. He was too curious for fear, though he always asserted that he disliked danger, and took every precaution to avoid it, excepting, of course, giving up the thing which he had set out to do. But it was a fact that his favorites among his patients were, as a rule, those who loved danger for its own sake without curiosity and without fear.

He saw at a glance that Winn belonged to this category. Names were like pocket electric lamps to Dr. Gurnet. He switched them on and off to illuminate the dark places of the earth. He held Winn's card in his hand, and recalled that he had known a former colonel of his regiment.

"A very distinguished officer," he remarked, "of a very distinguished regiment. Probably perfectly unknown in England. England has a preference for worthless men while they live and a tenderness for them after they are dead unless corrected by other nations. It is an odd thing to me that men like Colonel Travers and yourself, for instance, care to give up your lives to an empire that is like a badly deranged stomach with a craving for unhealthy objects."

"We have n't got to think about it," said Winn. "We keep the corner we are in quiet."

"Yes," said Dr. Gurnet, sympathetically, "I know; but I think it would be better if you had to think about it. Perhaps it would n't be necessary to keep things quiet if they were more thoroughly exposed to thought."

Winn's attention wandered to the tiger-skins.

"Did you bag those fellows yourself?" he asked. Dr. Gurnet smilingly agreed. After this Winn did n't so much mind having his chest examined.

But the examination of his chest, though a long and singularly thorough operation, seemed to Dr. Gurnet a mere bead strung on an extended necklace. He had n't any idea, as the London specialist had had, that Winn could only have one organ and one interest. He came upon him with the effect of bouncing out from behind a screen with a series of funny, flat little questions. Sometimes Winn thought he was going to be angry with him, but he never was. There was a blithe impersonal touch in Dr. Gurnet, a

smiling willingness to look on private histories as of less importance than last year's newspapers. It was as if he airily explained to his patients that really they had better put any facts there were on the files, and let the housemaid use the rest for the kitchen fire; and he required very little on Winn's part. From a series of reluctant monosyllables he built up a picturesque and reliable structure of his new patient's life. They were n't by any means all physical questions. He wanted to know if Winn knew German. Winn said he did n't, and added that he did n't like Germans.

"Then you should take some pains to understand them," observed Dr. Gurnet. "Not to understand the language of an enemy is the first step toward defeat. Why, it is even necessary sometimes to understand one's friends."

Winn said that he had a friend he understood perfectly; his name was Lionel Drummond.

"I know him through and through," he explained; "that 's why I trust him." Dr. Gurnet looked interested, but not convinced.

"Ah," he said, "personally I should n't trust any man till he was dead. You know where you are then, you know. Before that one prophesies. By the by, are you married?" Dr. Gurnet did not raise his eyes at this question, but before Winn's leaden "Yes" had answered him he had written on the case paper, "Unhappy domestic life."

"And—er—your wife 's not here with you?" Dr. Gurnet suavely continued. Winn thought himself non-committal when he confined himself to saying:

"No; she 's in England with my boy." He was as non-committal for Dr. Gurnet as if he had been a wild elephant. He admitted Peter with a change of voice, and asked eagerly if things with lungs were hereditary or catching?

"Not at present in your case," Dr. Gurnet informed him. "By the by, you 'll get better, you know. You 're a little too old to cure, but you 'll patch up."

"What does that mean?" Winn demanded. "Shall I be a broken-winded, cats'-meat hack?"

Dr. Gurnet shook his head.

"You can go back to your regiment," he said, "and do anything you like bar pig-sticking and polo in a year's time. That is to say, if you do as you are told for that year and will have the kindness to remember that, if you do not, I am not responsible, nor shall I be in any great degree inconsolable. I am here like a sign-post; my part of the business is to point the road. I really don't care if you follow it or not; but I should be desolate, of course, if you followed it and did n't arrive. This, however, has not yet occurred to me.

"You will be out of doors nine hours a day, and kindly fill in this card for me. You may skate, but not skee or toboggan, nor take more than four hours' active exercise out of the twenty-four. In a month's time I shall be pleased to see you. Remember about the German and—er—do you ever flirt?"

Winn stared ominously.

"Flirt? No," he said. "Why the devil should I?"

Dr. Gurnet gave a peculiar little smile, half quizzical and half kindly.

"Well," he said, "I sometimes recommend it to my patients in order that they may avoid the intenser application known as falling in love; or in cases like your own, for instance, when a considerable amount of beneficial cheerfulness may be arrived at by a careful juxtaposition of the sexes. You follow me?"

"No, hanged if I do," said Winn. "I 've told you I 'm married, have n't I? Besides, I dislike women."

"Ah, there perhaps we may be more in agreement than you imagine," said Dr. Gurnet, increasing his kindly smile. "But I must continue to assure you that this avoidance of what you dislike is a hazardous operation. The study of women at a distance is both amusing and instructive. I grant you that too close personal relations are less so. I have avoided family life most carefully from this consideration, but much may be obtained from

women without going to extremes. In fact, if I may say so, women impart their most favorable attributes solely under these conditions. Good morning."

Winn left the small brown house with a heart that was strangely light. Of course he did n't believe in doctors any more than Sir Peter did, but he found himself believing that he was going to get well.

All the morning he had been moving his mind in slow waves that did not seem like thoughts against the rock of death; but he came away from the tiger-skins and the flickering laughter of Dr. Gurnet's eyes with a comfortable sense of having left all such questions on the door-step. He thought instead of whether it was worth while to go down to the rink before lunch or not.

It was while he was still undecided as to this question that he heard a little shriek of laughter. It ran up the scale like three notes on a flute; he knew in a moment that it was the same laughter he had listened to the night before.

He turned aside and found himself at the bend of a long ice run leading down to the lake. A group of men were standing there, and with one foot on a toboggan, her head flung back, her eyes full of sparkling mischief, was the child. He forgot that he had ever thought her a boy, though she looked on the whole as if she would like to be thought one. Her curly auburn hair was short and very thick, and perched upon it was a round scarlet cap; her mouth was scarlet; her eyes were like Scotch braes, brown and laughing; the curves of her long, delicate lips ran upward; her curving thin, black eyebrows were like question-marks; her chin was tilted upward like the petal of a flower. She was very slim, and wore a very short brown skirt which revealed the slenderest of feet and ankles; a sweater clung to her unformed, lithe little figure. She had an air of pointed sharpness and firmness like a lifted sword. She might have been sixteen, though she was, as a matter of fact, three years older; but she was not so much an age as a sensation—the sensation of youth, incredibly arrogant and unharmed. The men were trying to dissuade her from the run. It had just been freshly iced; the long blue line of it curved as hard as iron in and out under banks of ice far down into the valley. A tall boy beside her, singularly like her in features and coloring, but weaker in fiber and expression, said querulously:

"Don't go and make a fool of yourself, Claire. It 's a man's run, not a girl's. I won't have you do it." It was the fatal voice of authority without power.

Across the group her eyes met Winn's; wicked and gay they ran over him and into him. He stuck his hands into his pockets and stared back at her grimly, like a Staines. He was n't going to say anything; only if she had belonged to him he would have stopped her. His eyes said he could have stopped her; but she did n't belong to him, so he set his square jaw, and gave her his unflinching, indifferent disapproval.

She appeared after this to be unaware of him, and turned to her brother.

"Won't have it?" she said, with a little gurgle of laughter. "Why, how do you suppose you can stop me? There 's only one way of keeping a man's run for men, and that 's for girls not to be able to use it—see!"

She slipped her teasing foot off the toboggan, and with an agile twist of her small body sprang face downward on the board. In an instant she was off, lying along it as light as a feather, but holding the runners in a grip of steel. In a moment more she was nothing but a traveling black dot far down the valley, lifting to the banks, swirling lightning swift back into the straights in a series of curves and flashes, till at the end the toboggan, girl and all, swung high into the air, and subsided safely into a snow-drift.

Winn turned and walked away; he was n't going to applaud her. Something burned in his heart, grave and angry, stubborn and very strong. It was as if a strange substance had got into him, and he could n't in the least have said what it was. It voiced itself for him in his say-

ing to himself, "That girl wants looking after." The men on the bank admired her; there were too many of them, and no woman. He wondered if he should ever see her again. She was curiously vivid to him—brown shoes and stockings, tossed hair, clear eyes. He remembered once going to an opera and being awfully bored because there was such a lot of stiff music and people bawling about; only on the stage there had been a girl lying in the middle of a ring of flames. She 'd showed up uncommonly well, rather as this one did in the hot sunshine.

Walking back to the hotel he met a string of bounders, people he had seen and loathed at breakfast. Some of them had tried to talk to him; one beggar had had the cheek to ask Winn what he was up there for, and when Winn had said, "Not to answer impertinent questions," things at the breakfast-table—there was one confounded long one for breakfast—had fallen rather flat.

He felt sure he would n't see the girl again; only he did almost at once. She came into the *salle-à-manger* with her brother, as if it belonged to them. After two stormy, obstinate scenes Winn had obtained the shelter of his separate and solitary table. The waiter approached the two young things as they entered late and a little flushed; apparently he explained to them with patient stubbornness that they, at any rate, must give up this privilege; they could n't have a separate table. He also tried to persuade them which one to join. The boy made a blustering assertion of himself and then subsided. Claire Rivers did neither. Her eyes ran over the room, mutinous and a little disdainful; then she moved. It seemed to Winn he had never seen anybody move so lightly and so swiftly. There was no faltering in her. She took the room with her head up like a sail before a breeze. She came straight to Winn's table and looked down at him.

"This is ours," she said. "You 've taken it, though we were here first. Do you think it 's fair?"

Winn rose quietly and looked down at her. He was glad he was half a head taller; still, he could n't look very far down. She caught at the corner of her lip with a small white tooth. He tried to make a look of sternness come into his eyes, but he felt guiltily aware that he wanted to give in to her, just as he wanted to give in to Peter.

"Of course," he said gravely, "I had no idea it was your table when I got it from that tow-headed fool. You must take it at once, and I 'll make him bring in another one."

"He won't," said Claire. "He says he can't; Herr Avalon, the proprietor, won't give him another; besides, there is n't room."

"Oh, I think he will," said Winn. "Shall I go over and bring your brother to you? Won't you sit down?"

She hesitated, then she said:

"You make me feel as if I were being very rude, and I don't want to drive you away. Only, you know, the other people here are rather awful, are n't they?"

Winn was aware that their entire awfulness was concentrated upon his companion.

"Please sit down," he said a little authoritatively. Her brother ought to have backed her up, but the young fool would n't; he stood shamefacedly over by the door. "I 'll get hold of your brother," Winn added, turning away from her. The waiter hovered nervously in their direction.

"Am I to set for the three, sir?" he ventured. Claire turned quickly toward Winn.

"Yes," she said; "why not? If you don't mind, I mean. You are n't really a bit horrid."

"How can you possibly tell?" Winn asked, with a short laugh. "However, I 'll get your brother, and if you really don't mind, I 'll come back with him."

Claire was quite sure that she could tell and that she did n't mind.

The waiter came back in triumph, but Winn gave him a sharp look which extracted his triumph as neatly as experts extract a winkle with a pin. Maurice

apologized with better manners than Winn had expected. He looked a terribly unlicked cub, and Winn found himself watching anxiously to see if Claire ate enough and the right things. He could n't, of course, say anything if she did n't, but he found himself watching.

CHAPTER VIII

Winn was from the first sure that it was perfectly all right. She would n't notice him at all. She would merely look upon him as the man who was there when there were skates to clean, skees to oil, any handy little thing which the other fellows, being younger and not feeling so like an old nurse, might more easily overlook. Women liked fellows who cut a dash, and you could n't cut a dash and be an old nurse simultaneously. Winn clung to the simile of the old nurse. That was, after all, the real truth of his feelings, not more than that; certainly not love. Love would make more of a figure in the world. Not that it mattered what you called things provided you behaved decently. Only he was glad he was not in love.

He bought her flowers and chocolates, though he had a pang about the chocolates, not feeling quite sure that they were good for her; but flowers were safe.

He did n't give her lilies,—they seemed too self-consciously virginal, as if they wanted to rub it in,—he gave her crimson roses, flowers that frankly enjoyed themselves and were as beautiful as they could be. They were like Claire herself. She never stopped to consider an attitude; she just went about flowering all over the place in a kind of perpetual fragrance.

She enjoyed herself so much that she simply had n't time to notice any one in particular. There were a dozen men always about her. She was so young and happy and unintentional that every one wanted to be with her. It was like sitting in the sun. She never muddled things up or gave needless pain or cheated. That was what Winn liked about her. She was as fair as a judge without being anything like so grave.

They were all playing a game, and she was the leader. They would have let her break the rules if she had wanted to break them; but she would n't have let herself.

Of course the hotel did n't approve of her; no hotel could be expected to approve of a situation which it so much enjoyed. Besides, Claire was lawless; she kept her own rules, but she broke everybody else's. She never sought a chaperon or accepted some older woman's sheltering presence; she never sat in the ladies' salon or went to tea with the chaplain's wife. On one dreadful occasion she tobogganed wilfully on a Sunday, under the chaplain's nose, with a man who had arrived only the night before.

When old Mrs. Stewart, who knitted regularly by the winter and counted almost as many scandals as stitches, took her up on the subject out of kindness of heart, Claire had said without even meaning to be rude:

"I really don't think the chaplain's nose ought to be there, to *be* under, do you?"

Of course Mrs. Stewart did. She had the highest respect for the chaplain's nose; but it was n't the kind of subject you could argue about.

For a long time Claire and Winn never really talked; she threw words at him over her shoulder or in the hall or when he put her skates on or took them off at the rink. He seemed to get there quicker than any one else, though the operation itself was sometimes a little prolonged. Of course there were meals, but meals belonged to Maurice, and Claire had a way of always slipping behind him, so that it was really over the skates that Winn discovered how awfully clever she was.

She read books, deep books; why, even Hall Caine and Marie Corelli did n't satisfy her, and Winn had always thought those famous authors the last word in modern literature. He now learned others. She gave him Conrad to read, and Meredith. He got stuck in Meredith, but he liked Conrad; it made him smell the mud and feel again the silence of the jungle.

"Funny," he explained to Claire, "be-

cause when you come to think of it, he does n't actually write about the smell; only he 's got it, and the jungle feeling, too. It 's quiet, you know, in there, but not a bit like the snows out here; there 's nothing doing up in this snow, but God alone knows what 's happening in the jungle. Odd how there can be two sorts of quiet, ain't it?"

"There can be two sorts of anything," said Claire, exultantly. "Oh, not only two—dozens; that 's why it 's all such fun."

But Winn was inclined to think that there might be more fun where there were fewer candidates for it. There was, for instance, Mr. Roper. Maurice was trying to work up for his final examination at Sandhurst with Mr. Roper. He was a black-haired, polite man with a constant smile and a habit of agreeing with people much too promptly; also he read books and talked to Claire about them in the evening till every one started bridge. Fortunately, that shut him up.

Winn was considered in Anglo-Indian clubs, where the standard of bridge is high, to play considerably above it, and Claire played with a relish that was more instinctive than reliable; nevertheless, Winn loved playing with her, and accepted Mr. Roper and Maurice as one accepts severity of climate on the way to a treat. He knew he must keep his temper with them both, so when he wanted to be nasty he looked at Claire, and when Claire looked at him he wanted to be nice. He could n't, of course, stop Claire from ever in any circumstances glancing in the direction of Mr. Roper, and it would have startled him extremely if he had discovered that Claire, seeing how much he disliked it, had reduced this form of communion to the barest civility; because Winn still took for granted the fact that Claire noticed nothing.

It was the solid earth on which he stood. For some months his consciousness of his wife had been an intermittent recognition of a disagreeable fact: but for the first few weeks at Davos he forgot Estelle entirely; she drifted out of his mind with the completeness of a collar-stud under a wardrobe.

He never for a moment forgot Peter, but he did n't talk about him because it would have seemed like boasting. Even if he had said, "I have a boy called Peter," it would have sounded as if nobody else had ever had a boy like Peter. Besides, he did n't want to talk about himself; he wanted to talk about Claire.

She had n't time to tell him much; she was preparing for a skating competition, which took several hours a day, and then in the afternoons she skeed or tobogganed with Mr. Ponsonby, a tall, lean Eton master getting over an illness. Winn privately thought that if Mr. Ponsonby was well enough to toboggan, he was well enough to go back and teach boys; but this opinion was not shared by Mr. Ponsonby, who greatly preferred staying where he was and teaching Claire.

Claire tobogganed and skeed with the same thrill as she played bridge and skated; they all seemed to her breathless and vital duties. She did not think of Mr. Ponsonby as much as she did of the toboggan, but he gave her points. In any case, Winn preferred him to Mr. Roper, who was obliged to teach Maurice in the afternoons.

If one wants very much to learn a particular subject, it is surprising how much of it one may pick up in the course of a day from chance moments.

In a week Winn had learned that Maurice and Claire were orphans, that they lived with an aunt who did n't get on with Claire and an uncle who did n't get on with Maurice, and that there were several cousins too stodgy for words. Claire was waiting for Maurice to get through Sandhurst,—he 'd been horribly interrupted by pleurisy,—and then she could keep house for him somewhere—wherever he was sent—unless she took up a profession. She rather thought she was going to do that in any case, because they would have awfully little money; and besides, not doing things was a bore, and every girl ought to make her way in the world, did n't Major Staines think so?

Major Staines did n't, and emphatically said that he did n't.

"Good God, no! What on earth for?" was how he expressed it. Claire stopped short, outside the office door, just as she was going in to pay her bill.

"We shall have to talk about this," she said gravely. "I 'm awfully afraid you 're a reactionary."

"I dare say I am," said Winn, who had n't the faintest idea what a reactionary was, but rather liked the sound of it. "We 'll talk about it as much as you like. How about lunch at the Schatz Alp?"

That was how they went to the Schatz Alp and had their first real talk.

CHAPTER IX

Claire was not perfectly sure of life,—it occurred to her at nineteen that it might have in store for her certain surprises,—but she was perfectly sure of herself. She knew that she ought to have been a boy, and that if she had been a boy she would have tried to be like General Gordon. Balked of this ambition by the fact of her sex, she turned her attention to Maurice.

It seemed to her essential that he should be like General Gordon in her place, and by dint of persuasion, concentration of purpose, and sheer indomitable will power she infected Maurice with the same idea. He had made her no promises, but he had agreed to enter the army.

It is improbable that General Gordon's character was formed wholly by the exertions of his sister, but Claire in her eagerness rather overlooked the question of material. There was nothing in Maurice himself that was wrong, but he belonged to a class of young men who are always being picked up by "wrong 'uns."

He wanted a little too much to be liked. He was quite willing to be a hero to please Claire if it was not too much trouble. Meanwhile he expected it to be compatible with drinking rather more than was good for him, spending considerably too much money, and talking loudly and knowingly upon subjects considered doubtful.

If the world had been as innocent as Maurice, this program would in time have corrected itself. But besides holes and the unwary, there are from time to time diggers of holes, and it was to these unsound guides that Maurice found himself oftenest attracted.

What he asked of Claire was that she should continue to believe in him and make his way easy for him. She could fight for his freedom with a surly uncle, but having won it, she should n't afterward expect a fellow to do things with it which would end in his being less free.

Maurice really loved Claire, his idea of love being that he would undeviatingly choose her to bear all his burdens. She managed the externals of his life with the minimum of exertion to himself. She fought his guardians; she talked straight to his opposers; she took buffets that were meant for him to take; she made plans, efforts, and arrangements for his comfort. Lots of things he wanted he could simply not have had if she had failed to procure them.

Pushed beyond a certain point Maurice gave in, or appeared to give in, and lied. Claire never admitted even to herself that Maurice lied, but she took unusual pains to prevent his ever being pushed beyond a certain point.

It was Claire who had managed the journey to Davos in the teeth of opposition; but it was Maurice who would have no other guide than Mr. Roper, a splendid army coach picked up at a billiard room in a hotel. Now that they were at Davos, Claire became a little doubtful if, after all, her uncle had n't been right when he had declared that Bournemouth would have done as well and been far less expensive. Then Winn came, and she began mysteriously to feel that the situation was saved.

It was n't that Winn looked in the least like General Gordon, but Mr. Ponsonby had told her that he was a distinguished officer and shot tigers on foot.

Claire was quite surprised that Winn had been so nice to her, particularly as he had n't appeared at all a friendly kind of

person; but she became more and more convinced that Winn was a knight errant in disguise and had been sent by heaven to her direct assistance.

Claire believed very strongly in heaven. If you have no parents and very disagreeable relatives, heaven becomes extremely important. Claire did n't think it was at all the place her aunt and uncle vaguely held out to her as a kind of permanent and compulsory pew into which an angelic verger conducted the more respectable after death.

Everything Mr. and Mrs. Tighe considered the laws of God seemed to Claire unlikely to be the laws of anybody except people like Mr and Mrs. Tighe; but she did believe that God looked after Maurice and herself, and she was anxious that he should look particularly after Maurice.

She determined that on the day she went to the Schatz Alp with Major Staines she would take him into her confidence. She could explain the position of women to him while they climbed the Rhüti-Weg; this would give them all of lunch for Maurice's future, and she hoped without direct calculations—because, although Claire generally had very strong purposes, she seldom had calculations—that perhaps, if she was lucky, he would tell her all about the tigers on the way down.

It was one of those mornings at Davos which seemed made out of fragrance and crystal. The sun soaked into the pines, the sky above the tree-tops burned like blue flame. It was the first time in Claire's life that she had gone out all by herself to lunch with a grown-up man. Winn was far more important than a mere boy, besides being a major.

She had been planning all the morning during her skating what arguments she should use to Winn on the subject of women, but when she saw him in the hall everything went out of her head. She only knew that it was a heavenly day and that it seemed extraordinarily difficult not to dance.

It was a long walk up to the Schatz Alp; there were paths where the pine-trees met overhead, garlanded with wreaths of snow, and the spaces between the wreaths were as blue as love-in-a-mist, an old-fashioned flower that grows in English gardens. Claire pointed it out to Winn.

"Only," she said, "up here there is n't any mist, is there?"

"No," said Winn, looking at her in a curious way; "as far as I can see, there is none whatever. By the by, that particular flower you mention is n't called only love-in-a-mist; it 's also called devil in a bush."

"But that 's a pity," said Claire, decisively. "I like the other name better."

She moved beside him with a buoyant, untiring step, without haste and without effort. He told her that he would like to take her up into the Himalayas. She would make a good climber. In his heart he knew there was no place on earth to which he would n't like to take her. She was born to be a man's comrade, observant, unexacting, level-headed. She was the kind of girl you would n't mind seeing in a tight place, if you were there, of course, to get her out of it. Then he pulled himself up and told himself not to be fanciful.

It was rather a fanciful morning: the day and the snowy hillside and the endless, pungent sweetness of the sunny air were like a spell. He found he was telling Claire about the things he used to do when he was a boy. He went on doing it because the adventures of the Staines family made her laugh.

He had not supposed that James, Charles, Isabella, Dolores, and he himself were particularly funny before, but he was delighted to discover their hidden gift. Claire wanted to hear everything about them, their ponies, their dogs, their sharp disgraces, and their more wonderful escapes and revenges; but she did n't want them to be punished, and Winn had to hasten over those frequent and usually protracted disasters.

They had the woods to themselves; there was no sound at all except the occa-

sional soft drop of melting snow. Once they stood quite still holding their breath to watch the squirrels skim from tree to tree as if they were weaving the measures of a mystic dance. If it had n't been for the squirrels they might have been the only creatures alive in all the silent, sparkling earth.

The mountains spread out around them with the reticent hush of interrupted consciousness. They seemed to be on the verge of further revelations, and were withheld from a last definite whisper only by the intrusion of humanity.

"I know they could speak if they liked," Claire murmured. "What do you suppose they 'd say?"

"Let 's have an avalanche and knock the silly blighters out of our valley for good and all," Winn suggested.

Claire disposed of Davos with a wave of her hand.

"But they don't mind us, do they?" she urged. "Because we 're so happy and we like them so. Does n't the air make you feel awfully funny and happy?"

"Yes," Winn admitted; "but it 's not all the air, you know."

Claire wanted to know what else it was; but as Winn did n't offer to explain, she felt that perhaps she had better not ask.

They were near the top when Winn paused suddenly and said in a most peculiar reluctant voice: "Look here, I think I ought to tell you." He stumbled over the words and then added, "No, by Jove, that won't do!"

"Oh, don't let 's tell each other things we ought!" Claire entreated. "It 's not the kind of morning for that. I meant to talk about lots of really important subjects, but I 'm not going to now. I may later, of course; but just now I don't feel in the mood for being important."

Winn looked at her very hard, and then he said:

"But still you are rather important, you know."

"Then," she laughed, "I 'm important enough to have my own way, are n't I?"

Winn said nothing. He seemed to acquiesce that she was important enough for that.

"Would you like to know," she asked, "what I 'd really like for lunch?" Winn said he would awfully, and by the time she had told him they had reached the top, and the funicular appeared, disgorging people in front of a big glass-covered restaurant.

Winn found the best and quietest table with the finest view. From it they could see the valley down to Frauenkirch and up to Clavedel.

It was a splendid lunch, curiously good, with sparkling sweet wine, which Claire loved, and Winn, secretly loathing, serenely shared because of a silly feeling he had that he must take what she did.

After lunch they sat and smoked, leaning over the great clear view. They could hear the distant velvety boom of the village clock beneath them. Winn gripped his hand firmly on the table.

"I 've got to damned well do it," he said to himself. He remembered that he had had once to shoot a spy in cold blood, and that he used these words to himself before he did it.

A couple passed close to their table. The woman was overdressed, and hung with all kinds of jingling chains and bangles; she was pretty, and as she sat with her profile turned a little toward them she was curiously like Estelle. This was his opportunity. It must come now; all the morning it had lain in the back of his mind, behind delight, behind their laughter, like some lurking jungle creature waiting for the dark.

"Do you see that woman," he asked Claire, "the pretty one over there by the pillar? She 's awfully like—" Claire stopped him.

"Pretty!" she cried. "Do you really think she 's pretty? I think she 's simply loathsome."

Winn checked himself hurriedly; he obviously could n't finish his sentence with "she 's awfully like my wife."

"Well, she sets out to be pretty, does n't she?" he altered it rather lamely. Claire continued extremely scornful.

"Yes, I dare say," she admitted. "She may set out to be smart, too, hung round with things like a Christmas-tree, but she 's as common as a sixpenny bazaar. I 'll tell you why I don't like her, Major Staines, and whom she reminds me of; but perhaps you think her pretty, too? I mean that horrid woman, Mrs. Bouncing, in our hotel."

"But can't horrid women be pretty, too?" Winn ventured with meekness.

"No, of course not," said Claire, with great decisiveness. "Why, you know horrid men can't be handsome. Look at Mr. Roper!" Winn was uncertain if this point of knowledge had ever reached him; but he was n't at this time of day going to look at Mr. Roper, so he gave in.

"I dare say you 're right," he said. "As a matter of fact, you know, I never *do* look at Roper."

"But that 's not the reason," Claire went on, slightly softened by her victory, "that I dislike Mrs. Bouncing. I really dislike her because I think she is bad for Maurice; but perhaps you have n't noticed the way he keeps hanging about her. It makes me sick."

Winn admitted that he had noticed it.

"Still," he said, "of course if you had n't proved to me that by being horrid she could n't be pretty, I should have supposed that he simply hung about Mrs. Bouncing because she was—well, not precisely plain."

Claire looked doubtfully at him, but he was n't smiling; he was merely looking at her with sufficient attention.

"There are only the two of us," she said in a low voice, "Maurice and me, and I do so awfully want him to be a success. I don't think anybody else does. I don't even know how much he wants it himself. You see, Maurice is so young in many ways, and our people having died—he has n't had much of a chance, has he? Men ought to have fathers."

Winn listened intently; he always remembered anything she said, but this particular opinion sank deep into the bottom of his heart: "Men ought to have fathers."

"I 've done the best I can," Claire went on, "but, you see, I 'm young, too; there are lots of things I don't really know about life. I think perhaps I sometimes believe too much that things are going to be jolly, and that makes me a bad adviser for Maurice. Do you know what I mean?"

Winn nodded, but he determined that whether she expected it or not, she should have things jolly. He must be able to manage it. If one wanted a thing as much as he wanted this, surely one could bring it off.

Had n't he pulled off races on the scratchiest of polo-ponies, when he could n't afford better, out of sheer intention? He had meant to win, moved the pony along, and won. Was life less controllable than a shoddy polo-pony with damaged wind?

He set his mouth and stared grimly out over the sparkling snow. He did not ask himself how a man with a wife hung round his neck like a millstone was going to manage the perpetual happiness of a stray young woman. He never asked himself questions or saw how things were to be done, but when the crisis came his instinct taught him in a flash the short cut to victory.

"Now," said Claire, unexpectedly, "you are looking awfully dangerous,—you do rather sometimes, you know,—like a kind of volcano that might go off."

Winn turned his eyes slowly toward her.

"I shall never be dangerous for you, Miss Rivers," he said gently.

He did not know how much he promised her or that he was already incapable of keeping his promise. She looked away from him with smiling lips and happy, mysterious eyes. She had known long ago that all the force he had was as safe with her as if he had laid it in her hands; safer than that, because he held it in his own—for her.

It seemed to Claire that you were only perfectly secure when you were with a man who could be dangerous to everybody else, but always safe for you.

"You will help me with Maurice?" she said softly. "Then I sha'n't feel worried any more."

"I should n't let it worry me for a moment if I were you," Winn assured her. "He has n't come to much harm so far. He 's young, that 's all. I 'll keep my eye on him, of course."

Winn knew quite well what he would do with a subaltern of Maurice's type. He would take him out shooting and put the fear of God into him. If this were done often and systematically enough, the subaltern would improve or send in his papers. But Davos did not offer equal advantages. One could not get the fear of God everywhere on tap; besides, there was Mrs. Bouncing.

Claire turned suddenly toward him.

"I want Maurice," she said rather breathlessly, with shining eyes, "to be a good soldier; I want him to be like you."

Winn felt a pang of fear; it was a pang that was half horrible pain, and half passionate and wild delight. Was Claire perfectly safe? Why did she want Maurice to be like him? It was Claire herself who banished his momentary fear; she added hastily:

"He really must get through Sandhurst properly."

Of course she had n't meant anything. In fact, if she really had liked him in any particular way she 'd have been shot before she showed it. What she wanted was simply the advice of an older man in the service. It did not occur to Winn that Claire had been shot already without knowing it.

He went on being reassured all the way back because Claire talked persistently about tigers. Winn explained that once you thoroughly knew where you were there was no real danger in a tiger.

(To be continued)

Good Morning!

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

ARROW-SUN!
Morning, the bold young giant,
Sticks you in his bent bow of shining blue
And shoots you toward the zenith.

This way, Wind. Forget-me-nots are little;
Stoop and uplift them.
Come up, Mole, from your subterranean plunder,
The juicy tulip roots.
Dew along the gossamer, twinkle in the garden-grass;
For one is coming hither,
One is coming hither,
The darling of the morn.

She comes; in the doorway I see her.
She steps out. Good morning!
My rival, the gale, is ahead of me, kissing her lips;
Arrow-sun from the heaven darts,
Confusing with gold her glance;
Bee thinks her lips are a rose-bud.
Brush him off, darling,
And come, come hither.
I know an angle in the fence
Where lovers may say good morning.

The "Little Sergeant"

Glimpses of Serbia in Retreat

By FORTIER JONES

THE author was working with a British relief organization in northern Serbia when the Austro-German invasion took place; and with a party of nurses whom he had been asked to get safely out of the country he accompanied the Serbians on their march into exile. The following incidents are characteristic of that tremendous national tragedy. —THE EDITOR.

THE LITTLE SERGEANT

IT was at the Mladenovats railway station, late one rainy afternoon in the early days of the great retreat, that we made the acquaintance of the "Little Sergeant," the youngest officer, as well as the youngest soldier, in the Serbian army.

He is—or now, perhaps, was—a real sergeant. On his diminutive soldier's coat he wore three gold stars, and in lieu of a sword he carried an Austrian bayonet, and in lieu of a rifle a Russian cavalry carbine. A full-sized, well-filled cartridge-belt was slung over his shoulders, because it would easily have encircled his baby waist three times. He was ten years old, and had been in the service for "a long time." He had asked and obtained a leave to go home just before all the trouble began, and now he was answering the hurried summons sent out to all soldiers on leave to return to their regiments at once. His home was three days' walk from Valjevo, the nearest railway point, and he had walked the whole way alone; but he was late, and was afraid of exceeding the time allowed for soldiers to return. He said if he reached his station too late, he "would be shot as a deserter, and rightly so." Then his regiment "would be disgraced." He had no money, but did not need any. At the military stations he demanded his loaf of bread as a *Serbski vernik,* and got it. As for sleeping, well, any café-owner would not refuse a Serbian soldier the hospitality of his floor.

Our train was due to leave at seven that evening, but it showed no signs of de-

parting, so we took the "Little Sergeant" into the town and gave him dinner at the hotel. He ate tremendously, but seriously, preoccupied, as a man would have been, and at times discussing military affairs. Despite all his efforts, we detected a slight limp, and found his small feet in a frightful condition. His *opanki* had not fitted well and were nearly worn out. He had very bad blisters and stone-bruises. To his boundless, but unexpressed, delight, we were able to give him a new pair.

Every one plied him with questions, which he answered slowly, taking great care as to his words. Whom had he left at home? Why, his mother and little sister, who was five years older than himself. His father and brother were in the army. When he went home on leave he was able to cut wood and bring water, see to the prune-trees and feed the pigs; but most of the time the women had to do this, which was very bad. But what could one do? His country was at war, and that meant that men must fight. Soon, though, when his own regiment, with which none other could compare, had administered a much-needed thrashing to the Suabas, he would return home and help build up the farm. Yes, his father was a soldier of the line in his regiment, the bravest man in the regiment. He himself had shot well, and had been cautious in the trenches, and so had been promoted above his father, who now, according to military discipline, had to salute his son. But he never allowed this; he always forestalled his father, and at the same time conserved discipline by seizing the hand that would have saluted and kissing it. His regiment was somewhere near Semendria, but exactly where he did not care to say, because there were spies all about—this with a wary glance at me.

As we waited in the smoky little station, crowded with refugees, he stood as straight as an arrow before the seated ladies of our party, refusing a seat. He was a *Serbski vernik* with a party of civilians who had been kind to him, and while men of that party had to stand, he would not sit. Blisters and bruises might go whence they came, to the devil. But as it grew late, an enemy he could not conquer attacked him. He had risen at four that morning, and it was now ten at night. With the tactfulness born of long years of diplomatic life in European capitals, Mme. Christitch quickly made room on the bench beside her, which a moment later the "Little Sergeant" unconsciously filled. Almost at once his head sank to her lap, his hands sought hers, and a last, convincing, incontestable proof that he was a real *Serbski vernik* was given: a snore, loud, resonant, manly, broke on the watching crowd.

Two hours later, when our train whistled, I gathered up a sergeant of the Serbian army, carbine, ammunition, sword, knapsack, and all, and carried him without resistance to the freight-truck in which we were to travel, and laid him, covered with my blankets, on a soft bale of clothing. I hope that if ever in the distant future I shall so hold a boy more closely akin to me, I can be as proud of my burden as I was that night. Shortly before our ways parted next day we asked him if he was not afraid to go back to the trenches.

"A *man* does not die a hundred times," he replied quietly.

I almost find myself hoping that in the horrible carnage which occurred at Semendria a few days later a bullet found the "Little Sergeant" after some momentary victory, some gallant charge of his beloved regiment. Life had been so simple for him! His country was at war; she could not be wrong; all true men must fight. And he had known her only in glorious victory.

"Sbogum, Americanske braat" ("Good-by, American brother"), he murmured when we separated.

HUNGER

THE frequent sight of starvation was one of the terrible commonplaces of the Serbian retreat. In the march along the Ibar valley we began to see increasing instances of it. In places where the road was par-

Serbian refugees during an Austrian aëroplane raid at Chupria, Serbia

ticularly bad Austrian prisoners were always found tending it. Seeing the cross on my arm, these men would come to me begging medicines, for many of them were suffering from malarial fever. "Can't you give us bread? Can't you give us quinine?" they begged. To be unable to supply these simple wants was very sad. There were few soldiers guarding these prisoners; indeed, frequently they were virtually alone, but starving as they were, they remained peaceable and calm. They obeyed orders willingly, and, it seemed to me, regretted the suffering among the Serbs as much as their own hardships. Their guards suffered just as their prisoners did. When there was any bread, it was share and share alike.

Coming across a particularly wretched group of these prisoners in one of the most desolate parts of our way, I saw a tall Austrian weakly leaning against a rock and weeping in an insane manner. He sobbed and blubbered, and bit his lips until the blood ran. He was mad from hunger, dying by inches, and not alone; hundreds of others passing him, and three hundred of his comrades there, faced the same fate. A gray-haired man came by, apparently a Serb who had seen better days, but who was now walking the muddy road with a pack on his back. Seeing the prisoner, he stopped and asked a guard what was the matter. "No bread," was the brief answer. The Serb reached into his pocket and took out a large hunk of white bread, the first I had seen in a long time, for bread of that sort was not to be had at any price. The starving man seized it, turned it over and over in his hands, and then devoured it in an incredibly short time. For a brief moment a sort of ecstasy came into his eyes, and then he grew violently ill. He vomited up the precious food, and fell to sobbing once more.

Frequently, after bread and flour gave out, the prisoners would procure an ear or two of Indian corn. They never knew where they would get any more, and as this was all that lay between them and starvation, they hoarded the grains as a miser would so many diamonds. By repeated counting they knew the number of rows and grains on a cob, and would allow just so many rows for a meal. They either parched the grain in hot ashes or boiled it in old tin cans, and sometimes, when they found a dead animal, they made soup.

Searching about for wood when we made camp that night, I came across a slightly wounded soldier lying inert among the bushes. It was chilly, the

ground was wet, and he was in rags; but when I stumbled over him he did not move. I turned him over and looked at his face. He was a mere boy, not more than twenty. He was dazed, and when he did become aware that some one was near him, he mumbled over and over in Serbian: "Is there any bread? Is there any bread?" I dragged him to our fire, got some mutton and biscuit, and placed them in his hands.

For fully five minutes he looked at the food, turning it about, bewildered. Then he dropped it on the ground, and took out of his pocket a cob from which he had gnawed nearly all the corn. Counting a dozen grains, he bit them off, carefully replaced the cob, and lay down in the mud. It was with the greatest difficulty that we awakened him out of his lethargy to the extent that he realized we had real food for him. Next morning we had to leave him by our smoldering fire with the scanty food I felt justified in taking from the stores.

Continually during those dreary weeks we had thus to make compromises with our better feelings. To leave a man like that in the wilderness was simply murder, but there were the women of our party to be thought of. And why choose him for life when hundreds and thousands of his fellows were in a like predicament? The only respite from such trying decisions came when they had grown so common that no one felt them any more.

ON THE FIELD OF BLACKBIRDS

One morning we got under way about five o'clock, while it was yet pitch-dark, in the hope of doing several kilometers before the creeping glacier of vehicles should begin again. This was hopeless, however, for every one else had had the same inspiration, and already the road was full. I use "road" from habit; on this day it was a turbid stream, sometimes ankle-deep, sometimes up to the drivers' waists where wet-weather torrents had broken their banks and overflowed it.

Through this highway, long before it was light, thousands upon thousands of ox-carts, carriages, and automobiles were plowing their way. For the most part the road was so narrow that there was no chance of passing those in front, the ground on each hand being impassable mire. After an hour or so, when all the gaps were filled, this meant that if far ahead in the environment of Pristina an ox slipped his yoke or a cart-wheel broke or a horse balked or an automobile stuck or a driver wished to light a cigarette or any other imaginable contingency came to pass, a few minutes later carts just leaving Mitrovitze would be held up until the other carts twenty kilometers ahead should move. This was the condition on all the mountain roads of Serbia. It added at least fifty per cent. to the time required to finish one's journey. Every one was drenched, for it had poured during the night, and few people had had any sort of shelter.

The army, too, was beginning to awaken. Long trains of oxen—the army, of course, had all the best oxen, huge, powerful animals, far better than horses for the Serbian roads—were pulling the big guns from the camps along the wayside. From twelve to twenty teams were required for each gun, and even then they had to strain every muscle in the frequent mud-holes. They would go forward a few meters, all pulling together in a long line, then, as the heavy guns sank deeper, some of the wilder ones would begin to swing from side to side, oscillating like a pendulum, each swing wider, until all the teams were in hopeless disorder, while yokes broke, and drivers cursed. At last they would come to a standstill, all the waiting thousands behind perforce following their example, bringing comparative silence, in the midst of which the German and Serbian cannon could be heard incessantly, like rumbling thunder. Then the caravan would move on again, only to stop once more. This was repeated all day long each day for weeks and weeks.

During one of these lulls we heard a great commotion behind us. There was a loud trampling of men's and horses'

A night encampment during the blizzard

feet, and a lot of shouting, which steadily grew louder, and finally sounded abreast of us. Out in the marshy fields along the road I saw a thousand or fifteen hundred Serbian youths ranging in age from twelve to eighteen. They were the material out of which next year and the succeeding years Serbia was to replenish her army. Not yet ripe for service, the Government had ordered them out at the evacuation of every place, and had brought them along with the army in order to save them from being taken by the enemy into Austria, Germany, and Bulgaria as prisoners of war. For it is these boys the invaders are especially anxious to get. They are the force of to-morrow, and to-morrow, it has been my observation, the Teutonic allies now dread above all else in the world.

One of the Austrian official *communiqués* recently read, "And here we also took about one hundred and fifty youths almost ready for military service." It is the only official mention I have ever seen of such captures, although in the fighting of last year they were common. It is a bare statement of one of the most terrible aspects of the Serbian retreat.

The boys I saw in the flooded fields were not strangers to me, but now for the first time I saw them bearing arms. When the trouble first began I had seen these and other thousands all along the railway-line from Belgrade. Many for the first time in their lives were away from their own villages, and most of them had never before been separated from their families. There was no one to look after them. They did not even have the advantage of a soldier in getting food and shelter. If there was bread left over at the military stations, they got it; if not, they did not. Never were they sheltered, but slept where they happened to stand when night came on. Few of them had sufficient clothing; only those whose mothers had been able to supply them with the warm, durable, homespun garments that the peasants make were adequately protected. I used to see the smaller of them sitting on the railway-cars crying together by the dozens. They were hungry, of course; but it was not hunger or thirst or cold: it was pure, old-fashioned, boarding-school homesickness that had them, with the slight difference that they longed for homes which no more existed. "The capture" of such as these to be honored with an official *communiqué!*

When the retreat took them from the railway, they marched over the country in droves. There were no officers to over-

A Serbian gun at Ipek, where the automobiles were destroyed

see them. They were like antelope, roaming over the wild hills along the Ibar. They ate anything they could find, rotten apples, bad vegetables, the precious bits of food found in abandoned tins, and yet most of them had arrived safe and sound at Mitrovitze, where the Government had large magazines of munitions.

Now, when the order came at midnight, like a clap of thunder, to evacuate Mitrovitze immediately, they were rounded up by some officers on horseback, and to each was given a rifle, a canteen, and absolutely all the ammunition he could stagger under. They were delighted, tickled to death to have real guns and to be real soldiers, and as the officers were insufficient, they were soon riddling the atmosphere with high-power bullets in every direction, creating a real danger. If a crow flew over a mile high, half the company banged at him on the instant. A black squirrel in a wayside tree called forth a fusillade that would have carried a trench in Flanders.

They were not particular about the aim. There were plenty of cartridges and, after all, it was the first good time they had had in many a week and perhaps the last.

Joyously they had left Mitrovitze with us the afternoon before and, like us, they had camped in the open, but here the analogy must rest. We had tried to sleep, at any rate, whereas they had made night hideous with violent attacks on bats, rats, rabbits, and even the moon before the clouds came to her rescue. But they had been soaked and had had nothing for breakfast and were getting tired of their own exquisite sport. So they were loath to march with that enthusiasm and at the rate the officers on horseback desired. This accounted for the commotion in the fields.

It was very simple. A few would lag, then more and more, and soon the entire thousand would simply be paddling about in the fields like so many ducks. Then the officers, infuriated, would ride full tilt into them, heavy riding-whips in their hands, and spurs in their horses' sides. I saw many of the boys ridden down, tumbled in the mire, and stepped on by the horses. Blood streamed from the faces of scores of others whom the whips had found. The rest at once regained their enthusiasm, and rushed forward with cries of fear. I saw this performance recur several times before the herd passed out of sight around the curve.

Months later I heard from an authoritative source that twenty-three thousand of these boys perished in Albania.

Ox-carts on the march out of Serbia

THE BLIZZARD

It was about eight o'clock that same morning when the blizzard began, first some snow flurries, then a bitter cold wind of great velocity and snow as thick as fog. The cart in front, the cart behind, the pedestrian stream on each side, and oneself became immediately the center of the universe. How these fared, what they suffered, one knew. Beyond or behind that the veil was impenetrable. We were no more a part of a miserable mob. We were alone now, simply a few wretched creatures with the cart before and the cart behind, struggling against a knife-like wind along a way where the mud and water were fast turning to ice.

In less than an hour our soaked clothes were frozen stiff. From the long hair of the oxen slim, keen icicles hung in hundreds, giving them a glittering, strange appearance, and many of them despite the hard work were trembling terribly with the cold. For a short time the freezing wind accelerated the pace of the refugees on foot. The old men shouted to the women, and the women dragged along their children. But soon this energy was spent.

While the wind at no time diminished, now and then the storm lifted its snow veil as if to see how much was already accomplished in the extermination of these feeble human beings. At such times we came once more into the life of the throng, and it was possible to form some idea of what this whim of nature meant. Less than two hours after the beginning of the snow the mortality among oxen and horses was frightful. Already weakened by long marches and insufficient food, the animals now began to drop all along the line. When one ox of a team gave out, the other and the cart were usually abandoned, too, there being no extra beasts. An ox would falter, moan, and fall; a few drivers would gather, drag the ox and its mate to the side of the road, then seizing the cart, they would tumble it over the embankment, most frequently contents and all; and then the caravan moved on. Automobiles also were being abandoned, the occupants continuing their journey on foot.

For some time I had noticed an old peasant couple who moved along just at our speed, staying within view. They were very aged even for Serbs, and carried no provisions of any sort that I could see. The old woman was following the old man. I saw them visibly grow weaker and weaker until their progress became a series of stumbling falls. We came to a

place where low clumps of bushes grew by the roadside. The snow had drifted around and behind them so as to form a sort of cave, a niche between them. This was sheltered from the gale to some extent. By unspoken consent they made for it, and sank down side by side to rest. Their expression spoke nothing but thankfulness for this haven. Of course they never got up from it. This was quite the happiest thing I saw all that day, for such episodes were repeated with innumerable tragic variations scores of times. The terrible arithmetic of the storm multiplied them until by the end of the day we had ceased to think or feel.

When dusk came on, the aspect of the plain seemed exactly the same as hours before; we did not appear to have moved an inch. Only the road had begun to climb a little and had grown even muddier. The snow ceased, but the wind increased and became much colder. No one seemed to know how far we were from Pristina, but all knew that the oxen were worn out and could not go much farther. However, to camp out there without huge fires all night meant death, and there was nothing whatever with which to make fires.

We climbed a hillside slowly. It was darker there than it would be on the crest, for the sun set before and not behind us. A little before four we reached the top. At most we could not travel more than thirty minutes longer, but we did not need to. Below us lay Pristina.

This ancient Turkish town was very beautiful in the dusk. It stands at the head of a broad valley, and on three sides is surrounded by hills which now were gleaming peaks. Lower down, the mountains shaded from light blue to deep purple, while a mist, rising from the river, spread a thin gray over the place itself. Hundreds of minarets, covered with ice and snow, pierced up like silver arrows to a sky now clear and full of stars. The snow was certainly over, but it was incredibly cold on the hill-crest, where the wind had full sway. Some bells in a mosque were ringing, and the sound came to us clear, thin, brittle, icy cold. But no place will ever seem so welcome again. It was blazing with lights, not a house, not a window, unlighted. On the right, down the broad stretch of a valley, for at least five miles, was a remarkable sight. We had moved in the middle of the refugee wave. The crest had reached Pristina the day before, had surged through its narrow, crooked, filthy streets, and debouched over the plain beyond in thousands and thousands of camps. Now this huge camp-ground was lighted from one end to the other by camp-fires, for, blessing of blessings, along the river was firewood. There must have been five thousand carts in that valley. This meant ten thousand oxen and five thousand drivers, and every driver had his fire. The thing stretched away along the curving river like the luminous tail of a comet from the blazing head at Pristina. The contrast from the plain we had come over brought exclamations of pleasure from every one, and for a minute we paused there, watching the plodding refugees as they came to the top and gazed down into this heaven of warmth and light.

A woman dragging three children came wearily up. There was a baby on her back, but for a wonder it was not crying. She stopped, sat down on a bank, and had one of the children unfasten the cloths that held the baby in position. Then she reached back, caught it, brought it around to her lap. She shook it, but it was frozen to death. There were no tears on her face. She simply gazed from it to the children beside her, who were almost exhausted. She seemed foolish, sitting there holding it. She was bewildered. She did not know what to do with it. Some men passed, took in the situation, and promptly buried it in two feet of mud and snow. The whole affair had lasted perhaps ten minutes.

DESTROYING THE MOTORS

In Ipek there were many automobiles—motor-lorries, limousines, and touring-cars. They were drawn up around the public squares in imposing rows. Ap-

Refugees on a mountain trail

parently from habit the chauffeurs pottered about them, polishing the plate-glass and nickel and cleaning the engines. But when evacuation was announced they drove a little way out of the town. Some of them had brought hand-grenades, and leaving the engines running, they lifted up the hoods, struck the percussion-caps of the bombs, which they dropped beside the cylinders, and then ran. A Serbian grenade explodes in from seven to ten seconds after the cap is struck, so that one could not get very far before the racing motor was blown to scrap-iron. Fire usually consumed the body. Other chauffeurs saturated their cars with petrol and set them on fire. In the case of limousines this was spectacular. With all the upholstery soaked well with benzine, and everything closed tight except a small crack in one window through which the match was thrown, the luxurious cars became roaring furnaces for a minute, and then literally exploded into glorious bonfires. But these methods were as nothing compared with what one chauffeur conceived and, by setting the fashion, brought several others to adopt. The man who thought about it ought not to be a chauffeur at all; he ought to be at the head of a cinematograph company.

The mountain horse-trail does not begin in Ipek itself, but is approached by three or four kilometers of regular road, which at a right-angular turn shrinks into the two-foot trail. At this point it is cut in the side of a sheer cliff three or four hundred feet above a little stream. There is no balustrade; the earth simply ends, and space begins. Having arrived at this point, to step out of the car, let in the clutch, and push down the accelerator was less dangerous than the grenade, easier, quicker, and far more exciting than the fire. It was a great game. There was a long gray Cadillac that took the brink like a trained hunter, leaping far out over the edge. As its power was suddenly released from the friction of the road, the car roared and trembled like a

live animal during the infinitesimal instant that it hung upright, held by its own momentum. Then the motor dragged its nose downward as true as an arrow until it struck the steep slope, down which it did quick somersaults, the tires bursting with bangs that could be heard above the crash. Before it had rolled into the stream it became a ball of fire. A ponderous Benz limousine followed, and tucked its nose into the slope without a spectacular leap. It was like a fat old lady falling down-stairs. Its tires blew out, and its body came loose from the chassis, both running a race to the river. An expensive-looking Fiat behaved much in the manner of the Cadillac, and was followed by a large French motor-lorry, which plowed a terrible path down the cliff, pretty well giving knock for knock, and finally grinding to splinters the wreckage on which it hit at the bottom. Others followed, each taking the leap in an individual manner. Sometimes they flew almost to bits. The tires invariably blew out with loud reports. Since it had to be done, one did wish for every small boy in America to watch it. I think the chauffeurs who burned or blew up their cars were sorry.

It is doubtless permissible to add that one very famous and very cheap American car made the leap. It had up good speed and its well-known characteristic of lightness sent it far beyond the brink, where it floated four hundred feet above the river. It acted quite as if it wanted to fly, and with a little encouragement and experience might have sailed on over the mountain-tops, headed for Detroit. But once started on its downward course, it gyrated with incredible swiftness, quite as fast as its wheels had ever turned, and, bouncing on the river-bank, flew beyond the other cars, swam the stream, and came to an eternal resting-place on the farther side. It was just the sort of stunt one would expect from a strong-nerved little thing like that!

The tragic retreat of King Peter and his Serbian army

The Belfry at Ypres

From an etching by J. Paul Verrees

Krujer Hobbs

By MARJORY MORTEN

Author of "Veiled Island"

Illustration by Arthur William Brown

WHEN Mary's sister asked her where she had met her "dressy young man," she had murmured:

"Oh, at the office; he 's a friend of Mr. Felix. He came in several times and—"

To her the lie seemed justifiable. It was impossible for Mary to describe the delicious and embarrassing manner of her meeting with Krujer Hobbs. It was her first taste of adventure, and she had met it with a shiver of surprise at her boldness.

Her sister Myra often recounted her experiences with mashers—men who spoke to her, smiled at her, offered their umbrellas. With a toss of her head she would say:

"I settled him *quick;* I guess he wished he 'd never been born. Men are such fools!"

Mary had long since decided that that sort of thing could never happen to her. She assured herself that men were not too foolish to recognize the kind of girl who really does n't want to be spoken to; and then one rainy Saturday afternoon in June the surprising thing had happened.

On her way home from the office she had gone into a little second-hand bookshop in Fourth Avenue, lured by a placard, "CHOICE BOOKS 15c. and 25c." In the half-light of the musty room she found the bargain-table, and lightly ran a forefinger over rows of dingy volumes, with a prudent thought for her doeskin gloves: "Religion and Science," Mantell's "Fossils of the British Museum," "The Church of Christ in Japan," "Private Thoughts on Religion," by the Rev. Tobias Adam; etc. The fifteen-cent books were nearly all religious works of a past generation, and Mary felt a little stab of embarrassment that religion should have assumed too dull and drab a guise to tempt men at any price.

She turned away, and found herself face to face with a very tall, very splendid young man who stood, hat in hand, smiling a most radiant smile. The smile was undoubtedly meant for her, and instead of resenting it, she had found herself smiling back in very friendly fashion. He held an orange-colored book in his hand, and he was saying in a voice which she afterward described as bright, it was so clear and high and warm:

"Please buy this book! The color goes so happily with your purple jacket. I have n't an idea what it 's about, but it costs only a quarter. If I bought it for you, you 'd think me fresh, and I 'm not that, you know. Please buy it!" She had bought the book in a haze of embarrassment which was somehow pleasant, and had walked out of the shop and into the rain under the umbrella of the splendid young man, who was chattering in a gay impersonal tone without looking at her at all.

"Why do people wear their grayest, their drabbest on rainy days?" he said. "Mud-colored mackintoshes, black umbrellas. I 'd like to see umbrellas as gaily colored as toadstools—flamboyant spots in the drizzle. Now you, in your purple coat with that orange book under your arm, will make every one feel more cheerful without knowing why. Where are you going?"

"To the subway," said Mary in a small, suffocated voice. She was beginning to suffer pangs of self-consciousness, to wonder what her sister Myra would say if she saw her walking with this strange, splendid young man whose clothes were somehow so beautifully right and whose air of careless friendliness she found it so difficult to resent. When they reached the subway kiosk and he had

taken the book from under her arm and had written in large letters on the fly-leaf, "Krujer Hobbs, 43 East Thirty-fifth Street," he said:

"And now tell me your address. I 'll remember it."

Mary blushed.

"You would n't do this if you did n't think I was a shop-girl or a type-writer," she flared out.

"Oh, I make friends with people whenever I like," he had explained, "and they never object. They like it. They *all* like it."

"And you speak to strange young ladies?"

"The last one I spoke to was in London last month. I was standing on the steps of a house in Piccadilly, watching some visiting potentates drive by, when the door opened, and out came the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life. She stood for a moment looking up and down the street, and I said to her, 'Do you know who that fierce, fat man in the last carriage is—the one who looks like a walrus?' She said, 'Oh, that 's my uncle Ethelbert.' "

"But that was the end of it," Mary broke in—"you did n't go on talking to her?"

"The end of it," Krujer Hobbs had concluded, taking off his glove and offering a slim bony hand—"the end was that we had tea at an A. B. C. shop, and she said she was sorry she was engaged to marry her cousin, whose name, I think, was Lionel."

Whereupon Mary had put her hand in his hand, stammering:

"I 'm stenographer for the Majestic Pattern Company, in Spring Street; I 'm Mary Helen Duffy." Then she had turned and fled down the subway stairs with what seemed to her, in the painful, later hours, to be an irretrievable lack of dignity.

Mary lived with her family in the Bronx, and the girls at the office envied her the distinction of a "whole house." This cheap, flimsy, little three-storied structure was utterly lacking in comfort, and as she had let herself in that evening with her latch-key, and the mingled odors of bad cooking, old plumbing, and coal-gas assailed her, she was more keenly aware than ever before of its ugliness. Every detail smote her senses: the flaring, wheezing gas-jets; the sprawling patterns of the streaked wall-papers; the dusty, threadbare carpets; the parlor where Myra received her beaus, with its red plush furniture, plaited-paper lamp-shade, and tea-table always set and never used. Mary had no callers, but occasionally she went in to dust the Japanese tea-set and the souvenir spoons, and to wind the pink onyx clock on the mantelpiece. The dining-room was the most comfortable spot in the house, and there her mother kept the sewing-machine and clothes-fitting dummy, Myra her school-books, and her father his stock of catalogues and endless saucers and boxes of dusty bulbs and seeds. He worked in a seed store in Vesey Street, and he had rented the house because of its large back yard. His garden, he called it. Her mother, a slatternly, futile blonde, was forever grumbling:

"We could have a grand apartment on 145th Street for the price we 're paying for this place; steam heat, electric light, gas-stove, and all." She constantly read advertisements of flats to let in the papers, and she spent hours of every week visiting flat-houses and questioning janitors. "If papa would only give up his silly plants. I 'm sure they 're no good to anybody," she wailed. But papa was firm; his pride in his garden was colossal; he made friends with the policeman on the beat, with letter-carriers and little shopkeepers, and coaxed them with cheap cigars to come and have a look at his garden. Seed catalogues were for him as thrilling as books of adventure, and he rolled on his tongue the Latin names of his pets: candy-tuft he dignified as *Iberis sempervirens;* and his joy in mouthing *Aristolochia Sipho* for Dutchman's-pipe made it sound like a term of endearment. Every evening in summer and all day Sunday he pottered in his garden, which was bordered with sturdy shrubs and painfully trained vines. The central plot was cut into four small

flower-beds by two little transverse gravel paths, and in the middle, a reluctant concession to his wife, a huge, revolving clothes-dryer spread its arms. When these arms or branches blossomed on sunny Mondays, the garden appeared to be dominated by a monstrous growth, a sort of Cubist Frankenstein of a plant.

Mary was fond of her father, and she usually spent an hour with him on Saturday afternoons; but that day she ran straight to her room and sat down on the bed, clasping her precious orange-colored book. She had not yet looked at the title. First she opened it to see if the writing on the fly-leaf was still there, and then she looked at the cover and read, "Life and Speeches of Henry Clay." How fortunate that it had a purely sentimental interest for her, and that she was not obliged to read it! She pressed it against her cheek, and wondered smilingly if any record of Henry Clay had ever before been treated with such familiarity. Then she heard Myra on the stairs, and hastily slipped the book under her pillow. For the first time in her life she felt savage; she would certainly box her sister's ears if she dared to touch her book. Myra came in whistling, and the two girls exchanged "Hellos." If they had not happened to be sisters, their intercourse would have been limited to an occasional "Hello."

Pert, precocious, knowing Myra was considered a beauty. She was still in the high school, and she had the charm of pink skin, healthy teeth, and prematurely developed body. She wore her hair in two bulgy plastrons over her ears, her blouses were too thin and too low, and she teetered in tight skirts and high-heeled, short-vamped shoes.

Myra had many beaus, and Mary's ears were filled with the eternal refrain, "When Myra gets married." Once, driven to exasperation, Mary said:

"But, Mother, who wants to marry Myra except Leon Oppenheim?"

Her mother retorted:

"I 'm sure Jews make splendid husbands; they love children, and she 'll have an automobile."

That night Mary had slept touching the book under her pillow, and the next day she had realized that she was living breathlessly from moment to moment. Life was suddenly pregnant with romance. She pitied Myra and her thick-lipped Leon, pitied her father and mother, and treated them with the indulgent kindliness befitting the proud possessor of a precious possibility. But after three days of silence she drew Henry Clay from its hiding-place and wrote in a small, cramped hand under Krujer Hobbs's bold signature:

"Why should he want to see you, Mary Helen Duffy? I 'm sure he 'd be very stupid if he did. It was only the orange and purple colors that he liked, and I don't know why. I think they clash awfully." Then she put the volume on her book-shelf between "A Bow of Orange Ribbon" and "Ten Months with the Esquimos." Myra would never open it after reading the title. She was sure of that.

The following Saturday, at noon, came a note by messenger. Mary opened it with fingers that became suddenly cold and clumsy. She read:

Mary Helen Duffy, fold up your patterns and take your umbrella (I know you never forget it) and come and play with me. I am waiting in a hansom under the arch in Washington Square. We 'll button our coats tight to the chin, and drive with the rain in our faces to Fairmont for luncheon. They cook soft clams very remarkably there, and they have, if you like, that much-sought-after and highly unsatisfactory thing called a view. You would not want me to call for you at the pattern house? I would n't, anyway; it 's disturbing to think that women's clothes are made from patterns. Come quickly.

KRUJER HOBBS.

Mary covered her type-writer and ran to put on her hat and jacket. She looked at herself in the glass anxiously, powdered her nose, and then rubbed the powder off again. One did not, somehow, powder one's nose for Krujer Hobbs.

"'You must be a great artist'"

She had never before ridden in a hansom, and she was secretly dismayed at being shut into such a small space with a resplendent and vehement young man. When he poked open the little trap-door with his cane and shouted directions to the driver she shrank back in her corner and caught a glimpse of her face in the wedge-shaped mirror. Her nose was still pink from vigorous rubbing, and her hat was askew. She sat miserably rigid, staring straight before her with the look of one who rides in a tumbrel to the guillotine, and it was not until they were facing each other across a small table overlooking the river that she smiled.

"That 's the first smile," commented Krujer, briskly. "I 've been waiting for it. Your smile, Mary Helen Duffy, even when it 's a polite smile, ripples all over your face till it disappears behind your ears. Most people's polite smiles vanish as suddenly as if they swallowed them. Smile again!" Mary blushed, smiled again, and choked over her first cocktail.

Wonderful food, a walk under Mary's umbrella by the river, driving again in the soft rain, tea in the park, and home behind the same fat, dogged horse, tired now, and coming down heavily on his heels. It was a day of revelation for Mary: she learned to see silver in the heavy sky, and later to find the wet pavement at dusk a deeply purple mirror in which a thousand lights and reflections dived and skimmed. And she watched for the first time in her life a human creature who took passionate and riotous delight in all of the small details of living, who ate with the gusto of a small boy biting a stolen apple, who breathed as though his lungs rejoiced, and whose eyes, when he looked at her, thanked her for the delight of her beauty.

Mary had of course wondered if he would flirt with her. Flirting, as she knew it, meant touching hands, saying soft things with the eyes before the lips dared—all the usual inadequate and silly forms which youth uses to convey the message of attraction. But Krujer's delight in her pale prettiness, her shy responsiveness, her halting curiosity seemed to be one with his delight in the silvery day and the earthy fragrance of the park. When he told her her face was like a pearl, it was as if he wished her to understand that her beauty was a part of the great beauty of the world. His message was not, "I, a man, think you lovely, Mary," but, "Oh, be happy that you are such a wonderful Mary!"

She was thrilled, but she was also a little alarmed at Krujer's philosophy; "Eating up life," he called it. He told her that people who accept life with passive acquiescence give themselves to the worms before death, that they slowly decay and are devoured by maggots. "Now, I seize every minute of life, squeeze the blood out of it, and drink it."

This sounded cannibalistic to Mary. She had always lived at low pressure; every day was a dull routine enlivened by occasional bits of amusement. She had not dreamed that any one could hugely enjoy running the mechanism of daily existence. It seemed somehow almost indecent.

And what strange things he talked about! They had stopped for a moment to watch a sparrow bathing with a great show of energy in a puddle under a tree, and Krujer exclaimed: "Don't you love your bath, Mary? It 's cold at first, and you splash your hands and feet for a minute, and swish the soap about, and then you lie flat and lean the back of your head against the tub, and your hair gets a little wet. I 'd like to see you wash your hair and dry it in the sun. Do you ever go up on the roof and dry your hair in the sun to bleach it, like those beauties of the cinque-cento? They had great straw hats with the crowns cut out, and their women would pull their hair through the opening and spread it in the sun to make it golden."

Strange young men, Mary thought, should not speak of baths and hair-washing; and, anyway, the dingy tin tub at home was not conducive to joyous bathing. But it was impossible to be offended with any one so blithely unaware of his errors.

When at last they reached the narrow Bronx house, Krujer said nothing about seeing her again, and his good-by held no regret. It was as happy as his first greeting had been, and he stood bareheaded and smiling on the sidewalk while she ran up the steps and rang the bell. Myra opened the door and stared boldly as Krujer called good night and swung himself into the waiting hansom.

"Gee! what a swell!" she shrilled as Mary fled up-stairs. "You never told me you had a beau. My! he looks like the advertisements for Barrow collars!"

Soon there came an invitation to dinner, and the next day, a holiday, she lunched with him and spent the afternoon at his studio. Why had n't she guessed that he was an artist? She might have known that his joy in color and form and fragrance must find a tangible means of expression. The luxury and beauty of his large room, with its shimmer of costly textiles, rich patina of old oak, precious iridescence of glass and faience, frightened her a little. He must be very rich indeed, she thought, and she felt an obscure pang of jealousy as he tucked her in the cushioned window-seat, took away her black hat and jacket, and threw a flame-colored scarf about her shoulders. She was only one of many things that fed his eye and quickened his senses; she was a small addition to a life already rich, and he was in how short a time the focal point of all joy and beauty in the world. She had never touched joy, never would know it, but she felt the warmth of it in Krujer and basked in it. Joy and beauty were purely objective to her, and they were personified in Krujer Hobbs.

She had no technical knowledge of pictures, and the careless, brilliant, superficial sketches he showed her startled and puzzled her. She dared not call them pretty; she had no words for them, and she murmured somewhat despairingly: "You must be a great artist."

Krujer laughingly swept the canvases in a corner. He stood looking down at her, shaking his head, smiling his wide, childlike smile. No, he was not a great artist, he assured her. He was n't even a good painter; and, furthermore, he did n't want to be. He did n't, as a matter of fact, want to be anything or to accomplish anything; he wanted to live, to be happy, and he wanted to die, if he might be permitted, in the noon-hour of a happy day. This savored of blasphemy to Mary.

"But you sell your pictures?" she asked timidly.

No, he had never sold a picture. In his lean years he had sold illustrations, hateful gray things, and then a glorious and unexpected legacy had filled his pockets—twelve thousand fat dollars from a fat old aunt in Kentucky. Twelve thousand dollars! It seemed a pity, did n't it, that he must put it in the bank? He would have liked to keep it all in the studio—little heaps of yellow coin, under the cushions, in pots and jars, under stocks of canvases, and in all his pockets, even his pajama pockets. But he had put it in the bank, and it was very pleasant to draw out a quantity every day or two. Mary's refusal to be sent home in a taxicab was a tiny, ineffectual effort to throw an obstacle in the path of this terrific tide of extravagance. Thrift was the key-note of her existence, and the effort to provide for a rainy day impoverished every clear day of her life. Krujer's attitude in no way threatened to disturb the neat sanctity of her principles; indeed, he was so far removed from her world that he seemed like a creature from a different planet, a great bluebottle fly that had alighted for a moment in an ant-hill. But she found his enjoyment contagious, and all her senses were busy carrying stimulating messages to her orderly brain.

His last words sang in her ears as she clung to a strap in the crowded subway:

"Why do people try to lengthen their lives? The thing is to make life as broad as it 's long. Who wants a long, thin life?"

She saw him frequently after that, and she heard from him almost every day. Always the letters were sent by messenger, another extravagance. He said:

"I tip the boy well and tell him it 's an

urgent matter. I like to think of his sprinting through the streets rushing that letter to you, still hot. The post 's too slow; by the time you get a posted letter I 'm thinking of something else."

After the first days of bewilderment her mind mechanically rejected all of Krujer's opinions. This broad-faced, short-chinned, laughing young man, whose hair, as Mary put it, looked as if it were "all in one piece," was the delight of her heart; but he stood in her eyes for reprehensible and dangerous things. He had none of the qualities, the tight and conscientious virtues, which Mary had painfully assigned to herself, thrift, prudence, foresight, punctuality, moderation. These he ignored, or, rather, he seemed merrily unaware of them. Well, some day life would teach him, she said to herself primly. Krujer would have shaken her had he guessed her thoughts. When he demanded, "Are you happy to-day, Mary, or miserable? It does n't much matter which; only never be contented. Contentment 's a cold-storage state of being," she smiled placidly, and hoped that some day she could make him contented—just that.

"Does n't he ever make love to you?" Myra asked.

"Every one is n't thinking of love," said Mary, with painful dignity.

"Oh, but *you* are," Myra retorted. "I 've watched you when you 're thinking; I can tell you 're thinking of love. Your face melts sort of. I know the expression. I bet he 's kissed you."

Mary's spurt of indignation was feeble, she so often dreamed of Krujer's kisses. She had, however, the enduring patience of a practical nature. Soon he would kiss her; that very evening he had told her in such a funny way he would.

"How my eyes love your face, Mary. When I look at you it seems as though I really saw a woman's face for the first time. Do you ever wonder why I don't kiss you? When my eyes are fed I 'll kiss you; it will be a great kiss. But we 'll forget it when I kiss you again. We 'll never live on memories."

Mary had shut her eyes and flushed. Already she had seemed to feel his lips on hers; but when she looked up he had turned away with a changed face and was suggesting cheerfully:

"You 're hungry; now for dinner. We 'll eat the longest, slimmest, saltest oysters in the world, and one will have a live oyster-crab tucked under him."

His selfishness made him as a rule kind to every one, but there were occasional flashes of brutality that puzzled Mary. Once at dinner he scolded the waiter, a raw Alsatian boy, so violently that the lad burst into tears. An hour later, when Krujer had quite forgotten his rage, Mary said reluctantly:

"You were n't just to that waiter; he did n't understand your order."

"There is n't enough justice in the world to make into a tiny figure of justice for me to wear as a scarf-pin," Krujer replied airily, with no show of penitence. "And I 'm glad of it. Cruelty is sometimes good, and indulgence is usually bad; but justice is a pallid compromise, and compromise is the devil." He had, indeed, envied the boy his ability to cry; he, Krujer, had never cried in his life.

His lack of friends surprised Mary. But friendship involves responsibility, and responsibility was one of the heavy things he pushed aside. Young men sometimes came to the studio when Mary was there, but they could roughly be divided into two classes: discouraged and down-at-heel painters and scribblers who found stimulus in Krujer's buoyant vitality and who, she suspected, also received more substantial aid from him, and would-be-smart young satellites who sat at Krujer's feet and loudly applauded everything he said.

There were women, too, new types to Mary, girls who telephoned, sent notes, and came uninvited to tea. But love, even the lightest, also involves responsibility, and for the most part he seemed content to be alone with Mary whenever she was free. She had from the first instinctively made him feel that she exacted nothing, made no demands, and she was careful not to color their hours to-

gether with any depression or anxiety of her own. At the slightest hint of preoccupation on her part he became fractious. Sometime at supper, when she grew aware of the hour, he would exclaim:

"You 're thinking, Mary duck child, that it 's getting late, that you live in the Bronx, and that you must get up in the morning at seven. Now stop it! It 's most unsatisfactory to eat caviar sandwiches with a pretty girl at midnight when she has an I-must-put-out-the-empty-milk-bottles-and-wind-the-alarm-clock look in her eye. Stop it!"

She never spoke of her dingy life at home or her drudgery at the office. Once she had described a quarrel with her sister. Krujer had listened with startled eyes. When she had finished he said:

"Mary, please don't tell me unpleasant things that have happened. If ever you 're in trouble and want me, telephone. I 'll come instantly and snatch you from whatever it is and carry you off; but don't tell me about such things *afterward.*"

Mary had the strange liberty common to many American girls of her class. It was understood that she was "going with" Krujer Hobbs, and no questions were asked. Myra's jibes sprang from surprise and jealousy, and her parents were obliviously secure in their knowledge of Mary's goodness and her common sense. Indeed, her common sense was the most dependable thing in her father's shiftless household. He told her that he wished he could leave her his life-insurance,—he had no savings,—because her mother had no idea of money.

"Father, can't you enjoy living more and not think of that?" Mary urged, trying to reflect her own faint reflection of Krujer's radiant philosophy. "Please try to be happy."

"Well,"—rubbing his grubby waistcoat absently with a grubby hand,—"well, I do enjoy my plants; they 're handsome. Did you look at the rhododendrons this morning? Eighteen blooms! It 's a comfort to know you 'll take care of 'em when I 'm gone. Myra forgot to water the pansies I potted for her last spring."

On her birthday her father had given her a great bunch of white everlasting he had grown and dried for her.

"*Acroclinium Album,* my dear; they 'll last forever."

She had put them on her bureau and thought them very pretty till one day she and Krujer had stopped before a florist window to look at some scarlet berries, and found that they were dried.

"They 'll last you a year," said the clerk, thriftily, from the doorway. Krujer had turned away with a shiver.

"The idea of trying to make things *last!* A preserved flower is as awful, Mary, as a stuffed pet dog with glass eyes."

After that, when she looked at her flowers, she remembered a stuffed pug-dog she had seen as a child, horridly fat and rigid, eaten by moths, and with two of its claws missing.

Her mother asked:

"Why don't your young man come and see you in your home, Mary? Papa 's fixed a nice rustic seat in the yard. I hope he 's not too swell for us." Mary mumbled an excuse. Her mother was so vague and vacillating a personality that, despite her clumsy bulk, she presented a blurred and hazy bodily outline. Her children rarely listened to her, and never answered her questions; it did not seem to matter to her or to anybody whether one answered or not. When she sat heavily rocking in the middle of the dining-room after dinner, reading snatches of advertisements aloud, her family talked through her as though seeing her or recognizing her being there involved a wholly unnecessary effort.

Although she was living wholly in a world of Krujer's making, Mary felt a new tenderness for her father. It seemed to her that, if she could only find terms intelligible to him, she could tell him all about her lover. Myra and her mother would of course think Krujer cracked, but her father was different. She wished she could describe Krujer to him in garden talk. Once she said:

"Father, imagine a strange plant, a very

bright red blossom, large wing-shaped petals, almost like a bird, and it makes all the garden flowers look as lifeless as buttons."

"It sounds like a *Strelitzia regina,*" said the old man, scratching his dusty head. "It 's one of those tropical lilies. They don't live; you can't handle 'em."

Krujer's rootless gaiety caused her curious stabs of pain and misgiving, almost of fear. When she tried to analyze this feeling she could only say: "Well, it 's not permitted, this kind of lightness; it can't last." Deeper than this something said, "He won't live," but that, she told herself, was morbid. He was young and strong; he would not die. She perhaps would be the means of changing him very gradually if she were persistent and wise.

She was so serenely indifferent about everything but her love, and that, too, was serene, that she constantly marveled at her lover's gusty passions about everything in life. He had a child's lack of proportion; he loved or hated everything, however trifling, with absurd vehemence, and he delighted in his violent prejudices.

"People think hate is poisonous, destructive. No such thing. Hate 's stimulating, fine; I love to hate, I love all my hates."

"Tell me some of them," murmured Mary.

"Well, of course there are dozens of people, living and dead: St. Paul, Bougereau, Daniel Webster, and people like that; and as for things, there are cotton gloves, statistics, chicken salad, matrimony. I could string an endless list. What do you hate, little duck?"

Mary sought vaguely for hateful things.

"I don't like getting up early," she ventured, "though it 's nice after you are up; so I don't exactly hate it." Krujer was watching her face, and presently he brought out:

"Mary, you 're as beautiful as a woman of Kashmir!"

Kashmir suggested a vale of shawls to Mary, and that night she went to bed with the volume KAO-KON of the encyclopedia.

When Myra came in she looked over her sister's shoulder and read aloud, "Much has been written about the beauty of the Vale of Kashmir. . . . The people of Kashmir are of fine form, and the women are noted for their beauty."

"Gee!" Myra said, yawning, "it must be an awful strain to have a high-brow beau. Can I use your cold-cream? You 're always looking up words in the dictionary and buying books, but it does n't seem to help you to land him. I don't believe he 'll ever propose."

Mary closed the heavy volume, and buried her face in the pillow. It was impossible to silence Myra, and she had a maddening way of saying things that Mary dared not say to herself. She was sure that Krujer loved her, but he seemed radiantly content with things as they were. To take her to dinner, to plays; to tuck her in the window-seat of the studio on Sunday afternoons; to wind multicolored scarfs about her, to fill her arms with flowers; to tease her, to harangue her, to kiss her,—he kissed her now,—to write her absurd delicious little letters—all this delighted him: but he had never spoken of marriage. She wished she were wicked enough to encourage his extravagances; for when the money was gone perhaps he would turn to her and settle down. She liked to think of him ill, racked with pain, looking to her for comfort; or tired, old, perhaps grown fat and ugly, his senses blurred, needing the stimulus of her love and devotion.

She asked him wistfully:

"Are you satisfied, Krujer, just living from day to day?"

"Oh, it 's stupid to think one can ever be satisfied fully. Some part of me 's always satisfied; the rest 's hungry: then I put the satisfied me to bed like a child that 's been fed, and go out to find food for the rest of me."

Although he came obviously from a different class than hers, a careless stratum softened by centuries of indulgence, he seemed to have no family ties and no social connections in any rigid sense. She saw no reason why he should not marry her if he ever wished to. She told herself,

without pride and without humility, that she would wait for that, and that she would be content with his manner of loving until her devotion should teach him how really to love in homely fashion. She knew him, she thought, better than he knew himself. When he asked her suddenly, "Do you love me, Mary? Quick!" she answered him on a swift, indrawn breath that she was very fond of him.

"Well, I 'm not fond of you!" Krujer returned. "Sometimes you rouse passion in me, sometimes I hate you for your meek stubbornness, your beauty always delights me: but I 'm not fond of you. Ugh! Affection 's a milk diet; it 's only the things you can crunch with your teeth that are good, Mary."

She accepted this calmly, and assured herself that this was only his funny way of putting things.

How much had he left? Twelve thousand dollars was a huge sum, but how much he spent! Dinners, cabs, flowers, his beautiful clothes, the delightful bibelots he picked up at auction and carried home in his pocket! When it was quite gone, Krujer must face the business of life. Where should he turn but to her? Then she would say bravely:

"Let 's get married, dear: we 've played; now let 's live. I can manage wonderfully, and I 've fifteen dollars a week. A little flat, and you will do illustrations—you can, you know." She might even give up her work and pose for him, press his clothes, cook for him. She tried to imagine his saying, "This is good, little duck; I love this too."

For two days she had had no word from him, and on the second evening she hurried home eagerly and let herself into the house with her latch-key, hoping no one would be there to see her pounce upon her letter. The gas burning low in its ugly red-and-green glass globe revealed the family umbrellas in a terra-cotta jar, her father's overshoes toeing in, and on the hat-rack his lumpy coat and dented soft hat. The marble slab was empty. She groped under the tail of the coat, hoping that her father had brushed her letter aside when he hung up his things, but found nothing. Myra called shrilly from up-stairs:

"Mary, lend me your long gloves, will you? Mine have n't come from the cleaner's. I 'm going to a show with Leon."

Then the door at the foot of the basement stairs opened, letting up a strong odor of boiled mutton and turnips, slammed violently, and her mother came running up the stairs carrying a newspaper in her hand. She was panting, and she stood for a moment clutching the sheet, her mouth open and working strangely:

"Mary, Mary deary, I just seen it in the paper—sit down, girlie; it 's bad news. Your Mr. Hobbs—something 's happened to him."

Mary took the paper from her mother's limp grasp and held it at arm's-length under the red-and-green globe. A headline ran:

"YOUNG ARTIST SUICIDE
SHOOTS HIMSELF IN STUDIO"

She held the paper rigidly while her mother fumbled with the gas-jet.

"Wait a minute, deary; I 'll turn it up—just a minute, deary," she kept repeating foolishly; then with a clumsy twist she turned it out and plunged the hall in darkness. "Papa! papa!" she called with panic in her voice, "you got a match? Come quick! I turned the gas out!" She ran down the hall, calling on a high note of distress, "Papa, gimme a match!"

Mary stood in the dark, still holding the paper at arm's-length. So it had come. She realized dimly that this was the unrecognized fear that had always possessed her. When the money was gone, he would say, "Well, I 've enjoyed it; now I must try something quite different—quite frightfully different."

From the little extension at the back of the house came her father's voice:

"There 's a box of matches in my coat pocket, Mary. Be careful of the bulbs. I put two in there loose; a shipment came in to-day."

Photograph by William Sanborn Young

"She stands in silence, and her brooding stare
Goes farther than the push-cart's speckled cakes"

Photograph by William Sanborn Young "'To play,' they said, 'in gardens green and fair'"

Deliverance

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

SET in September's oven the city bakes,
Spilling its frowzy odors on the air.
She stands in silence, and her brooding stare
Goes farther than the push-cart's speckled cakes.
The little mat of shadow that she makes
Sketches a pattern on the pavement there.
"To play," they said, "in gardens green and fair,"
She visions with intensity that aches.
Yet they shall come for her. Down her dull street,
Awake, aware at last, they come, they speed,
Eager, aroused, on beautiful, swift feet,
And in her day and season she shall see
Through the vast lump of ignorance and greed
A little leaven working mightily.

"'You ought to have one o' these wooden water-boxes under the grindstone'"

The Wheat Harvest

By GRANT SHOWERMAN

Illustrations by George Wright

Memory, hither come
  And tune your merry notes;
And while upon the wind
  Your music floats.—BLAKE.

I

OUR wheat is ripe, and they are going to cradle it. I hear Pete grinding the scythe part out under the basswoods. I run out to watch.

My brother is turning the grindstone. He looks cross. When I look at him he makes a face. Pete holds the big broad blade of the cradle against the stone. Sometimes he moves it from side to side, and then it makes a different sound. Once in a while he pours a little water on the stone. He takes it out of the pail with a tin can.

Pete says: "You ought to have one o' these wooden water-boxes under the grindstone, same as other folks has. Then it would stay wet all the time." Pete is our hired man.

Pete feels of the edge of the scythe with his thumb. He says it will do. My brother says: "Well, it 's about time! I been turnin' this ol' thing an hour!"

We all go out behind the barn, and they get ready to begin. The wheat is fine and tall and yellow. There are a lot of short green weeds at the bottom. Over in the

field quite a way are some big apple-trees. Up above all the heads of wheat I can see some harvest-apples among the green leaves. We call them "red apples." There is a cherry-tree, too. I know the cherries are all picked, but I wonder if there are n't a few left high up in the very top.

My father says: "Pete, you go first. I don't s'pose I could keep ahead of you. I ain't as good at it as I was years ago." My father's hair is gray, and he has gray whiskers. He stoops a little.

Pete says: "All right. Just le' me touch her up a little first."

Pete sets the cradle up so that it stands on the crooked handle, and begins to whet the scythe. It makes a nice kind of noise. I can hear little echoes from the barn. Pete makes the whetstone go backward and forward, and keeps moving the scythe with the other hand until he gets away out to the tip of it. Then he moves it the other way until he gets back to the handle again.

Pete feels of the edge with his thumb, and says: "There, now she 'll do first class. Here we go! One, two, three—"

Pete brings the cradle around with a big swinging motion. It goes through the wheat with a swishing sound. He swings it so far that at the end it is almost behind him. When it gets far enough, Pete makes it leave the wheat nice and straight on the ground. Then he moves a step ahead and brings the cradle around again and leaves some more wheat. He keeps on that way. The wheat makes a fine, yellow path. The sun makes it glisten. The butt-ends have some of the short, green weeds among them.

My father watches Pete awhile. He says: "If I had muscle like Pete's, I c'n tell you *I 'd* never ask for any of your old reapers!" Then he begins with his cradle.

My brother says to me, "All the same, I hope by the time *I* have to help we 'll have a reaper, same as Uncle Anthony."

Uncle Anthony is one of my father's great friends, and we just call him uncle. He lives right across the road from us. He and my father both came from York State when the country was all new.

My father likes to work. He always says he wishes he could do all of his work himself, so he could be independent of hired help. He says, "Just as soon as you have to depend on other folks, why, then you begin to have trouble."

Pete is quite a way ahead. My father cradles along after him as fast as he can, but Pete gains on him. That makes my father try all the harder to catch up.

"Pete brings the cradle around with a big swinging motion. It goes through the wheat with a swishing sound"

"My father wipes his face with a big red-and-white handkerchief"

My father has to stop. He says to my brother and me: "Condemn it all! the' 's no use talkin', I 'll have to take it easy. I 'm too old, that 's all the' is to it."

My father wipes his face with a big red-and-white handkerchief. He pushes up his hat and goes over his forehead. It is pink there, and all wet. He stands awhile. He has to breathe hard.

Pete is at the end of his swath, down by the fence. My father goes to work again. He gets along fast. Pretty soon he is as far as the first apple-tree. The wheat-field is really the orchard.

My father stops and stands in the shade, leaning on the cradle. He puts one leg across the other below the knee, and his toes point down into the stubble. His shirt is wet through up and down near the suspenders, and the edges of the suspenders are wet, too. That makes the edges look darker than the rest. There is wet below the band on his hat, too. He has one of his hickory shirts on. The old hat is dirty, and ragged along the edge. The straw makes me think of the old straw in the straw-stack.

My father throws his hat down on the stubble, and sits down, with his back against the tree. Then he lies on one elbow. I feel sorry for him.

My brother is n't big enough to cradle, but this afternoon he is going to rake and bind. They want the sun to shine on the swaths first.

I say to my brother, "Come on and le' 's get some harvest-apples."

My brother says to my father, "Can we have some o' the harvest-apples off from the tree over in there?"

My father answers: "Yes, I s'pose so. But don't trample the grain."

My brother says, "Oh, *we* won't."

My brother goes first. I follow him. There is n't much wheat under the tree, and there are two or three apples on the ground. This tree has red apples. There is another with yellow apples, but they are both harvest-apple-trees.

The apples on the ground are not very red, and they look wormy. My brother gives me a boost, and I get up into the tree.

My brother says: "Shake that big limb out there. Just a little; not much."

I shake the limb. There are some nice red ones out there. I listen. They don't drop. I shake a little harder. I hear one strike the ground. I shake again, and I hear two drop almost together, and then another. Pretty soon there are enough.

We begin to eat. We go and give some to my father and Pete.

When Pete gets around again, he says, "A good, cool drink would be nice."

My father says: "You 're right. I 'm sufferin' for a drink myself." He says to my brother and me: "S'posing you see how quick you could get us one. Ask ma to fix it up for you."

"'Shake that big limb out there. Just a little; not much'"

"'By jolly! don't that just touch the right spot!'"

We run up to the house. My brother pulls up a bucket of water, and I get the jug and the tunnel. My brother fills the jug. My mother puts in a little vinegar and some sugar and some ginger. She shakes the jug awhile and then tastes. She puts more sugar in and shakes it again.

We start back. My brother carries the jug. He holds one hand out, and leans toward the other side. Every little while he changes hands.

My father drinks first, and then Pete. My father says: "By jolly! don't that just touch the right spot!" Pete says, "Well, when you 're good and hot and thirsty that way, the' ain't nothin' like a nice, cool drink."

My brother holds the jug for me to drink. It is hard to drink that way. It comes in big glugs. Some of it runs down my neck. The ginger makes it taste hot afterward.

My brother takes a drink. He sets the jug under the tree, and puts some wheat over it. It looks all wet and cool.

My father says to my brother: "Well, I 'spect you better hoe out the sweet-corn now till dinner 's ready. 'T won't do for you to be havin' *too* easy a time while we 're workin' so hard here."

We have nice new potatoes and fried salt pork and cucumbers for dinner, and salt-rising bread and some apple-pie.

II

THE chores are done, and the milk is set away. It is almost dark.

My mother and I are sitting on the veranda. She is rocking. Her feet make a little tapping noise when they come down on the floor. She has her palm-leaf fan, but she does n't use it much. She holds it in one hand and just lets it lie across her stomach.

We can smell tobacco smoke a little bit. Pete is out under the basswoods by the croquet-ground smoking his pipe. My brother has gone down to the depot after the mail.

We hear my father coming through the front room. He walks very slowly. It sounds as if he were tired. He comes out through the mosquito-netting door. He sits down on the edge of the veranda, with his feet on the grass. He leans over, with his elbows on his legs and his hands hanging down between his knees. He does n't say anything.

My mother keeps on rocking. There is a little rumbling noise in between the taps of her feet. By and by my mother says, "Well, it must have been a long, hot day for you, and I s'pose you 're all tired out." She says: "I think you 're foolish to try to cut your wheat that way. You 've no business working in the field at such hard work. You ought to get another hand to help Pete or else get you a reaper or else get Uncle Anthony to reap it *for* you, or something."

My father sits awhile without answering. Then he says: "Well, I don't know but you 're right about it. I *ain't* got any business workin' that way. I just

can't stand it; the' 's no use talkin'.' By and by he says: "S'posing we go over to Anthony's and see if he won't come over to-morrow an' do the piece by the road. 'T would n't take him more 'n a half a day."

We go across the road and through Uncle Anthony's front gate. We go into the woodshed and knock at the kitchen door. Aunt Phœbe comes and opens it.

Aunt Phœbe says: "Why, good evenin'! Come right in, won't ye? We 're glad to see ye. Come in!"

Uncle Anthony is sitting by the table reading. We can smell the kerosene lamp just a little.

Uncle Anthony puts the paper down and looks up to see who it is. He looks over the top of his spectacles. He says: "Oh, it 's you, is it, Si? Glad to see ye."

Aunt Phœbe says: "Sha'n't we set out on the veranda? It 's been an awful' hot day, don't you think so?"

My father says: "Oh, no, we 're goin' right back. It 's all right in here."

Aunt Phœbe says: "Jus' as you *say*. Anyways, the' ain't no mosquitos in here. That 's *one* thing." She says: "Here, have this rockin'-chair. You look awful' tired." She says to my mother: " 'Scuse me fer not offerin' it to *you*, but I kind o' thought he needed it worst. And, then, *you 're young*, you know."

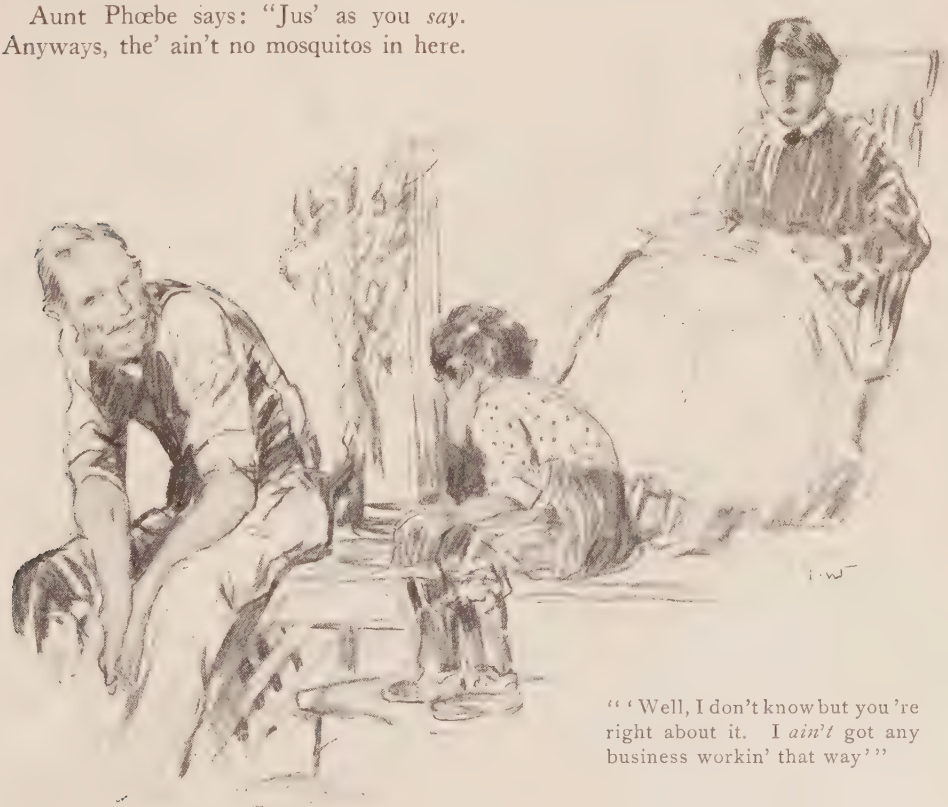
My mother says: "Well, he *does* need it worse 'n I do. There 's no mistake *about* it. He 's just been a-pitching in all day as hard as he could. He never *did* have any sense when it came to harvesting. Now I s'pose he 'll be sick again."

My father says, "*Oh*, pshaw!"

Uncle Anthony says: "Well, darn me if I don't think she 's right! I *saw* ye over there this mornin' workin' away in the heat, and thinks I to myself, thinks I, 'Cradlin' 's too all-fired hard work fer a man o' his years. He ort n' to do it.' "

Uncle Anthony talks very slowly. Aunt Phœbe speaks short. She is not so round and plump as my mother and she is older.

Uncle Anthony has gray hair and gray whiskers, and a big wart on his cheek. His



" 'Well, I don't know but you 're right about it. I *ain't* got any business workin' that way' "

whiskers are not like my father's. They don't begin until where his cheeks and chin end. He has his old clay pipe in his mouth, but there is n't any smoke coming out. I know my father will be glad of that. He does n't like tobacco smoke. My mother says that the way he talks about it is just dreadful, and he must be careful and not talk that way when there are smokers around.

" 'You need n't be 'fraid, Si. 'T ain't loaded' "

Uncle Anthony knows my father does n't like tobacco smoke. He takes his pipe out and holds it up and laughs. He says: "You need n't be 'fraid, Si. 'T ain't loaded. It went out half an *hour* ago, and I 'm too shif'less to fill it ag'in."

My father laughs. Uncle Anthony puts the pipe back in his mouth. Part of the time he sucks through it, and part of the time he breathes through his nose. It is so loud we can all hear it.

After a while Uncle Anthony says: "See here, Si, see here, why don't ye let me come over in the mornin' an' cut that other patch o' wheat *for* ye? I hate to see ye workin' that way. I *tell* ye, you jest let me take your old mares, so 's Milt can keep on with my work, an' I 'll be *glad* to cut it fer ye, an' 't won't cost ye a cent. I 'd *like* to do it."

My mother says, "There, now, ain't that fine?"

My father says: "Well, Anthony, to tell you the honest truth, that 's just what I come over for, to see if you would n't help me out. But o' course you 'll have to take something for it."

Uncle Anthony's house smells different from ours. It always makes me think of tobacco, but it smells of apples and cooked things, too. My mother tells me our house smells, too, only we are so used to it we don't notice. There is a big map on the wall, and the musket that Milt had in the war.

My father and Uncle Anthony talk a great deal about York State and early times and raisings and the crops. Aunt Phœbe and my mother knit, and talk about preserves and calico and what the neighbors say and do.

We get up to go. Uncle Anthony comes as far as the shed door. He brings the lamp. We can see the woodpile right outside.

Aunt Phœbe comes to the door, too. We start away. Uncle Anthony is just turning around to go in again. Aunt Phœbe says, "Davi'son, we ought to have a few sticks o' wood for breakfust."

We hear Uncle Anthony say very slowly, and laughing a little, "Well, 'y gad! ef you women folks ain't always a-wantin' *somethin',* an' it 's 'most always some wood." Then he says: "Well, you need n't be so 'fraid I 'll fergit it. I ain't never *yit,* have I?"

Aunt Phœbe says: "No, I don't know as ye have. But I 'm always afraid ye *will.*" She says, "I 'll light your lantern for ye."

We go into our front yard. My father says: "I declare, I don't see how she c'n stan' it. Never has more 'n enough wood for the next meal ahead."

My mother says: "Nor I. But they seem to get along all right, though."

My father always has a whole year's wood ahead.

Before we go in we hear Uncle Anthony's saw. It goes very slowly. We know it is an oak stick, with lots of splinters, because it snorts so.

III

Pete is just getting through cradling around the piece. He has to do that so the wheat will not be trampled and wasted when Uncle Anthony goes around the first time with the reaper.

My brother is raking and binding. He

tosses the bundles off to one side, where the horses will not step on them. When he gets as far as the cherry-tree he stops. There are a few cherries left away up in the top. He boosts me, and I get them for him. He gives me some.

It is another hot day. My brother shows me how red he is under the arms and the way the blisters are coming out on his hands. He says: "To-night I 'm going to put plantain-leaves under my arms. They always take the soreness out." He puts a handful of green leaves in his hat.

I hear Uncle Anthony coming across the road with the reaper. I can tell without looking, because I can hear the wheels on the hard ground. They make a sort of rolling, clanking sound that I like.

I run out to watch him come. The rakes of the reaper have long wooden teeth. It is a self-raker. One of the rakes stands straight up, and makes me think of a person. It looks as if it had a nose and mouth. The others all slant in different ways. They make me think of people, too. They lean over, and look as if they were held by the feet and were stiff all the way up.

Uncle Anthony has a long whip. He keeps saying, "Gee dap! Gee dap!" Once in a while he touches one of the old mares a little bit. When he turns in from the road, the wheels make a clicking sound on the grass.

Uncle Anthony drives along the asparagus row and up to the corner of the wheat. He gets off, and goes around with the oil-can. He has his old clay pipe between his teeth, and I can hear him breathe through his nose. The pipe is almost black in some places. I can smell the smoke. The air is hot and still. It seems as if the pipe and the smoke were what made it so hot.

Uncle Anthony's hat is old and black and stained, a great deal like the pipe. He has n't shaved for quite a few days.

He gets into the seat and takes the whip and says: "Gee dap! G' long!" The old mares take another bite at the wheat-heads, and switch their tails and start. The sickle begins to clip. The rake that has been standing up straight makes a sudden turn with its face, and bows to me. The next rake comes up and stands straight, and turns its face in the same way, and then bows just like the other one. They

" 'Well, 'y gad! et you women folks ain't always a-wantin' *somethin'*, an' it 's 'most always some wood' "

keep going around and around, only the fourth one always sweeps all the wheat off the platform and leaves it in a nice pile for them to bind. The other rakes just come down and push the heads of the wheat over so that it falls on the platform. They don't sweep it off. They act as if they meant to sweep it off, but they always turn their faces to one side just when you think they are going to.

I follow along behind, watching the rakes come up and go down. They act so much like people that I almost feel like saying something to them.

The old mares are slow. Uncle Anthony flicks them, and says: "Gee dap! G' 'long there!" They shake their heads and switch their tails, but they don't hurry. He shakes the lines and says a little louder: "Gee dap! G' 'long, consarn ye! Come, what 're ye doin' there?" He keeps saying it all the time.

The old mares get so slow that sometimes the sickle almost stops. Uncle Anthony hits one of them harder, and says louder than ever: "Gee dap! *Come!* 'Y gad all fish-hooks! I never see nothing like it. Git along there!"

The old mares switch their tails worse than ever and move just a little faster. Uncle Anthony keeps on. He says: "Well, I jings! I thought *my* team was as slow as they made 'em, but this here one beats 'em. G' 'long, confound ye!"

IV

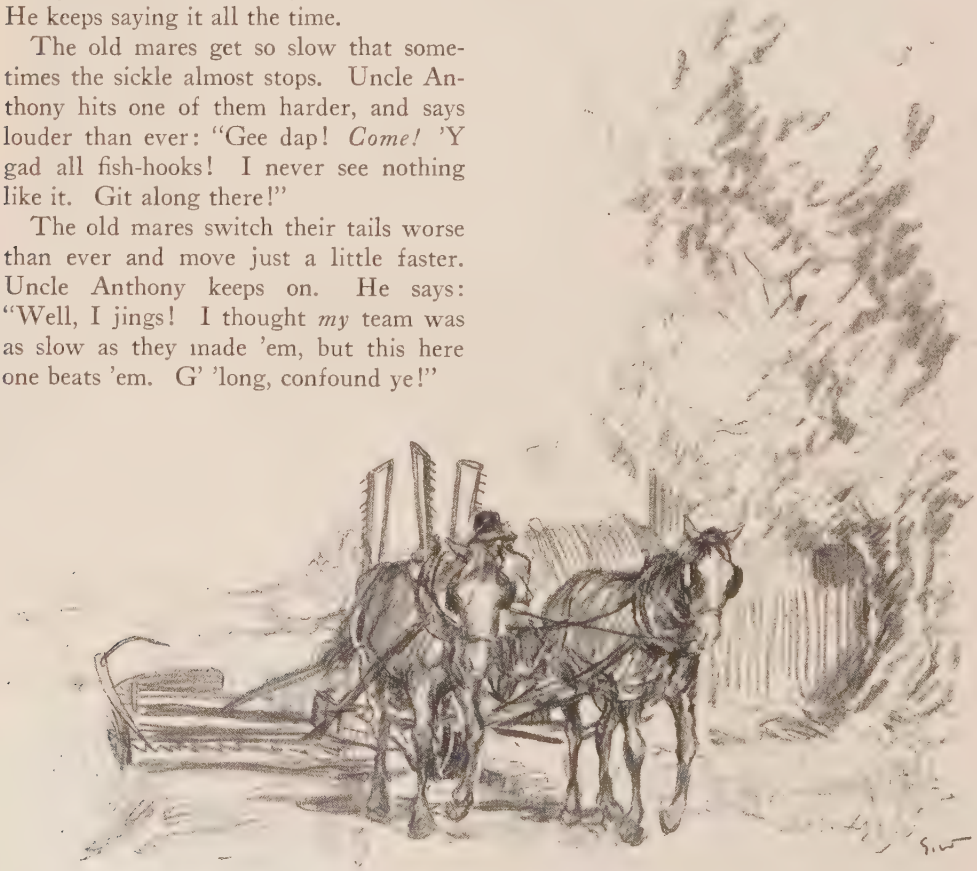
My father and my brother stand leaning on their rakes. They watch Uncle Anthony go by with the reaper.

My brother says, "It 's a good deal better than the dropper, ain't it?"

I know what he means. Uncle Anthony used to have a dropper that he fastened to his old mower. When enough wheat got on, he tripped something, and the dropper left the wheat right there in a heap. But they had to have a good many to bind, or the heaps would be in the way next time around. They used to have a good deal to say about keeping ahead of the machine.

My father says: "Yes, and it 's better than the reel, too. It saves one man."

With a reel, some one has to sit on a seat down behind and keep pulling the



"He keeps saying, 'Gee dap! Gee dap!'"

CHICAGO
RYERSON LIBRARY

"My brother begins to bind again. He pulls the bundle together with the rake"

wheat off with a rake as fast as there is enough for a bundle.

Uncle Anthony stops to oil up. My father comes. He waits until Uncle Anthony is through, and then says, "Well, Anthony, how much do you think it 'll thrash this year?"

Uncle Anthony looks at the field of wheat, then he looks at the bundles. He says, "Jes let me heft one o' them bundles first, will ye?"

My father picks up a bundle and hands it to him. Uncle Anthony lifts it up and lets it down two or three times; then he takes it by the middle. The heads go down as if they were heavy. Then he crushes a wheat-head in his hand and blows the chaff away and looks at the kernels.

He says: "Well, it 's a pretty good stand o' straw an' it 's well filled an' it 's plump. I would n't be s'prised if it run as much as twenty-fi' bushel' this year an' A1 quality."

"I see now that he was calling to me"

My brother begins to bind again. He pulls the bundle together with the rake and picks out a nice, straight handful of wheat and takes hold it near the heads with his left hand. He sticks the fingers of his right hand through the straws near the other hand and gives it a quick twist. When I see it again, it is twice as long, only there are butts at both ends instead of at one. Then he takes the band in his right hand, and stoops over and puts his arms around the bundle. He draws the band tight, turns one end around the other, tucks both ends in under the band, and tosses it to one side. Then he drags the rake across the place and along over the stubble to the next bundle.

I try to make a band, but I can't. My father says: "If you want to help some, you might carry some of the bundles together, so they 'll be ready to set up. Put ten or so in a place."

I get ten together. I have to carry one at a time, and it takes quite a while. I begin on another ten, but I don't finish. I go and follow the reaper some more.

After a while my brother takes a rest and teaches me how to make a band. I make two or three bundles, but I have to make them only half as big as the others. I can't get my arms around, and I can't draw hard enough to get the ends of the band together. And then the butts are stiff, and I can't get them under. I go and follow Uncle Anthony again.

V

I HEAR Uncle Anthony call out something. I am watching the rakes go up and come down, and the sickle makes a good deal of noise. I hear him call out again. I look up at him. I see now that he was calling to me.

Uncle Anthony is pointing with his whip over into the wheat. He calls out again. He says: "Look a' there! Look a' there!"

He calls so loud this time that the old mares notice it. They stop. They always do that when they hear any one begin to talk. It makes Uncle Anthony mad. He jerks the lines and swings the whip and yells: "Git along there! Who told *you* to stop? 'Y gad all fish-hooks! ef them ol' mares don't beat anythin' I ever seen. *Gee dap!*"

The old mares almost run for three or four steps. The reaper buzzes, and the rakes turn and bow in a great hurry.

Soon Uncle Anthony begins to look and point again. I walk on my toes, and look over into the wheat as far as I can. I can see the heads trembling in a sort of path. It makes me think of water running.

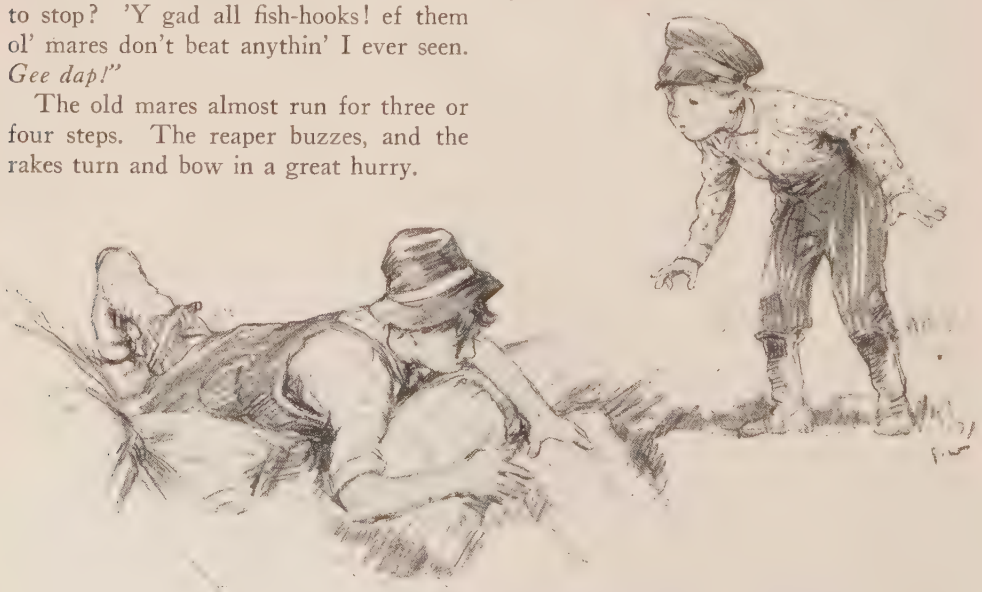
Uncle Anthony stops at a corner. He says: "D' ye notice the tops o' the wheat? I bet ye they 's a rabbit in there. You want to be on the watch. He 'll run out when we come to finish. If he 's a little one, maybe you c'n ketch 'im."

I follow around and around. Every little while Uncle Anthony points with the whip, and I see the wheat-heads trembling again.

Pretty soon there are only a few rounds left. Once I think I can see something gray in there.

At last Uncle Anthony says, "Well, this time 'll fetch 'im, mos' likely." There is only a little three-cornered patch left.

I run first on one side and then on the other. All of a sudden the rabbit jumps out, and goes scurrying off toward the brush. His tail is white, like a bunch of cotton, and goes bobbing up and down. His ears slant back. I run after him as hard as I can. He is n't very big yet. I can run as fast as he can, only he keeps going in different directions.



"My brother lies still a little while. Then he tells me to hold down on one side of the wheat"

"My brother does n't help me, and I can hear my father laughing"

I am beginning to get out of breath. My father and my brother stand and laugh. The rabbit runs under a bundle that is n't bound yet. I stop and stand still. I begin to walk up very slowly, without making any noise. When I get near, I hear him move a little. I stop, and then I take another step. The rabbit runs out and scurries away again. My father and my brother laugh and call out, "Run! run! run!"

I start and run again. I call to my brother: "Aw, come and help me catch him! Come on!"

My brother drops his rake and starts after us. We catch up to the rabbit, and then we go zigzagging, and then the rabbit runs under another bundle. My brother rushes up and throws himself down, with his arms over the bundle. The rabbit can't get out now. The wheat is n't bound, so it spreads out and covers him all up.

My brother lies still a little while. Then he tells me to hold down on one side of the wheat. He holds down on the other. The rabbit moves. We can see where he is. My brother begins to separate the wheat. We can see the rabbit's back. I touch it. It is soft and warm. We can see him breathe.

My brother keeps his hand spread over the wheat and the rabbit's back and separates the wheat some more. Soon I can see the rabbit's ears. My brother gets hold of them and lifts the rabbit up. The wheat falls away, all except a straw or two. The rabbit looks scared and makes a whining noise. He says: "Ee-e! ee-e! Ee-e!" It makes me feel sorry for him.

I say: "Oh, don't hold him that way! You hurt him!"

My brother says: "Oh, go on; I don't, either! *I* know what I 'm doin'. That 's the *way* to carry a rabbit."

He puts the rabbit in the fold of his arm, so that he lies right close to him. He lets go of his ears, but keeps his hand over him, to stop him if he jumps. Pretty soon he strokes him a little bit. The rabbit lies still, with his ears right down on his back. His eyes are big and soft and

shiny. His nose keeps going, as if he were smelling of something. His sides move out and in. He is all out of breath and terribly afraid of us. His sides look so soft and warm that I want to pet him a little.

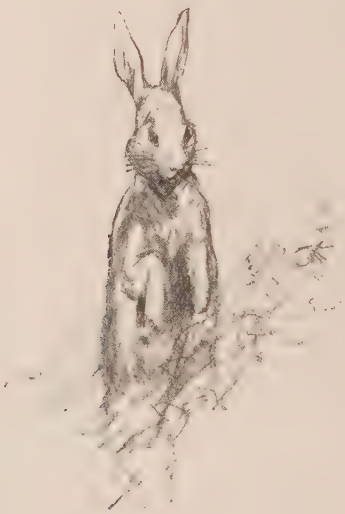
I say to my brother: "Le' *me* hold him and pet him, will you? Come on!"

My brother takes the rabbit by the ears again and lifts him up. His paws stick out. He holds the hind ones drawn up a little. I take him in the hollow of my arm. He feels warm and soft, and I want to put my cheek against him. I hold my hand over him, ready to keep him from getting away. My brother keeps his hands ready, too.

My father comes up. He says, "Le' me see what you got, anyway." His feet make a noise in the stubble. The rabbit gives a jump out of my arms and scampers away. I start after him, but he gets a good head start. My brother does n't help me, and I can hear my father laughing. The rabbit makes one or two zigzags, and runs, and then zigzags again, and scampers into the brush. The brush is a big piece of second growth.

I know there is no use trying in there. I cry a little, and say to my brother: "Aw, why did n't you help me catch him again? We could 'a' kept him in a berry-case, and tamed him."

My father says: "Never mind. He 's a great deal better off where he is. Just as like as not he 'd have died, he was such a little one." Then he says to my brother, "Well, you follow over and bring the old mares back, and by that time your ma 'll want us for dinner."



"Just as like as not he 'd have died,
he was such a little one"

"The world goes by; haply is lost---well lost"

Drawing by F. Walter Taylor

The Little Book Shop

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I KNOW a book-shop in a quiet street
Close to the flame and thunder of Broadway,
A little heaven, a refuge and retreat
From the loud murmur of the staring day.

There, in the hush, with voices of the past
Singing far songs,—Wordsworth and Keats and Poe,—
Often I linger, dipping in the last
Bright volume or some ancient folio.

The world goes by; haply is lost—well lost,
But old worlds rise before me in this place,
And in some shining book, by Love embossed,
I read the record of a nobler race.

I read of pomp and chivalry and pride,
Or the light laughter of a quiet age;
I dwell in moonlight on a distant tide,
What time I thumb and turn some yellow page.

I hear the rustle of imperial lace,
I dream of glory and strong fighting men;
The lamps expire, and in the chimney-place
The last red embers burn, go out; and then

I find myself one of the evening crowd,
Facing the world that thrills me as before.
But, oh, that moment when they spoke aloud—
Shakspere and Dante—through Death's hidden door!

Head of the Cretan snake goddess, enlarged

A Cretan Snake Goddess

By MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

Author of "English Cathedrals," "One Man Who was Content," etc.

THIS little goddess, recently recovered from the ruins of a very ancient world, may well be called the most remarkable work of art that the world of to-day possesses. Of course I use the term remarkable not as synonymous with beautiful or excellent, but as the dictionary interprets it, as meaning "extraordinary, unusual, exceptional, deserving of particular notice."

Intrinsically, indeed, judged by the eye alone, the little figure is highly interesting, charming, and technically admirable; but to perceive how remarkable it is, we must look at it with the mind and the imagination as well as with the eye. We must know something of the time and the place of its production. We must realize how old it is, and yet how new; how long it was lost, and how lately found. We must have some idea of the difference between the art of ancient Crete and all other artistic developments, and then we must notice how different from all other Cretan works is as yet this one small specimen of ivory and gold. As yet, I say, for the snake goddess herself, by the unexpectedness of her reappearance, forbids us to predict what may *not* be found among the still-slumbering relics of a long-lived and wide-spread great phase of civilization.

More than unexpected was the discovery that this phase of civilization ever existed. It has been the most astonishing as well as the most illuminating of all the many discoveries that during the last few decades have put archæology, as it deals with Grecian lands and the near

East, in the forefront among progressive sciences. Some of these discoveries have brought to light hitherto unknown stages in known forms of ancient art or have revealed the unknown art of a remembered ancient realm. But the work that was begun by Schliemann in Greece and that culminated in the excavation of the cities of Crete has revealed the unknown art of an unknown realm, has resuscitated a forgotten civilization, a whole forgotten world. It has had no parallel for increase of knowledge. And the art by means of which a long-vanished people now claims its place in history makes a treble appeal to us, for it is different from any other, it was the precursor of the art of classic Greece, and, not yet forgotten in the Homeric time, it splendidly decorates many an Homeric page.

Its essential difference from all the other forms of art that antiquity has bequeathed us shows clearly in the snake goddess. The costume and the coiffure, the type of the face, the pose, with the shoulders thrown back from the perpendicular, the vigorous gesture of the arms and hands, and the vitality of the figure as a whole, its expression of movement and energy—are all in sharp contrast to the characteristics of Egyptian and Mesopotamian art. Nor is there likeness in conception or detail with the later art of Greece in any of its archaic or its highly developed stages. What a puzzle if fifty years ago this statuette had chanced to be an isolated find! To what niche in time or place could any one have ventured to assign it? Only in facial type could it have suggested any familiar thing. The head, as an English critic has said, might recall a Gothic work of the thirteenth century, a head from the cathedral of Rheims, for example, "but that it looks more modern." Modern though it looks, however, the figure is certainly older by some centuries than that "heroic age" of Greece, which, by centuries again, antedated the beginnings of what we know as Grecian art.

The rich treasures of decorative art discovered almost forty years ago by Schliemann at Mycenæ in the Peloponnesus so bewildered historians and archæologists that some of them refused to accept the finds as prehistoric or even antique, suggesting that they were Byzantine remains or deposits left by some wave of post-classic invasion from the semi-barbaric North. But their connection with those great enigmatical prehistoric architectural remains which the Greeks had called "Cyclopean" could not be ignored. In many places Schliemann and other explorers soon found many other things of similar character; certain kinds of pottery unearthed in Egypt were correlated with the new finds; so were a number of objects in European museums, gathered from Mediterranean sites and up to this moment hopelessly puzzling; and the art thus variously illustrated was recognized as distinct from all others and called, provisionally, "Mycenæan."

But where were its roots, for evidently it was not a primitive form of art, but the outcome of long development? Many and varied and often far astray were for years the conjectural answers. Now we know that Mycenæan art was a late-borne branch of the art of the island of Crete.

History had forgotten the ancient days of Crete, close though it lay to the shores of Greece. Greek literature did indeed report upon them in fragmentary traditions and elaborate myths and stories; but these transmuted memories seemed to most modern readers the fantasies of myth-making folk and imaginative poets. Why should there be any firmer foundation for the legends of Minos, the great law-giver, of Dædalus, the great artificer, and of Cretan supremacy at sea than for the tales, closely interwoven with them, of Theseus and Ariadne, the Labyrinth and the Minotaur, Europa and the Bull, and the flight of Icarus, or for the hoary myths of Cronus and Rhea, of the birth of Zeus in a Cretan cave, and of his burial on a Cretan hill? In fact, in the latter years of the nineteenth century a certain school of German wise men resolved into "solar myths" most of these famous stories of an outlived world of power and splendor.

But the island of Crete was a solid fact, and the site of its principal city, Knossos, had never been forgotten. Some historians—Grote, for example—thought that a substratum of truth might underlie the structures of poetic fancy, although, of course, nothing could ever be definitely learned of so remote and effaced a past. Now and again there were even voices which said that something might be recovered if Crete were explored. When Mycenæan art appeared, these voices increased in number and urgency. Superficial explorations turned possibilities into probabilities. In the year 1900 systematic excavation was begun at Knossos by Sir Arthur John Evans. Other Englishmen, Italians, and Americans were soon at work on other sites. Within a year or two an unknown phase in the life of civilized man lay revealed, and, thanks to continued work in Crete and elsewhere, we can now form an outline picture of it almost from its beginnings to its gradual extinction in a "dark age" of invasion, migration, and conflict, ruin and rebirth, from which Hellenic civilization eventually arose.

As we now see it,—even now, of course, with very partial vision,—it was a refined and luxurious bronze-age civilization developed by a people who were not Aryan, and therefore not Greek, and not Semitic, but probably akin to the peoples of northern Africa. It was influenced by Egypt, but not to the least impairment of the vigorous individuality of its art, and was wholly unaffected by Babylonia. It was indigenous in Crete, in Crete it reached its apex, and there its finest and most important remains have been found. But the sea-power of the Cretans in their days of greatness and the manifold migrations of the days of their decline spread it so widely that Ægean civilization is a better name for it than Cretan, and Mediterranean is hardly a misnomer. In considering our snake goddess, however, we need not look beyond the island itself.

No one knows—that is, those who must know do not say—just when or where this figure was found or how it escaped from under the watchful eyes of the Cretan authorities. Nothing is told about it except that it was given in 1914 by Mrs. W. Scott Fitz to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. But its antiquity cannot be doubted, nor its Cretan origin, nor its very high rank among Cretan works of art.

It is only six and a half inches in height, not much larger than our full-length illustrations. Originally the body was in two parts, joined beneath the edge of the second flounce, and the arms had been separately fashioned and attached by means of a tenon-and-socket device. When it reached Boston the figure was in many more than four pieces. There it was restored not in the would-be deceptive way sadly prevalent in former times, but in the modern way, which means a careful readjustment of existing parts, with only such additions, not pretending to be anything else, as are needed to preserve every original fragment in its original position. In this case the right arm is a restoration, with the portion of the gold snake that encircles it, and so is the lower part of the skirt on the same side, but not the gold bands belonging to it. There has been no attempt to disguise the cracks in the ivory or the surface injuries, but an application of paraffin has insured against further damage.

Evidences of intercourse with Egypt enable us to date, roughly, of course, the successive stages in the long history of Cretan art. They carry back its beginnings to the dawn of the historic, or dynastic, period in Egypt—to about 3400 B.C., if we accept the most conservative system of Egyptian chronology. But the rate of progress was not the same in the two civilizations. Cretan art was still barbaric when the Egyptians of the Fourth Dynasty were building the pyramids, and it hardly came to its highest and most characteristic phase of development until, with the advent of the Eighteenth Dynasty and the establishment of the empire, Egyptian art was entering the third of its great creative epochs.

This time can be fixed, for the advent

of the Eighteenth Dynasty in about the year 1580 B.C. is the first securely dated event in Egyptian history. At some time between 1450 and 1350 the power of Crete was broken, we know not by whom, and the great palace at Knossos was plundered and burned, never to be rebuilt. A period of political and artistic decline then began, the center of Ægean influence shifted to the mainland of Greece, and by the eleventh century Ægean bronze-age civilization was dissolving in that flood of iron-using peoples from the North that the Greeks called the Dorian invasion. Homer's pictures of such splendid things as the palace of Alcinous and the shield of Achilles, which he set beside pictures of simple ways of life that are far from accordant, need no longer perplex us, for we can now explain them as memories of the last stages of Ægean civilization and art, imaginatively developed by a poet living under simpler, ruder conditions. But it seems that these memories helped little if at all to fertilize the soil of Greece for a new upgrowth of art. Hellenic art starts afresh from primitive beginnings, and in its aims and its methods pursues a path that is wholly its own. Ægean art was its precursor, but not its parent.

The snake goddess

Made of ivory and gold. Sixteenth century B.C. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Thus it appears that, as our snake goddess belongs to the best period of Cretan art, her birth-date cannot have been later than the fall of Knossos, or much earlier than the year 1600 B.C. If we place it, as we plausibly may, not far from the year 1550, she is older by almost a century than the obelisk of Thothmes III, which is now in Central Park. She was as old in the days where tradition puts the Trojan War as a figure of Michelangelo's is in our own day. At the beginning of Greek history—the first Olympiad, 776 B.C.—she was as old as are for us the earliest Gothic statues, and when Phidias was at work she had lived for more than a thousand years.

THERE could hardly be a stronger contrast than that between the contemporaneous arts of Crete and Egypt, for it is a contrast in fundamental as well as in superficial qualities. Cretan art is not monumental; it is an art of small things—of things so often small in idea as well as in material scale that genre is the term that best describes them. Again, in its most characteristic phases Cretan art is not conventionalized, but is singularly untrammeled, naturalistic. And its spirit, its aims, its themes, are not grave and religious but secular and animated.

In Crete there were no great temples,

but closely built towns and widely extended, tall palaces of innumerable rooms, passages, and courts. There were no great stone colonnades or sculptured walls. The few stone columns that remain, with indications that there were many more of wood, are poor and plain in form. Generally the walls were plastered and painted, and often the paintings with human figures were very small in scale. In no material did the Cretans attempt large works of sculpture in the round, nor, despite their naturalistic tendencies, did they practise that art of portraiture, wherein Egypt excelled. On the other hand, we marvel at their skill when we look at their small figures and reliefs, sometimes of stone, more often of ivory, metal, or pottery, at their engraved gems, and their inlays exquisitely wrought with crystal, ivory, colored paste, and the precious metals. We know from Mycenæ what the Ægean goldsmith could do, and there is proof that he did as well in the mother island at a much earlier time. In decorated pottery the Cretan did much better than the Egyptian, and almost the only things that he seems to have cared to make impressive by reason of their size are his jars of pottery and of stone.

Front view of the snake goddess

It is impossible, of course, to paint in words the preference of the Cretans for the rendering of movement rather than repose, their avoidance of symmetrical design, or their free, unconventionalized way of using in their decorative work motives in large part unknown to other ancient artists, especially marine objects—rocks and seaweed, shells and corals, the octopus, the nautilus, and the flying-fish. To understand all this, to see how often they passed, notably in their gem-engraving, from the naturalistic to the bizarre, the grotesque, the fantastic, and, again, to realize the vigorous, lively, and, as it seems to us, secular spirit of their figure compositions, one must look at the things themselves, if not at the originals in the museum at Candia, then at the faithful reproductions owned by the Metropolitan Museum and the Fogg Museum of Harvard University, or at least at the illustrations in such books as Hall's "Ægean Archæology" and Baikie's "The Sea-kings of Crete." These books, I may add, deepen the interest of the things they describe by showing how they suggest actualities that were dimly reflected, exaggerated, poetized, transfigured, in the myths and legends of historic Greece.

The love of the actual, the lack of idealizing impulse, that marks the Cretan artist shows in the non-plastic attire of his figures, astonishingly unlike all our quondam ideas of "the antique." The abnormally

small waists of the men and their high boots, or puttees, persist, we are told, in the Crete of to-day, but not the bell-shaped, many-flounced, embroidered skirts of the women, the aprons, the little "Zouave jackets," the long curls, and the constricted waists that, except for the fact that the jackets leave the breasts uncovered, so amazingly, so amusingly suggest the fashions of our own Civil War period. Barring the tall crown, it is this customary Cretan dress that the snake goddess wears. The gold borders of her flounces are ornamented each with a different pattern delicately incised. The jacket is barely discernible now, and probably was completed with color. A series of holes shows where either an apron or an ornament of some sort was attached to the front of the skirt. Others indicate that there was once a gold necklace as well as a gold band around the crown. And the holes above the forehead must have been for the attaching of little gold curls such as may be seen on the fragment of another ivory head. It is a curious point that, while the rest of the body is most delicately modeled, the nipples are formed by gold pins.

VERY unlike a goddess seems this little personage to eyes accustomed to the deities of Egypt and of Greece; yet no portrayal of a deity more nearly akin to these has been discovered in Crete.

More may be known about the religion of the Cretans if their well-developed forms of writing are ever deciphered. We know now that they worshiped in sacred caves and at shrines in their palaces and houses, where many votive figures and emblems have been found. The bull was a sacred animal, and there may have been a religious significance in those animated frescos of bull-baitings which, with lithe young figures vaulting over the bulls, appear to us so frankly secular. Evidently the Cretan pantheon was very limited. Certainly the chief divinity was a goddess, the great mother who typified the powers and mysteries of nature and was the source and guardian of all life, a divinity of the same character as Rhea, the mother of the gods, whom the later Greeks imagined as having sought refuge in Crete to be delivered of her son Zeus. This goddess the Cretans represented with varying attributes and accompaniments according as they wished to suggest one or another phase of her power over the forces of nature; with the sacred pillar or tree, for example, with doves, with lions, or with snakes.

What the snake typified in Cretan mythology we do not know, and we should profit little by considering its place in other cults with which the Cretan may have had few analogies. The fact that certain of the female figures with snakes that have been found in Cretan places of worship seem to be merely votaries of the goddess or simple snake-charmers has led some critics to deny that any of them are goddesses. But the weight of opinion recognizes a divinity in those that are posed with dignity and wrought with exceptional care and skill, and such preëminently is our ivory example. No other that we know compares with it in the preciousness of the material, in the beauty of the workmanship, or in the impression of stateliness and power which, despite its small size, it conveys. Once our eyes are accustomed to the garb, which seems less strange when we think of the deities of lands that lay farther toward the east than Egypt and Greece, we feel that this determined, dominating air—an air that is also singularly proud and aristocratic—befits no mere votary or temple attendant.

Actual movement the Cretans could render with wonderful success, as in certain exquisitely modeled ivory figures, about a foot in length, of youths leaping through the air—probably parts of a bull-baiting group—which from the technical point of view deserve to rank with the snake goddess. But in the snake goddess herself the sculptor has mastered, with great beauty of line, another problem almost as difficult. He has combined the vigor of suggested action with the dignity of repose. How solidly the figure stands on its feet and, without any violence of gesture, expresses by its pose the effort needed to balance the weight and resis-

tance of the living serpents! Nor could increase of size augment the forcefulness of the hand, anatomically correct in its modeling, or the realistic vividness of the face.

This tiny face, five eighths of an inch in length from the hair to the tip of the chin, no larger than a lady's finger-nail, is the most remarkable part of the statuette. Fortunately, it is well preserved. The cracks do not touch the features, and only the left eye and a portion of the forehead and the left cheek are otherwise injured. Part of the nose was, indeed, broken off, but has been put in place again without altering the line of the profile, and the mouth is intact. Look at the uninjured right eye, smaller than this capital O, and you will see what no Greek sculptor achieved before the greatest days of Hellenic art—an eye modeled with fidelity to nature, properly sunk beneath the brow, and with the lower eyelid set farther back than the upper. A drilled hole indicates the pupil.

Still more interesting, still more surprising, than the beauty of the workmanship is the type of the head, for it is unlike any other in any material, sculptured or painted, that has been found in Crete, the customary Cretan type resembling, with certain differences, what we call the Grecian or classic. Nor anywhere else in ancient art do we find its analogue. A face with such a profile as this and this mouth with drooping corners seems modern indeed—a face that we might expect to see on the street in Boston rather than behind the glass of a cabinet of antiquities.

But although no parallel to this head is yet known to us, it stands with many other Cretan things as curiously suggestive of the things of to-day. Twenty years ago we should have found it no harder to imagine an ancient sculptor producing a profile like that of the snake goddess than to fancy, for example, an ancient painter using in his mural decorations plant-motives treated as naturalistically and unsymmetrically as though they were Japanese.

No reproduction can explain the exquisite workmanship or the individuality or the charm of this little face. Even a photograph of the same size coarsens it and transmutes the intent expression into a sort of mournful anxiety that does not speak from the original. And while an enlargement is instructive as emphasizing the peculiarities of the type, it must seem a brutal exaggeration to any one who knows the delicate high-bred beauty of the head itself.

In a far time and a far land this wonderful little lady has found a new home amid new devotees who, if for other reasons, will prize and guard her as piously as did those to whom she came fresh from the hands of a master sculptor thirty-five centuries ago. But how we wish that we might see her as she was then—proud and dainty, her dress unharmed and doubtless touched with brilliant color, her golden adornments glistening, her flesh unscarred, and her complexion smooth and fair!

"'Maybe there 's not much left'"

The Bomb

By ALICE WOODS

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

I

"YOU are late. Billy 's been howling the house down."

"All babies cry, big or little, now and then. The nurse is with Billy. I—" Nellie Cameron paused to smooth a quiver out of her voice—"I am not late."

"You are not?" Joseph Cameron, bewildered, laid his paper upon his knees and squinted up at his wife.

"No, Joe, I am not." As if it absorbed her, and no one could have said that it did not, for she kept house beautifully, Nellie straightened an etching; then quietly she walked out of the room.

She went into their bedroom and closed the door. After a while Cameron, watching warily, saw her come into the hall again in a peach-colored dress that he particularly liked her in; saw her go down the hall, away from him—and she had a very good back—to the nursery door, the warm, cheerful firelight falling full upon her face, her hands, her softly glowing dress. Billy, their only son, just learning to walk, toddled to meet her. Cameron saw the chubby hands rumple her skirts, saw Nellie stoop and swing him high with her firm arms, then drop him to his place upon her breast. The door closed, the hall was shadowy again, the apartment as still as a place marked "To Let."

The dinner was on time and excellent; Nellie, decorative and chatty, was promptly in her place. Dinner over, they went to the sitting-room for their coffee. The apartment was very high up, the windows looking over the tree-tops of the drive, across the Hudson to the Jersey shore. It was March, and the shore lights wavered in gusts of rain that threatened to turn to snow. The room was warm; Cameron was suffocating; Nellie was serenely unaware. She had eaten well, from her soup through her cheese. There are times when, to the man, a woman's appetite is the last straw. She was tired, she said, but at her ease, and never prettier.

"Going out to-night, Joey?"

"Yes. Bridge hand around at Gordon's. Want a talk with Gordon about a matter of business."

"I like having things to do in the afternoon, but when night comes"—Nellie smothered a contented yawn—"I love getting into something comfy, and just buzzing round our own lamp."

"I must own that I have never found afternoon diversions to be diverting." To save him he could not keep his voice good-natured. He had had a grind of a day, and was dog-tired; it seemed to him that she ought to know it and talk about it.

"Yes?" Nellie mused. "It was amusing at the club to-day—the Nondescripts." She laughed softly. "It was n't 'nondescript' to-day, though!"

"Some old maid telling you to bring your children up on the county, and throw your husbands out of their jobs?"

"What, Joey?" Nellie seemed to bring her thoughts back from a long way off. "Old maid? I should say not! We had a man. We nearly always do. Then everybody comes, and there 's more glow. He was an English socialist—I guess he was a socialist. Burne-Jones hair, and a homespun jacket,—loose, and all that,—and a heavy ribbon on his glasses. He talked about the new man."

"The—what?"

"The new man." Nellie opened her eyes wide, as if her husband puzzled her.

"Well—I 'm damned!"

Nellie broke into sudden mirth.

"You were, Joey dear; that is just what you were. You were damned all the way there and back again."

Cameron strangled.

"Have I the honor to typify the—new creature?"

"You 're the very image of him, Joey dear." And she smiled upon him as if he were some new moth, in at their window to buzz round their lamp.

"And—this person—"

Nellie became eagerly communicative.

"I do wonder if I can make you see him. Tall and dark, and with good-looking, thinnish hands and a most amusing way of playing with his eye-glasses. You know, Joey: the sort of distinguished talk-it-all-out sort of man that just makes men rage. Of course," she went on, largely wise, "he 's the sort of socialist to make a real socialist rage, but he 's just the thing for clubs."

"You often have them—"

"Of course," she laughed. "You see, we don't see much of men at home any more. It keeps us from forgetting how you look and how amusing you may be."

Cameron gazed before him into a chaos without words.

Nellie was oblivious.

"He finished off with a perfect bomb, Joey. It *was* funny! Of course the new man 's a city product, and he drew him to the life: rushed and tortured by ambition, tired out at the end of the day, too tired to be possibly amusing, his nerves excited till anything quieter than lower Broadway hurts his ears, all passion and brilliance spent on business, dinners here and there, with people who all have their ax to grind, too, and are keyed up to it by rows and rows of cocktails. He drew him without mercy, and he had every wife there either wincing or laughing with the truth of what he said. He was quite eloquent." She paused, she laughed softly, she turned her eyes upon him. "Then, Joey, guess—just *guess!*—what he said!"

"Far be it from me!"

"He said that any intelligent modern woman would require at least one husband and three lovers to arrive at the standards and companionship of one wholesome old-fashioned *man!*"

Cameron got to his feet and held to the top shelf of the bookcase.

"Do you mean to tell me that respectable women sit and listen to such talk?"

"But, Joey dear, you see so little of us respectable women now, you don't really know us—"

"It 's not decent—"

Nellie was all patience.

"But you know, Joey dear, I think maybe it is true. Don't *you* think so?"

Cameron swallowed two or three retorts; then with a laugh that seemed to break to pieces in the air, he went into the hall, got into his hat and coat, and left the house.

Nellie listened gravely.

"Poor dear old land-lubber!" she sighed. "But it had to come sooner or later!" Then she went to the telephone.

"57900 Bryant, please. May I speak to Mr. Crane?"

II

When Cameron came in at midnight he found his wife and his old friend Willoughby Crane playing chess in the dining-room.

"Hello, Joe, old man," murmured Crane. "That you?"

"Why, yes, I believe it is I," said Cameron.

"Almost forgot what you looked like," Crane rambled pleasantly. "Dropped in for a reminder."

"I 'm sorry to have missed you," muttered Cameron.

"Well, you have n't altogether missed me, you know; so cheer up, old man. If Nell 's good for a rubber, you may have the joy of my presence for an hour or two longer. You 're lucky, having a wife who can play chess."

"Get yourself a drink, Joey," suggested Nellie. "The whisky 's in the sideboard, down on the left."

"Don't you suppose that I know where the whisky is?" demanded Cameron.

"Maybe there 's not much left." Nellie looked on, all solicitude.

Cameron, his thought babbling over the good old days of the ducking-stool, poured himself carefully a highball that was brown. Silence reigned. The light fell upon the head and shoulders of Crane and upon his long, quick-fingered hands. "After a man has slaved his soul out,"

Cameron moaned, "these are the things a woman cares about!"

Crane won the rubber, and spent considerable gallantry upon Nellie in compensation. Cameron had yawned all through, but no one had noticed. Crane lighted a cigarette and perched upon the corner of the dining-table.

"I say, Joe, got anything on to-morrow night?"

"I have," said Cameron.

"Something you can't chuck?"

"Scarcely. A directors' dinner."

Crane grew thoughtful.

"You certainly are a victim of the power-passion," he sighed, considering Cameron. "I don't know how you stand it. I 'd have more money, no doubt, if I were n't so apathetic, but, by Jinks! it does n't look worth it to me!"

"A question of taste," said Cameron, briefly.

"Taste? If that were all!" He smoked, looking at Nellie through the haze. "I say, Nell, I 've got tickets for Kreisler to-morrow night. Come with me, there 's a good girl! Lend me your wife, will you, Joe?"

"Lend?" echoed Nellie. "I like that! Anybody 'd take me for 'goods and chattels.' Of course I 'll come. I 'd love to."

"You know, Joey," Crane went on simply, "Nellie 's the only woman I know that it 's real joy to hear music with. She knows what she 's listening to. A fellow can sort of forget that he 's got her along, and still be glad he has. As for you, you old money-hunting blunderbuss, the way you squirm in the presence of music ought to be a penitentiary offense. I 'm almost glad you can't go." He gave a laugh that was dangerously genuine, and bolted for the hall to get his coat and hat.

"Poor old Joe is almost asleep," said Nellie, sweetly.

Joe did not look it, but Willoughby got out solicitously, and he sat upon a damp bench opposite the Camerons' glowing windows, and he laughed and laughed till a policeman sternly ordered him to move on.

"Is n't Willoughby a dear!" Nellie commented as she moved about, putting things in their places for the night. Cameron yawned obviously. Nellie hummed a snatch of a tune.

All that long night Cameron lay stretched upon the edge of their bed, staring into the lumpy darkness. Nellie slept like a baby. But once, soon after the lights were turned off, Cameron's blood froze by inches from his head to his feet. It seemed to him that Nellie was laughing, was fairly biting her pillow to keep from laughing aloud! Gravely, of the darkness, he asked how all this had come about. He asked it of the familiar, shadowy heap of Nellie's clothes upon the chair by the window, asked if he had deserved it. Toward dawn he slept.

III

CAMERON, after the way of the new man, kept some evening clothes down town. It saved traveling. The next afternoon, about four o'clock, there came somewhere between the pit of his stomach and his brain an aching weight. Conscience! At six-thirty he hung his dinner-jacket back in the closet and sent the directors word that he had a headache. Then, as blind as a moth, he started for home, for that lamp about which Nellie "loved to buzz."

He let himself into the apartment, chuckling to think of Nellie's surprise, at just the hour at which they were used to dining. The place was shadowy, the table in its between-meals garb. The aching weight came back. He tapped at the nursery door.

Miss Merritt, the nurse, was dining by the nursery window, Billy's high chair drawn near by. Billy, drowsy and rosy, was waving a soup-spoon about his head, dabbing at the lights upon the silver with fat fingers that were better at clinging than at letting go.

"Good evening, Miss Merritt," said Cameron. "Hello, Bill! Where 's your mother?" His tone struck false, for through his mind was booming the horrible question, "Can Nellie have gone out with that ass Crane to dine?"

Miss Merritt's mousy face became all eyes.

"Why, sir, Mrs. Cameron has gone out to dinner, and after to a concert. I guess you forgot, sir."

"Oh, yes," said Cameron, easily. "This *is* the night of the concert. I had absolutely forgotten. I 'd have got a bite downtown if I 'd thought. Is the cook in?"

"Sure, sir. I 'll call her."

She left Cameron alone with Billy, who, cannibal-wise, was chewing his father's hand and crowing softly over the appetizing bumps and veins.

"If you 'd jest 'phoned, sir," panted the cook, who was a large, purple-faced person.

Cameron sighed.

"Just anything, Katy. I have a headache. Some eggs and toast—poached eggs, I think."

In another moment the maid passed the nursery door, with white things over her arm, on her way to set the table.

Cameron, dazed as never in his life before, lifted Billy to his shoulder and trotted up and down the room. "Nice little boy!" he laughed, Billy's damp fists hitting at him in ecstasy. "I 'll just take him to the sitting-room while you finish your dinner." He did his best to pretend that the situation was not unusual, to act as if in his own home a man could be nothing but at home. All these confounded hirelings, acting as if they owned the place, had the cheek to be amazed over his dropping in!

Miss Merritt beamed.

"I always say, sir, that boys should know their fathers."

"Boys should know their fathers?" This was almost the last straw.

"Here!" said Miss Merritt, holding out a pink-edged blanket. "Jest put it on your lap, sir." There was about her that utter and peculiar lack of decorum that is common to nurses and mothers, and Cameron, blushing furiously, grabbed the blanket and fled.

"Boys should know their fathers, hey?" Cameron was enraged. We 'll see about that pretty quick! Billy crowed with joy as the blanket flapped about them, and, above the chasm of his doubts and his conscience Cameron heard himself laugh, too. He got into his arm-chair. Billy, so warm and solid and gay, so evidently liking him, gave him, parent that he was, the thrill of adventure as his hands held him and knew him for his own. The blanket spread upon his knees, the door closed, Cameron expanded with the desire to know his son, even as it was desirable that his son should know him. He turned him over and around, he studied the vagaries of scallops and pearl buttons; profoundly he pitied his small image for all of his discomforts, and advised him to grow out of safety-pins as fast as possible. He fell into a philosophical mood, spouting away at Bill, and Bill responded with fists and delicious gurgles and an imitative sense of investigation. Cameron reflected, with illumination, upon the amusing sounds a baby makes when the world is well. They were really having an awfully good time.

Billy was fuzzy and blond, one of those moist, very blue-eyed babies that women appreciate. Cameron all at once saw why. Warmth expanded his aching heart, and his arms circled his own mite of boy. Billy yawned, agreed instantly with Cameron that a yawn from a baby was funny, and with a chuckle pitched against Cameron, bumped his nose on a waistcoat button, considered the button solemnly, with his small mouth stuck out ridiculously, and then snuggled into the hollow of his father's arms; and, closing his big eyes with a confidence that made thrills creep over him the man and brought something stinging to his eyes, Bill went to sleep.

After an unmeasured lapse of time, Miss Merritt came for the baby. "Oh, the lambkin! Ain't he sweet, sir?"

Cameron ached in every joint, but he did not know it.

"Take care how you handle him!" he whispered. "It 's awful to be wakened out of one's first sleep!"

"I know better 'n to wake a sleepin' baby, believe me," said Miss Merritt with a touch of spice.

The door closed. Cameron sat stretching his stiff arms and legs and staring be-

"'Oh,' she wailed in her guilty heart, 'he is, he is!'"

fore him, and upon his usually tired and lined face was the beam of full joy.

Then came dinner, a lonely, silent mockery of a meal. And back the question came, booming over the soft tinkling of glass and silver. He realized, with his salad, that four nights out of seven Nellie dined like this, alone. His lower lip protruded, and lines of conscience fell in a curtain upon his face.

"Mrs. Cameron hates eatin' 'lone, too," said the maid. "She generally eats early, so 's t' have Billy in his high chair 'longside. If he sleeps, she reads a book, sir."

He was alone in the sitting-room with his coffee, and the place had sunk into fathomless silence. It was only half after eight! He stuck his head out of the window. Soft flakes touched and soothed his feverish head. "Damn money!" he whispered suddenly, then stood back in the room, startled, staring his blasphemy in the face. He 'd go out in the snow, and get rid of himself. This was awful!

Bundled in a greatcoat, collar high, trousers rolled up, he ducked out of the great marble and iron vestibule into the night. There was no wind, and the snow was falling softly, steadily. The drive was deserted, and he made his way across to the walk along the wall. By the light of a lamp, blurred by the flakes till it looked like a tall-stemmed thistle-ball, he looked at his watch. No matter where Nellie had dined, she was at the concert by now, and a great sigh of relief fluttered the flakes about his mouth.

He turned north, glad of the rise in the ground to walk against. "By Jinks!" he smiled grudgingly, "it 's not so bad out here. We city idiots, we—*new men,* with all our motors and subways, we are forgetting how to prowl."

The world fell off to shadow a little beyond the shore-line, a mere space of air and flakes. Ice swirled by on its way to the sea, for the tide was going out. He peered; he began to hear all sorts of fine snow-muffled sounds; and suddenly, away out on the river, something was going on —boats whistling and signaling, chatting in their scientific persiflage, in the dark and cold of the night. "Lonesome, too!" Cameron laughed, and, boyishly, he tossed a snow-ball into the space, as if he 'd have something to say out there, too! "I 'm soft!" he groaned, clutching his arm. And suddenly he smiled to think how one of these days he and Bill would come out here and play together. He looked about, and a sudden pride filled him. He was actually the only creature out enjoying all this splendid snow! He had passed one old gentleman in a fur-lined coat, with a cap upon his white hair, walking slowly, a white bull-dog playing after him in the scarcely trodden snow.

Cameron turned home, a new and inexplicable glow upon him, cares dropped away. He marched; he laughed aloud once with a sudden thought of Bill. "Little corker!" He let himself in, and went straight to the bedroom to change his shoes. "I must get some water-tight things to prowl in," he thought, and he whistled a line of "Tipperary." Blurred in pleasant fatigue he sat on the edge of his bed, staring at his wet socks, when the telephone jingled, and he hurried out to answer.

"Yep, this is Cameron. Oh, hello, old girl! Thought I 'd just come up for a quiet home dinner, you know." A grin like the setting sun for warmth spread over his face as he listened, as he felt the tables turning under his wet feet.

"Nope. Just bored down-town. Felt like bein' cozy and—buzzin' round the lamp in something comfy. Fine! Had a regular banquet! Bill 's all right, little devil! I tucked him in so he should n't be lonesome.

"Me? I 've been out walkin'. Been throwin' snow-balls at the street-lamps. My feet are soakin', but I don't care, I don't care. Heard a concert myself, thanks. Whistles and things tootin' out in the snow on the river to beat the band! Don't think of it! I 'm fine. Enjoy yourself. What 's life for? Good night, old girl. Don't lose your key!"

Cameron got as far as the cedar chest in the hall, but there, in his wet socks, he

sat down and he laughed until he ached all over. Suddenly he stiffened, and his heels banged against the chest.

Miss Merritt, mouth and eyes wide open, stood absorbing him, as crimson as was Cameron himself.

"I—heard the 'phone," she faltered. "Mrs. Cameron always calls up to know if Billy 's all right—"

"I know that she does," said Cameron, stiffly, and, rising, he stocking-footed it past her and shut himself in his bedroom.

"Yes, sir; good night, sir." Miss Merritt stared at his door. "Good Lord!" she whispered in the nursery, "how awful for Billy and her if he takes to drink!"

Nellie came out of the telephone booth, her face white with horror. "Willoughby," she gasped, "get me a taxi quick!"

"Billy—"

"No, no, *no!* It 's Joe!"

"What—"

"Oh," she wailed, "I 've gone too far! Joe is—drunk!"

Willoughby's face went to pieces.

"Don't look like that, Nell! Don't! What of it? Just what we 've been up to, is n't it?"

"How can you say that? Get my wraps. I am going home."

"Your car is n't ordered till eleven—"

"What do I care what I go in? Oh, I have been such a fool!"

"Don't mention it," grinned Crane as he wrapped her coat about her.

Gaily Crane waved his white-gloved hand to her, her face gleaming back pearl-like for an instant in the shadowy taxi; then she was whirled northward and lost in the snowy night. Back in his place, next to Nellie's empty chair, he mused tenderly over the vagaries of a mere bachelor till the incomparable Austrian carried his mind off to where tone is reality, where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

Nellie fitted the key into the lock. Her fingers shook. The apartment was dark except for a light in the hall, and as still as if it were empty. If only Joe would *stay* asleep till he 'd had time to sleep this horrible state of affairs away!

She switched off the light and carefully let herself into their room, and stood a moment, huddled, breathless, against the door. The room was ghostly. The vague, snow-veiled light filtered in from the street-lamp below, making of Cameron an incoherent lump, wrapped to his eyes in the covers of their chintz-hung bed.

Her hands clasped tight, she peered at him through the shadows. He did not move. He was sleeping heavily, curiously, irregularly, his breath coming in jerky little snorts. "Oh," she wailed in her guilty heart, "he is, he is! Poor dear old Joey, drunk! And it 's all, all my fault!" Swiftly she undressed in the dark. If he were to awaken, to begin saying awful maudlin things—

Her heart pounding, she lifted the covers and crept into martyrdom on the hard edge of the bed. Cameron slept on. Once he seemed to be strangling in a bad dream, and she fought with her sense of duty to awaken him, then, miserably, let him strangle!

Gravely Nellie's tired eyes traveled from familiar shadow to shadow, to rest at last upon the dangling heap of clothes upon a chair by the window that symbolized Joe Cameron by the sane light of day. Fatigue tossed her off to sleep now and then; terror snatched her back and made her cry. In the first faint dawn she awakened with a start to find that in her sleep her tired body had slipped back to its place, and her head was resting deliciously upon her pillow. And, with the growing dawn, humor came creeping back, and try as she would, her mouth twitched. Of all people, dear old Joey! Carefully she turned her head and peered at him. His face was turned toward her, what light there was full upon him. Wonder took away her smile. His face was fresh, the lines of care and worry softened away as if he were at the end of a two weeks' vacation. She rested her chin on her arm, amazed, puzzled. And suddenly a grin like the sunrise spread and broke over Joe's face, and he opened his eyes.

Cricket

By STACY AUMONIER

Author of "The Friends," etc.

IT is all so incredibly long ago that you must not ask me to remember the scores. In fact, even of the result I am a little dubious. I only know that it was on just such a day as this that we were all mooning round Bunty Cartwright's garden after breakfast, smoking, and watching the great bumblebees hanging heavily on the flowers. Along the flagged pathway to the house were standard rose-trees the blossoms and perfume of which excited one pleasantly. It was jolly to be in flannels and to feel the sun on one's skin, for the day promised to be hot.

I remember that for years it had been a tradition for dear old Bunty to ask us all down for the week. There were usually eight or nine of us, and we made up our team with the doctor and his son and one or two other odds and ends of chaps in the neighborhood. I know that on this day he had secured the services of Dawkin, a very fast bowler from a town near by, for Celminster, the team we were to play, were reputed to be a very hot lot.

As we stood there laughing and talking, —Bunty and Tony Peebles were sitting within the stone porch, I remember, trying to finish a game of chess started the previous evening,—there was the crunch of wheels on the road, and the brake arrived, accompanied by the doctor's son, a thin slip of a boy on a bicycle.

Then there was the usual bustle of putting up cricket-bags and going back for things one had forgotten, and the inevitable "chipping" of "Togs," a boy whose real name I have forgotten, but who was always last in everything, even in the order of going in. It must have been fully half an hour before we made a start, and then the doctor had n't arrived. However, he came up at the last minute, his jolly red face beaming and perspiring. Some of the chaps cycled, and soon left us behind, but I think we were seven on the brake. It was good to be high up and to feel the wind blowing gently on our faces from the sea. We passed villages of amazing beauty nestling in the hollows of the downs, and rumbled on our way to the accompaniment of lowing sheep and the doctor's rich, burring voice talking of cricket and the song of the lark overhead that sang in praise of this day of festival.

It was good to laugh and talk and watch the white ribbon of the road stretching far ahead, then dipping behind a stretch of woodland. It was good to feel the thrill of excited anticipation as we approached the outskirts of Celminster. What sort of ground would it be? What were their bowlers like? Who would come off for us?

It was good to see the grinning, friendly faces of the villagers and then to descend from the brake, to nod in that curiously self-conscious way we have as a race to our opponents and then to survey the field. And is there in the whole of England a more beautiful place than the Celminster cricket-ground?

On one side is a clump of buildings dominated by the straggling yards and outhouses belonging to the Bull Inn. On the farther side is a fence, and just beyond a stream bordered by young willows. At right angles to the inn is a thick cluster of elms,—a small wood, in fact,—while on the fourth side a low, gray stone wall separates the field from the road. Across the road may be seen the spire of a church, the fabric hidden by the trees, and away beyond the downs quiver in the sunlight.

In the corner of the field is a rough pavilion faced with half-timber, and a white flagstaff with the colors of the Celminster Cricket Club fluttering at its summit.

Members of the Celminster Club were practising in little knots about the field, and a crowd of small boys were sitting on

a long wooden bench, shouting indescribably, and some were playing mock games with sticks and rubber balls. A few aged inhabitants looked at us with lazy interest and touched their hats.

A little man with a square chin and an auburn mustache came out and grinned at us and asked for Mr. Cartwright. We discovered that he was the local wheelwright and the Celminster captain. He showed us our room in the pavilion and called Bunty "sir." Of course Bunty lost the toss. He always did during that week, and this led to considerably more "chipping," and we turned out to field.

No one who has never experienced it can ever appreciate the tense joy of a cricketer when he comes out to begin a match. The gaiety of the morning, when the light is at its best and all one's senses are alert; the sense of being among splendid deeds that are yet unborn; and then the jolly red ball! How we love to clutch it with a sort of romantic exultation and toss it to one another! For it is upon *it* that the story of the day will turn. It is the scarlet symbol of our well-ordered adventure, as yet untouched and virginal, and yet strangely pregnant of unaccomplished actions. What story will it have to tell when the day is done? Who will drop catches with it? Who destroy its virgin loveliness with a fearful drive against the stone wall?

As I have stated, it happened all so long ago that I cannot clearly remember many of the details of that match, but curiously enough I remember the first over that Dawkin sent down very vividly.

A very tall man came in to bat. The first ball he played straight back to the bowler; the second was a "yorker" and just missed his wicket; the third he drove hard to mid-off, and Bunty stopped it; the fourth he stopped with his pads; the fifth he played back to the bowler again; and the sixth knocked his leg stump clean out of the ground.

One wicket for no runs! We flung the scarlet symbol backward and forward in a great state of excitement, with visions of a freak match, the whole side of our opponents being out for ten runs, and so on. I remember the glum face of their umpire, a genial corn merchant, dressed in a white coat and a bowler hat, with a bewildering number of sweaters tied round his neck, glancing apprehensively at the pavilion. I remember that the next man in was the little wheelwright, and he looked very solemn and tense. The first three balls missed his wicket by inches, then he stopped them. My recollection of the rest of that morning was a vision of the little wheelwright, with his chin thrust forward, frowning at the bowlers. He had a peculiarly uncomfortable stance at the wicket, but he played very straight. He kept Dawkin out for about five overs, then he started pulling him round to leg. The wicket was rather fiery, and Dawkin was very fast. The wheelwright was hit three times on the thigh, twice on the chest, and numberless times on the arms, and one ball got up and glanced off his scalp; but he did not waver. He plodded on, lying in wait for the short ball to hook to leg. I do not remember how many he made, but it was a great innings. He took the heart out of Dawkin, and encouraged one or two of the others to hit with courage. He was caught at last by a brilliant catch by Arthur Booth running in from long leg.

One advantage of a village team like Celminster is that they have no "tail," or, rather, that you never know what the tail will do. You know by the costume that they have a tail, for the first four or five batsmen appear in complete outfits of white flannels and sweaters, and then the costumes start varying in a wonderful degree. Number six appears in a black waistcoat with white flannel trousers, number seven with brown pads and black boots, number eight with a blue shirt and brown trousers, and so on to the last man, who is dressed uncommonly like a verger. But this rallentando of sartorial equipment does not in any way represent the run-getting ability of the team, for suddenly some gentleman inappropriately appareled, who gives the impression of never having had a bat in his hand before,

will lash out and score twenty-five runs off one over. On this particular occasion I remember one man who came in about ninth, and who wore one brown pad and sand-shoes, and had on a blue shirt with a dicky and a collar, but no tie, and who stood right in front of his wicket, looked grimly at Dawkin, and then hit him for two sixes, a four, and a five, to the roaring accompaniment of "Good old Jar-r-ge!" from the row of small boys near the pavilion. The fifth ball hit his pad and he was given out l. b. w. He gave no expression of surprise, disappointment, or disgust, but just walked grimly back to the pavilion. Celminster were all out before lunch, but I cannot let the last man —the verger—retire (he was bowled first ball off his foot) before speaking of our wicket-keeper, Jimmy Guilsworth.

Jimmy Guilsworth was in my opinion an ideal wicket-keeper. He was a little chap and wore glasses, but his figure was solid and homely. He was by profession something of a poet, and wrote lyrics in the Celtic-twilight manner. He played cricket rarely, but when he did, he was instinctively made wicket-keeper. He had that curious, sympathetic mothering quality which every good wicket-keeper should have. The first business of a wicket-keeper is to make the opposing batsmen feel at home. When the man comes in trembling and nervous, the wicket-keeper should make some reassuring remark, something that at once establishes a bond of understanding between honorable opponents. When the batsman is struck on the elbow it is the wicket-keeper who should rush up and administer first aid or spiritual comfort. And when the batsman is bowled or caught, he should say, "Hard luck, sir!"

At the same time it is his business to mother the bowlers on his own side. He must be continually encouraging them and sympathizing with them, but in a subdued voice, so that the batsman does not hear. And, moreover, he must be prepared to act as chief of staff to the captain. He must advise him on the change of bowlers and on the disposition of the field. All of this requires great tact, understanding, and perspicacity.

All these qualities Jimmy Guilsworth had in a marked degree. If he sometimes dropped catches and never stood near enough to stump any one, what was that to the sympathetic way he said, "Oh, hard luck, sir!" to an opposing batsman when he was bowled by a slow long-hop, or the convincing way he would call out, "Oh, well hit, sir!" when another opponent pulled a half-volley for four. What could have been more encouraging than the way he would rest his hand on young Booth's shoulder after he had bowled a disappointing over, and say: "I say, old chap, you 're in great form. Could you pitch 'em up just a wee bit?" When things were going badly for the side, Jimmy would grin and whisper into Cartwright's ear. Then there would be a consultation and a change of bowlers, or some one would come closer up to third-man, and, lo! in no time something would happen.

But it is lunch-time. In the pavilion a long table is set with a clean cloth and napkins and with gay bowls of salad. On a side-table is a wonderful array of cold joints, hams, cold lamb, and pies. We sit down, talking of the game. Curiously enough, we do not mix with our opponents. We sit at one end, and they occupy the other, but we grin at one another, and the men sitting at the point of contact of the two parties occasionally proffer a remark.

Some girls appear to wait, and a fat man in shirt-sleeves who produces ale and ginger-beer from some mysterious corner. And what a lunch it is! Does ever veal-and-ham pie taste so good as it does in the pavilion after the morning chasing a ball? And then tarts and fruit and custard and a large yellow cheese, how splendid it all seems, with the buzz of conversation and the bright sun through the open door! Does anything lend a fuller flavor to the inevitable pipe than such a lunch, mellowed by the rough flavor of a pint of shandy-gaff?

We stroll out again into the sun and puff tranquilly, and some of us gather

round old Bob Parsons, the corn merchant, and listen to his panegyric of cricket as played "in the old days." He 's seen a lot of cricket in his time, old Bob. His bony, weather-beaten face wrinkles, and his clear, ingenuous eyes blink at the heavens as he recalls famous men: "Johnny Strutt he was a good 'un. Aye, and ye should ha' seen old Tom Kennett bowl in his time. Nine wicket' he took agenst Kailhurst, hittin' the wood every toime. Fast he were, faster 'n they bowl now. Fower bahls he bahl fast, then put up a slow."

He shakes his head meditatively, as though the contemplation of the diabolical cunning of bowling a slow ball after four fast ones was almost too much to believe, as though it was a demonstration of intellectual calisthenics that this generation could not appreciate.

It is now the turn of our opponents to take the field, while we eagerly scan the score-sheet to see the order of going in, and restlessly move about the pavilion, trying on pads and making efforts not to appear nervous.

And with what a tense emotion we watch our first two men open the innings! It is with a gasp of relief we see Jimmy Guilsworth cut a fast ball for two, and know, at any rate, we have made a more fortunate start than our opponents did.

I do not remember how many runs we made that afternoon, though as we were out about tea-time, I believe we just passed the Celminster total, but I remember that to our joy Bunty Cartwright came off. He had been unlucky all the week, but this was his joy-day. He seemed cheerful and confident when he went in, and he was let off on the boundary off the first ball! After that he did not make a mistake.

It was a joy to watch Bunty bat. He was tall and graceful, and he sprang to meet the ball like a wave scudding against a rock. He seemed to epitomize the dancing sunlight, a thing of joy expressing the fullness of the crowded hour. His hair blew over his face, and one could catch the gleam of satisfaction that radiated from him as he panted on his bat after running out a five.

He was not a great cricketer, none of us was, but he had a good eye, the heart of a lion, and he loved the game.

I believe I made eight or nine. I know I made a cut for four. The recollection of it is very keen to this day, and the satisfying joy of seeing the ball scudding along the ground a yard out of the reach of point. It made me very happy. And then one of those balls came along that one knows nothing about. How remarkable it is that a bowler who appears so harmless from the pavilion seems terrifying and demoniacal when he comes tearing down the crease toward you!

Yes, I 'm sure we passed the Celminster total now, for I remember at tea-time discussing the possibilities of winning by a single innings if we got Celminster out for forty.

After tea, for some reason or other, one smokes cigarettes. We strolled into a yard at the back of the Bull Inn, and there was a wicket gate leading to a lawn where some wonderful old men whose language was almost incomprehensible were drinking ale and playing bowls. At the side were some tall sunflowers growing amid piles of manure.

Some one in the pavilion rang a bell, and we languidly returned to take the field once more.

I remember that it was late in the afternoon that a strange thing happened to me. I was fielding out in the long field not thirty yards from the stream. Tony Peebles was bowling from the end where I was fielding. I noted his ambling run up to the wicket and the graceful action of his arm as he swung the ball across. A little incident happened, a thing trivial at the time, but which one afterward remembers. The batsman hit a ball rather low on the off side, which the doctor's son caught or stopped on the ground. There was an appeal for a catch, given in the batsman's favor; but for some reason or other he thought the umpire had said "out," and he started walking to the pavilion. He was at least two yards out

of his crease when the doctor's son threw the ball to Jimmy Guilsworth at the wicket. Jimmy had the wicket at his mercy, but instead of putting it down he threw it back to the bowler. It was perhaps a trivial thing, but it epitomized the game we played. One does not take advantage of a mistake. It is n't done.

The sun was already beginning to flood the valley with the excess of amber light which usually betokens his parting embrace. The stretch of level grass became alive and vibrant, tremblingly golden against the long, crisp shadows cast from the elms. The elms themselves nodded contentedly, and down by the stream flickered little white patches of children's frocks. Everything suddenly seemed to become more vivid and transcendent. As if aware of the splendor of that moment, all the little things struggled to express themselves more actively. The birds and little insects in solemn unison praised God, or, rather, to my mind, at that moment they praised England, the land that gave them such a glorious setting. The white-clad figures on the sunlit field, the smoke from the old buildings by the inn trailing lazily skyward, the comfortable buzz of the voices of some villagers lying on their stomachs on the grass—ah, my dear land!

I don't know how it was, but at that moment I felt a curious contraction of the heart, like one who looks into the face of a lover who is going on a journey. Perhaps a townsman gets a little tired at the end of a day in the field, or the feeling may have been due to the Cassandra-like dirge of a flock of rooks that swung across the sky and settled in the elms.

The bat, cut from a willow down by the stream; the stumps; the leather ball; the symbol of the wicket, the level lawn cut and rolled and true—all these things were redolent of the land we moved on. They spoke of the love of trees and wind and sun and the equipoise of man in nature's setting. They symbolized our race, slow-moving and serene, with a certain sensuous joy in movement, a love of straightness, and an indestructible faith in custom. Ah, that the beauty of that hour should fade, that the splendor and serenity of it all should pass away! Strange waves of misgiving flooded me.

If it should be all *too* slow-moving, *too* serene! If at that moment the wheels of the Juggernaut of evolution were already on their way to crush the splendor of it beneath their weight!

Ah, my dear land, if you should be in danger! If one day another match should come in which you would measure yourself against—some unknown terrors! I was aware at that moment of a poignant sense of prayer that when your trial should come it would find you worthy of the clean sanity of that sunlit field; and if in the end you should go down, as everything in nature *does* go down before the scythe of Time, the rooks up there in the elms should cry aloud your epitaph. They are very old and wise, these rooks; they watched the last of the Ptolemys pass from Egypt, they moaned above Carthage and Troy, and warned the Roman pretors of the coming of Attila. And the epitaph they shall make for you—for *they* saw the little incident of Jimmy Guilsworth and the doctor's son—shall be, "Whatever you may say of these English, they played the game."

I think those small boys down by the pavilion made too much fuss about the catch I muffed. Of course I did get both hands to it, and as a matter of fact the sun was *not* in my eyes; but I think I started a bit late, and it seemed to be screwing horribly. Ironical jeers are not comforting. Bunty, like the dear good sportsman he is, merely called out:

"Dreaming there?"

But it was a wretched moment. I remember slinking across at the over, feeling like an animal that has contracted a disease and is ashamed to be seen, and my mental condition was by no means improved by the cheap sarcasms of young Booth or Eric Ganton. We did not get Celminster out for the second time, and the certainty that the result would not be affected by the second innings led to introduction of strange and unlikely bowlers

being put on and given their chance. I remember that just at the end of the day even young "Togs" was tired. He sent down three most extraordinary balls that went nowhere within reach of the batsman, the fourth was a full pitch, and a young rustic giant who was then batting promptly hit it right over the pavilion. The next ball was very short and came on the leg side. I was fielding at short leg, and I saw the batsman hunching his shoulders for a fearful swipe. I felt in a horrible funk. I heard the loud crack of the ball on the willow, and I was aware of it coming straight at my head. I fell back in an ineffectual sort of manner, and despairingly threw up my hands in a sort of self-defense. And then an amazing thing happened: the ball went bang into my left hand and stopped there. I slipped and fell, but somehow I managed to hang on to the ball. I remember hearing a loud shout, and suddenly the pain of impact vanished in the realization that I had brought off a hot catch. It was a golden moment. The match was over. I remember all our chaps shouting and laughing, and young "Togs" rushing up and throwing his arms round me in a mock embrace. We ambled back to the pavilion, and it suddenly struck me how good-looking most of our men were, even Tony Peebles, whom I had always looked upon as the plainest of the plain. My heart warmed toward Bunty with a passionate zeal when he struck me on the back and said: "Good man! You 've more than retrieved your muff in the long field."

I know they ragged me frightfully in the pavilion when we were changing, but it was no effort to take it good-humoredly. I felt ridiculously proud.

We took a long time getting away, there was so much rubbing down and talking to be done, and then there was the difficulty of getting Len Booth out of the Bull Inn. He had a romantic passion for drinking ale with the yokels, and a boy had stuck a pin into one of Ganton's tires, and he had to find a bicycle shop and get it mended. It was getting dark when we all got established once more in the brake.

I remember vividly turning the corner in the High Street and looking back on the solemn profile of the inn. The sky was almost colorless, just a glow of warmth, and already in some of the windows lamps were appearing. We huddled together contentedly in the brake, and I saw the firm lines of Bunty's face as he leaned over a match, lighting his pipe.

The grass is long to-day in the field where we played Celminster, and down by the stream are two square, unattractive buildings, covered with zinc roofing, where is heard the dull roar of machinery. The ravages of time cannot eradicate from my memory the vision of Bunty's face leaning over his pipe or the pleasant buzz of the village voices as we clattered among them in the High Street or the sight of the old corn merchant's face as he came up and spoke to Bunty (Bunty had stopped the brake to get more tobacco) and touched his hat and said:

"Good noight, sir. Good luck to 'ee!"

Decades have passed, and I have to press the spring of my memory to bring these things back; but when they come they are very dear to me.

I know that in the wind that blows above Gallipoli you will find the whispers of the great faith that Bunty died for. Eric Ganton, young Booth, and Jimmy Guilsworth, where are they? In vain the soil of Flanders strives to clog the free spirit of my friends.

"Good noight, sir. Good luck to 'ee!"

Again I see the old man's face as I gaze across the field where the long grass grows, and I see the red ball tossed hither and thither, with its story still unfinished, and I hear the sound of Jimmy's voice:

"Oh, well hit, sir!" as he encourages an opponent.

The times have changed since then, but you cannot destroy these things. Manners have changed, customs have changed, even the faces of men have changed; and yet this calendar on my knee is trying to tell me that it all happened *two years ago to-day!*

And overhead the garrulous rooks seem strangely flustered.

The *Grand Turk*, formerly the *General Rabun*. The flag painted on the vessel's side was put on for war use, and shows its present nationality

ART INSTITUTE CHICAGO RYERSON LIBRARY

ART INSTITUTE CHICAGO RYERSON LIBRARY

A figurehead photographed at Battle Harbor, Labrador

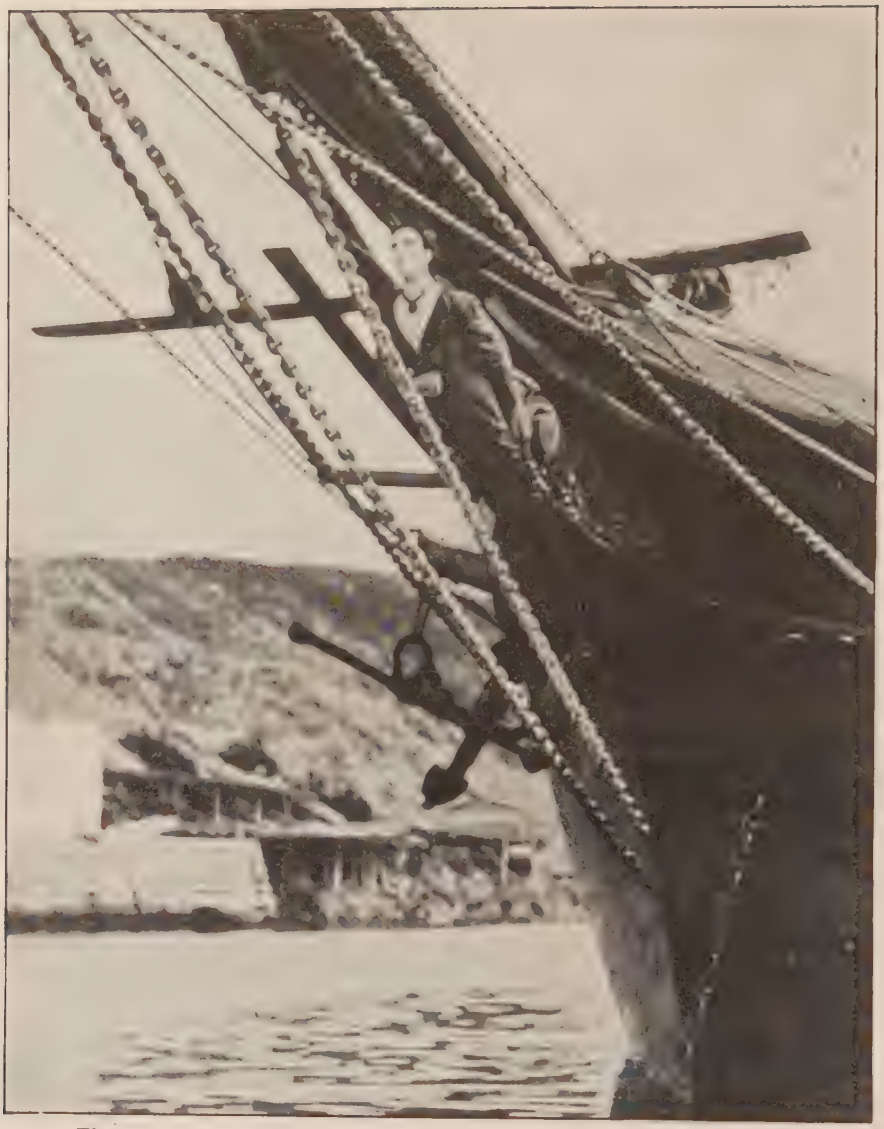
Figureheads of the Old Square-riggers

A Unique Set of Photographs by EDITH S. WATSON

With Explanatory Text by VICTORIA HAYWARD

> Still holding on, upon your high emprise,
> Until ye find a shore amid the skies.—H. D. THOREAU.

THE European War has had a curious influence in bringing back to life the old-time square-riggers just as they were about to disappear entirely, from these waters at least. So evidently was their day over that a few years ago English ship-owners were only too glad to sell whenever they could find a purchaser. But the war came, and now, with the price of deal soaring in England and fabulous sums to be earned by the vessels which can safely carry the freight, the square-riggers have come into their own again. Never before in even their most prosperous days have so many "wind-jammers," as the sailors call them, been seen loading at one time in Nova Scotian and American ports. In Halifax, during last summer, the people of the city used to make excur-



The mascot of a Norwegian vessel, photographed in a Newfoundland port

sions out to Richmond to see the vessels at the wharves or riding in the stream; and in the vicinity of Staten Island and along the New York wharves it is now frequently possible to count a dozen or more square-riggers in sight at once.

Nearly all of these vessels are carrying old-fashioned figureheads such as those shown in the photographs on the accompanying pages. These figureheads, carved in wood, are usually representations of the person for whom the ship

The *Hafrst Fiord's* bow

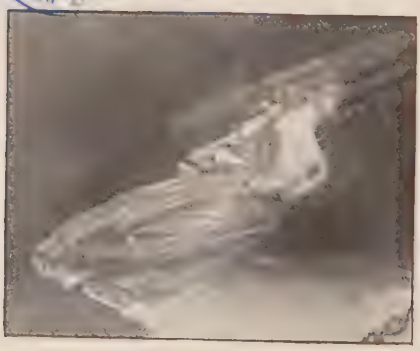
ART INSTITUTE
CHICAGO

was named, and occasionally these are first-rate likenesses. "Bobs" himself, for instance, stands at the prow of the *General Roberts.*

Formerly the figurehead was considered the mascot of the ship that bore it, but many of those pictured on these pages have lost their original setting either through shipwreck or the natural results of the losing fight between sail and steam, and are preserved here and there, in a garden, perhaps, or on a street-corner, merely as picturesque and artistic ornaments.

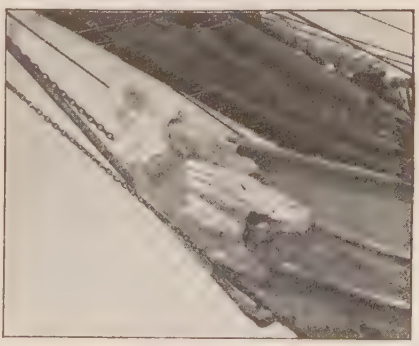
ART INSTITUTE
CHICAGO
RYERSON

Figurehead of the ship *Mary Pitts*



From
the ship
Honolulu

At the bow of the *Havala*, a photograph taken in West Bay, Nova Scotia

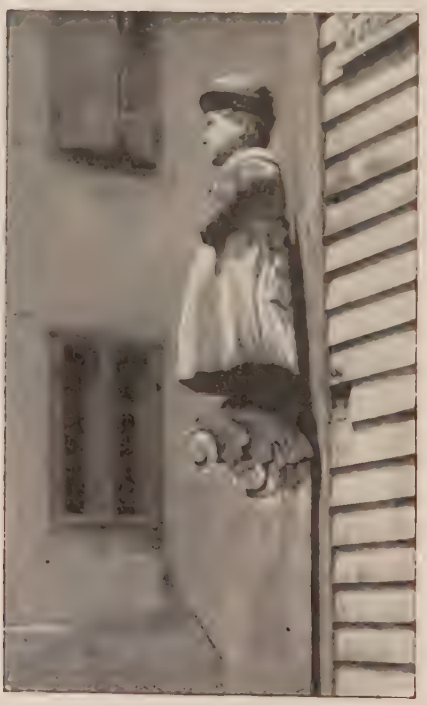


The figurehead of the *Lalla Rookh*, the boat on which Frank T. Bullen, the writer, served his apprenticeship as a sailor

A spirited piece of carving on the *Mary R. Wellington*

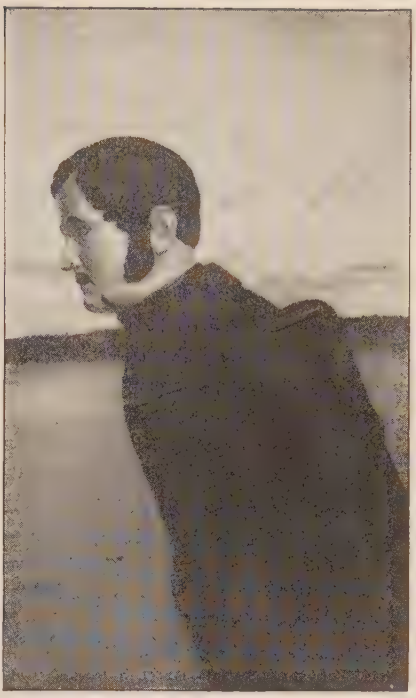
This figure now stands in a Newfoundland garden, looking out to sea

This figurehead was found on a wreck at Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard, and set up in a garden near Providence



A mascot set up at a street corner in the French town of St. Pierre

Commodore Morris as he looked at the prow of an old New Bedford ship



The former president of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, as the wood-carver depicted him on the bow of his brig, the *R. B. Porter*. The brig was wrecked at the mouth of Diligent River, on the way to Advocate Harbor

Figurehead at St. Johns, New Brunswick, carved by Mr. Rogerson, who has done many of these figures both at Boston and in New Brunswick

A figure of Neptune taken from a wreck and placed in the Admiralty grounds at Bermuda

The Leatherwood God

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Author of "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "A Modern Instance," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–XII

In the third decade of the nineteenth century Joseph Dylks, who was to become famous in the history of the region as the Leatherwood God, made his spectacular appearance at a camp-meeting on Leatherwood Creek. In their remoteness from the large cities of the country, the people of the region gave to religion their chief interest, and Dylks was received as one sent by God. He passed his first night with David Gillespie, whose sister he had married. He had left her, and in time, thinking him dead, she had married Laban Billings and had come to Leatherwood Creek. Gillespie knew Dylks as a scoundrel, but though he was assured that Dylks would not now trouble her, on religious grounds he demands that his sister send Billings away. Though she is now happy, after years of unhappiness, she yields to the demand.

Having refused to live with her second husband, and permitted her young son by her first marriage to go to hear Dylks preach, Nancy Billings stays that night at her brother's house. He and his daughter Jane are estranged through her desire to become a follower of Dylks. Indeed, the whole neighborhood has become divided. Dylks has gradually reached the point where he claims to be God. Many believe him; a few oppose. Among the latter Matthew Braile, the justice of the peace and a reputed agnostic, is the most important, though his opposition is not active.

Dylks had promised his followers that he would perform a miracle to prove to unbelievers that he was God, but on the appointed night he does not appear, and some of the wild spirits of the neighborhood, beginning in mere mischief, at last destroy the cloth that one of his followers had brought for him to change miraculously into a seamless garment.

XIII

THE riot in Hingston's Mill, after the failure of Dylks to appear personally and work the promised miracle, left the question of his divinity where it had been. With no evident change in their numbers on either side, the believers assented, the unbelievers denied. The faithful held that the miracle had been wrought, and the seamless raiment had been torn to pieces by the mob; some declared that they had seen the garments, and tried to keep them from the sacrilege, but had been overpowered. The unfaithful laughed at the pretense, and defied the faithful to show any scrap of the cloth having the form of clothing. The pieces remained with the poor woman who had brought the cloth for the miracle; she carried them home, weeping, and she and her husband remained like the rest, believing and unbelieving as before: but at every chance she scanned the desecrated fragments in secret, and pieced them together, trying to follow the lines of imaginary garments in them.

Throughout the week the excitement raged, silently for the most part, in the breasts of the two parties, but sometimes breaking out in furious affirmation and denial at such points of common meeting as the store, the tavern, and the post-office. There the unbelievers outnumbered the believers, who met for mutual support and comfort at one another's houses, but appeared nowhere in force until the Sunday night following; then they came three to one of the enemy, and filled the Temple to overflowing. Dylks was expected to meet them from the concealment or the absence in which he had passed the days:

the unbelievers said that he was hiding in fear and shame; the believers that he was preaching to the heathen in other neighborhoods, and would come in power and glory, with a great multitude of the converted following him. But the meeting in the Temple was opened by Enraghty, who, in front of the pulpit, rose, saying, "The Good Old Man will not be here to-night, but I will fill his place." A thrill of exultation and disappointment ran through the congregation according as they believed or disbelieved, but they all waited patiently.

Among the many families which had come in internecine enmity, Gillespie and his daughter strained in the unlove which was like hate up to the door of the Temple. He had taunted her with Dylks's failure to work the miracle and with his absence during the week.

"If I could get my hands on him, I would pull him out of his hole, and make him face the people he 's deceived. I 'd show him whether he was God or not."

"If you touched him, your hands would be withered," she said in an ecstasy of faith. "If you will bring me a single hair of his head, I will deny him."

"I 'll remember that," he threatened bitterly, and in the loss of all the dignity of their relation as parent and child he cast a look of contemptuous triumph on her when Enraghty rose and said that he would take the place of Dylks for the night.

"Bring me one hair of his head," she said again.

The people of both sides had supposed that Dylks was sitting behind the pulpit, as his habit was, with his head out of sight, bowed in meditation; but when Enraghty, after a few words, sat down to await the coming of the Spirit, suddenly the minister whose turn to preach would have come that night sprang to his full height in the pulpit and denounced Enraghty's pretense. The believers rose shouting to their feet, and, crying, "He is my God!" stormed out of the Temple in the night, where their voices were heard repeating, "He is my God!" till they swelled together in the hymn which was their confession of Dylks. A few of the unbelievers remained in the Temple, amazed, but the greater part followed the believers into the night.

They had the courage of their triumph through Dylks's failure to work the miracle he had promised, and then his failure to show himself in the Temple; but they pushed on with no definite purpose except perhaps to break up some meeting of his followers, when one of the Hounds, yelping and baying in acceptance of their nickname, broke upon them from the woods they were passing with word that they had found Dylks in Enraghty's house, where the believers were already gathering.

"We 've treed him," he said. "The whole pack 's round the place, and there 's no limb in reach for him to jump to. I reckon it 'll be the best coon-hunt we 've ever had in Leatherwood yit."

Redfield put himself in touch rather than in sight amidst the darkness which the disembodied voices broke upon.

"Enraghty's house? Then we 've got him. Come on!"

The women of the unbelievers had fallen behind and finally gone home, but all the believers, the women as well as the men, had followed their apostle, and now their voices, in praying and singing, came from the house, still hidden by a strip of woodland. In the bewilderment which had fallen upon David Gillespie with the tumultuous rush from the Temple, he had been parted from his daughter; now he fumbled forward on the feet of an old man, and found himself beside Redfield.

"I want you to let me at him first, Jim. I want just one hair of his head."

"Why, don't you know it 's death to touch him?" Redfield jeered.

"I know that," Gillespie assented in the same mood; "but I 'll risk dying for that one hair."

"What do you want with one hair? I 'll get you a handful," Redfield said.

"One 'll do to work the miracle I 'm after."

"What miracle? None o' your seamless raiment, is it?"

"It 's bringing a crazy girl to her senses. She 's said if I fetched her a single hair of his, she 'd renounce him."

"Oh," Redfield said, with respectful understanding. Then he added, "I 'll get you the hair."

The unbelievers crowded to the house in the light from the uncurtained windows. One of them stood tiptoe, peering in while the others waited.

"It 's chuck-full," he reported. "No room for sinners, I reckon."

"Oh, if Dylks is in there, he 'll work one of his miracles and *make* room," another of the Hounds retorted. Redfield stood trying the door. "Locked? Hammer on it! Break it in! Here, give him a shoulder!"

The mob pushed forward, laughing and shouting, and crushed Redfield against the door. The panel cracked and groaned; Redfield called to the crowd to hold back, but suddenly the door opened, and the fanatical face of Enraghty showed itself above Redfield's back.

"What do you want?" he demanded. "This is the Lord's house."

"Then it 's as much ourn as what it is yourn," some one shouted back.

"We want to *see* the Lord," another called. "Just one look, just one lick."

The old schoolmaster lost his self-control.

"There are some of you out there that I 've licked before now for your mischief."

"Yes, we know that," came back. "You did n't lick us enough. We 'd like to have you give us some more."

The hindmost of the Hounds surged against those in front, and the whole mob fell forward upon Redfield: he staggered over the threshold to save himself, and struck Enraghty backward in his helpless plunge.

"Oh, look out there!" the nearest of the mob called back. "You 're hurtin' Mr. Enraghty!"

"Well, we don't want to hurt old Saint Paul," a mocker returned; but they pressed on wilfully, helplessly; they pushed those in front, who might have held back, and filled the entryway and the rooms beyond. In a circle of his worshipers, kneeling at his feet, stood Dylks, while they hailed him as their God and entreated his mercy. At the scramble behind them, they sprang up and stood dazed, confronting their enemies.

"We want Dylks! We want the Good Old Man! We want the Lion of Judah! Out of the way, Little Flock!" came in many voices; but when the worshipers yielded, Dylks had vanished.

A moment of awe spread to their adversaries, but in another moment the riot began again. The unbelievers caught the spirit of the worse among them and stormed through the house, searching it everywhere, from the cellar to the garret. A yell rose from them when they found Dylks half-way up the chimney of the kitchen. His captors pulled him forward into the light, and held him cowering under the cries of "Kill him!" "Tie him to a tree and whip him!" "Tar and feather him!" "Ride him on a rail!"

"No, don't hurt him!" Redfield commanded. "Take him to a justice of the peace and try him."

"Yes," the leader of the Hounds assented; "take him to Squire Braile. He 'll settle with him."

The Little Flock rallied to the rescue, and some of the herd joined them. As an independent neutral, Abel Reverdy, whom his wife stirred to action, caught up a stool and joined the defenders.

"Why, you fool," a leader of the Hounds derided him, amiably, "what you want to do with that stool? If the Almighty can't help himself, you think *you 're* goin' to help him?"

Abel was daunted by the reasoning, and even Sally stayed her war-cries.

"Well, I guess there 's sumpun' *in* that," Abel assented, and he lowered his weapon.

The incident distracted his captors, and Dylks broke from them, and ran into the yard before the house. He was covered with soot and dust, and his clothes were torn; his coat was stripped in tatters, and his long hair hung loose over it.

His prophecies of doom to those who

"'*Now* you can see how it feels to have your own husband slap you'"

should lay hands upon him had been falsified, but to the literal sense of David Gillespie he had not yet been sufficiently proved an impostor; till he should bring his daughter a strand of the hair which Dylks had proclaimed it death to touch, she would believe in him, and David followed in the crowd, straining forward to reach Redfield, who with one of his friends had Dylks under his protection. The old man threw himself upon Dylks and caught a thick strand of his hair, dragging him backward by it. Redfield looked round. He said:

"You want that, do you? Well, I promised." He tore it from the scalp and gave it into David's hand, and David walked back with it into the house, where his daughter remained with the wailing and sobbing women-worshipers of the outraged idol.

He flung the lock at her feet.

"There 's the hair that it was death to touch." She did not speak; she only looked at it with horror. "Why, don't you believe it 's his?" her father roared.

"Yes, yes, I know it 's his; and now let 's go home and pray for him, and for *you*, Father. We 've both got the same God now."

A bitter retort came to the old man's lips, but the abhorrent look of his daughter stayed his words, and they went into the night together, while the noise of the mob stormed back to them through the darkness, farther and farther away.

XIV

THE captors of Dylks chose the Temple as the best place for keeping him till morning, when they could take him for trial to Matthew Braile; but they had probably no sense of the place where he had insolently triumphed so often as the fittest scene of his humiliation. They stumbled in a loose mob behind and before and beside him through the dim night, and tried to pass Redfield's guard to strike him with their hands or the sticks which they tore from the wayside bushes. At a little distance, a straggling troop of the believers followed, men and women, wailing and sobbing, and adoring and comforting their god with promises of fealty in terms of pathetic grotesqueness. A well-known voice called to him:

"Don't you be afraid, God Almighty! They can't hurt a hair of your head," and the burst of savage mirth which followed Sally Reverdy's words drowned the retort of a scoffer:

"Why, there ain't hardly any left *to* hurt, Sally."

The noise of the talking and laughing and the formless progress of the mob hushed the nearer night-voices of the fields and woods; but from a distance the shuddering cry of a screech-owl could be heard, with the piercing call cry of a killdee in a pasture beside the creek. The people, friends and foes together, made their way unlighted except by the tin lantern which some one had caught from where it stood on Enraghty's gate-post.

With this one of the unbelievers took his stand at the door of the Temple after Redfield had passed in with his prisoner, and lifted it successively to the faces of those trying to enter. He allowed some and refused others, according as they were of those who denied or confessed Dylks, and a Hound at his elbow explained, "Don't want any but goats in here tonight."

The common parlance was saturated with scriptural phrase, and the gross mockery would have been taken seriously if the speaker had not been so notoriously irreverent. As it was, the words won him applause which Redfield and his friends were not able to quell. The joke was caught up and tossed back and forth; the Little Flock outside raised their hymn, the scoffers within joined in derision, and carried the hymn through to the end.

Dylks sat shrunken on the bench below the pulpit, his head fallen forward and his face hidden. Redfield and one of his friends sat on each side, and others tried to save Dylks from those who from time to time pushed forward to strike him. They could not save him from the insults which broke again and again upon the silence; when Redfield rose and appealed

to the people to leave the man to the law, they came back at him with shrieks and yells.

"Did the law keep my family from bein' brok' up by this devil? My wife left me and my own brother won't speak to me because I would n't say he was my Saviour and my God."

"I 'm an old woman, and I lived with my son, but my son has quit me to starve, for all he cares, because I believe in the God of Jacob and he believes in this snorting, two-legged horse."

"My sister won't live with me because I won't fall down and worship her Golden Calf."

"He 's spread death and destruction in my family. My daughters won't look at me, and my two sons fought about him till they were all blood."

The accusings and upbraidings thickened upon him, but Dylks sat silent except for a low groan of what might have seemed remorse. He put his hand to the place on his head where the hair had been torn away, and looked at the blood on his fingers.

A woman stole under the guard of his keepers, and struck him a savage blow on the cheeks, first one and then the other.

"*Now* you can see how it feels to have your own husband slap you because you won't say you believe in such a God as you are, you heathen pest!"

The guards struggled with her, and a man stooped over Dylks and voided a mouthful of tobacco juice in his face; another lashed him on the head with a switch of leatherwood—all in a squalid travesty of the supreme tragedy of the race. As if a consciousness of the semblance touched the gospel-read actors in the drama, they shrank in turn from what they had done, and lost themselves in the crowd.

The night wore away, and when the red sunrise began to pierce the dusk of the Temple, where some had fallen asleep, and others drowsed as they walked to and fro to keep themselves awake, Redfield conferred with his lieutenants. Then they pulled their captive to his feet, not roughly, and moved with him down the aisle and out of the door. They left some of the slumberers still sleeping; of the others not all followed them on their way to Matthew Braile's, up through the woods and past the corn-fields and tobacco-patches: but with those of the Little Flock who had hung night-long about the Temple, singing and praying to their idol, they arrived, some before and some after the prisoner, at the log cabin of the magistrate. He was sitting after his habit in his splint-bottomed chair tilted against the porch wall, waiting for the breakfast which his wife was getting within. As the crowd straggled up to the porch, he tilted his chair down, and came forward with a frown of puzzle.

"What 's this?" he demanded; then, catching sight of a woman's eager face among the foremost, his frown relaxed, and he said, "Don't all speak at once, Sally."

" 'Deed and 'deed, I 'm not a-goun' to speak at all, Squire Braile; but if you want to know, you can see for yourself that they 've got the Good Old Man here, and from the tell I 've hearn they want you to try him; they 've been hittun' him over the face and head all night." She looked defiantly round on the unbelievers, who so far joined in the squire's grin as to burst into a general laugh, and a cry of "Good for you, Sally! You 're about right." Braile referred himself to Redfield, who mounted to the porch with the other guards, and the tattered and bedraggled Dylks among them.

"What are you doing with this man, Jim?"

"We 've brought him to you to find out, Squire Braile. You know who he is, and all the mischief he 's been making in this settlement. We don't need to go into that."

"Wish you 'd step in there," the squire said, nodding toward the room opposite the kitchen, "and bring me out the Laws of Ohio. You know where it is."

His recognition of Redfield as a law-student pleased the Herd of the Lost, and one of the guards said:

"All right, Jim. We 'll hold him."

As Redfield disappeared within, the squire called after him:

"Bring out my table, too, will you? We 'll have the trial here."

"That 's all right as fer as it goes, Squire," one of the crowd before the cabin called out, "but there ain't room enough for us up there."

"Well," the squire answered, "you 've got the whole State of Ohio down there. I reckon you can find room in it, if you stand close."

He turned the joke on the crowd, which acquiesced with cheers. When Redfield returned with the large book and the small table he had been sent for, the squire drew up to them and proclaimed silence in the court. Then he said: "Who complains against this man? You, James Redfield?"

"I arrested him, but I don't complain of him more than the rest. You know what he 's been doing in Leatherwood, as well as other places, for the last month or six weeks. We want his mischief stopped; we want to see what the law can do about it. We could have lynched him, but that ain't the right way, and so we all feel."

"Well, we 've got to make a start somewhere," the justice returned. "What 's he accused of? What do *you* accuse him of?"

"Well, for one thing," Redfield said rather reluctantly, "he professes to be Almighty God."

"And he *is* God, the Most High Jehovah, Maker of Heaven and Earth," came in a varying cry from the believers who had gathered increasingly on the skirts of their enemies.

Their voices seemed to put life and courage into the prisoner, who for the first time lifted his fallen face and looked at the justice with a light of hope in his dulled eyes.

"You hear that," the old squire addressed him. "Is that your name? Are you God?"

"Thou sayest," the prisoner answered with a sudden effrontery.

"That will *do!*" the old man shouted. He might have been willing to burlesque the case from his own disbelief, but he could not suffer the desecration of the hallowed words; and Dylks shrank from his eyes of fierce rebuke. "Stand away from him," he added to the guards. "Now, then, have you folks got any other charge against him? Has he stolen anything? Like a mule, for instance? Has he robbed a hen-roost? Has he assaulted anybody or set a tobacco-shed on fire? Some one must make a charge; I don't much care what it is."

The old man scowled round on the people nearest him and down on the crowd below. The believers waited in anxious silence; the unbelievers applauded his humor with friendly laughter, and a kindlier spirit spread through them; they were beginning to see Dylks as a joke.

"Redfield,"—the squire turned to the young man,—"let 's have a look at the Laws of Ohio, in such case made and provided." He opened the book which Redfield put on the table before him, and went carefully through the index; then he closed it. "There don't seem," he said, "to be any charge against the prisoner except claiming to be the Almighty; he pleads guilty to that, and he could be fined and imprisoned if there was any law against a man's being God. But there is n't, unless it 's some law of the Bible, which is n't in force through reënactment in Ohio. He has n't offended against any of our statutes, neither he nor his followers. In this State every man has a right to worship what God he pleases, under his own vine and fig-tree, none daring to molest him or make him afraid. With religious fanaticism our laws have nothing to do unless it be pushed so far as to violate some public ordinance. This I find the prisoner has not done. Therefore he stands acquitted."

A roar of protest, a shout of joy, went up from the crowd according to their belief or unbelief. After his first plea Dylks had remained silent in becoming meekness and self-respect; now he looked wildly round in fear and hope, but he did not speak.

"Clear the way, you!" the squire called

"'What 's this?' he demanded; then, catching sight of a woman's eager face among the foremost, his frown relaxed, and he said, 'Don't all speak at once, Sally'"

to the people about him and below him, and he got stiffly to his feet. He took the arm of the prisoner at one side, and said, "Here, Jim Redfield, you take this fellow's other arm," and as the young man helplessly obeyed, "Now!" he commanded, and with Dylks between them, they left the porch and passed through the severing crowd of friends and foes before the cabin. While they hesitated in doubt of his purpose, Braile led the way with the prisoner, acquitted, but still in custody, toward the turnpike road where the country lane passing the cabin joined it a little way off.

The crowd straggled after in patient doubt, but when the squire halted with his captive and bade Redfield move back, the suspicions of the unbelievers began to stir.

"Now, put!" the squire said in a low voice, and loosed his hold. Dylks lifted his head alertly as he was accustomed to do when he gave his equine snort, but now he made no sound. He leaped forward, and ran with vast bounds up the smooth turnpike toward the wall of woodland where the whiteness of the highway ceased in the shadow of the trees. He far outdistanced the foremost of his pursuers, who stopped to gather the broken stone heaped along the roadside, and under the rain of these and the storm of curses that they sent after him, he escaped into the forest.

"Well, Abel," the squire said to Reverdy, whom he found, not unexpectedly, at his elbow when he looked round, "he may not be much of a god, but he 's a good deal of a race-horse, even if he did n't give his snort."

"Look here, Squire Braile," Redfield broke out in the first realization of his defeat, "I 'm not sure your decision was just right."

"Well, you can appeal the case to the Supreme Court, Jim," the old man returned. "It 's my *breakfast*-time," and he stamped stiffly away down the pike and up the road to his cabin, followed by the blessings of the Little Flock.

The Little Flock had remained in stupefaction at the junction of the country road and the turnpike, helplessly watching the flight of their idol from the Herd of the Lost. When Dylks vanished in the dusk of the forest, and the last of those who had followed him came lagging breathlessly back, and dropped from their hands the broken stone which they had unconsciously brought with them, the Little Flock involuntarily raised their hymn, as if it had been a song of triumph—an inglorious triumph, but an omen of final victory, and of the descent of the New Jerusalem in Leatherwood.

"Never mind," one of the herd panted, "we 'll have him out of that gulf of dark despair yit!"

"The Lord will put forth His might," one of the Flock defied him; "but if you fellows want to feel the arm of flesh here and now, come on!"

The squire put himself between the forces.

"I want you to keep the peace; I command the peace," he said with magisterial dignity.

"Oh, all right, Squire," a Hound applauded him. "We know you 're on our side."

"Brother Braile is on the side of righteousness," the champion of the Flock declared.

The squire turned a frowning face upon him.

"If the law could have held your god, he 'd have been on his way to the county jail by this time. Now, you fellows, both sides, go home, and look after your corn and tobacco; and you women, you go and get breakfast for them, and wash up your children, and leave the Kingdom of Heaven alone for a while." The weight of condemnation was for the Little Flock, but there remained discomfort for the Herd of the Lost. "And you," the squire turned to them,—"you let these folks worship any stock or stone they 've a mind to; and you find out the true God if you can, and stick to Him, and don't bother the idolators. I reckon He can take care of Himself. I command you all to disperse. Go home! Get out! Put!"

The saints and the sinners felt alike the

mystical force of the law in his words and began to move away, not without threats and defiances, more or less straggling, and not altogether ceasing even after they had lost sight of one another in their parting ways.

Redfield stayed to walk home with the old man.

"Of course, Squire Braile," he said, "this ain't the last of Dylks, and it ain't the last of *us*. It 's a sin and a shame to have the thing going on among us. You know that as well as I do. It 's got to be stopped. If he 'd got his just dues from you—"

"You young fool," the squire retorted kindly, "have n't you gone far enough yet in your Blackstone to know that justice is one thing and law is another? I gave Dylks his legal deserts."

"Blackstone says the law is the perfection of reason."

"Well, you think it don't seem to be so in the State of Ohio. But I reckon it is, and so long as we look after our own souls, we can't do better than let others look after theirs in their own way. Come in and have some breakfast." He paused before his cabin with the young man.

"No, not *this* morning, Squire Braile." Redfield lingered a moment, and then he said askingly, "I did n't see old Mr. Gillespie anywhere this morning."

"I did n't notice. Where it comes to a division in public, he does n't usually take sides against his daughter."

"He won't have to, after this."

"What do you mean?"

"Did n't you know she told him once that if he would bring her a hair of Dylks's head she would deny him? I helped him to a whole lock of it."

"Oh, *you* did that?" There was condemnation in the squire's tone, and as if he had been going to express a more explicit displeasure, he hesitated. Then he said, "Well, I must be going in," and turned his back upon Redfield, who turned again into the turnpike road and took his way homeward past the long and deep stretch of woods where Dylks had found refuge.

(To be continued)

Old

By GLADYS BRIGGS CLUFF

I AM lonely.
I sit in proper waiting, my black silk
Trimmed with wrist-frills of yellowing real lace,
My skirt arranged in folds of dignity,
My tortoise comb worn high. From mother's chair,
The high-backed rocker of mahogany,
I watch the people walking past my house.
Nobody comes to see me but the years.
I whisper to the pictures of my dead,
Stare-eyed upon the gray stone mantelpiece.
Time was, I thought they used to answer me;
He smiled, then. But one year came in the night
And stole my little sister's voice, and one
Came shufflingly, with hunger-horrid tread,
And took his smile. Since then I hate all years.
I listen to the footsteps pass my house;
The living do not know me, and the dead
Forget.
I am lonely.
Nobody comes to see me but the years.

A Collection of Autographs

By AGNES REPPLIER

Author of "Books and Men," etc.

THERE is a shadowy tradition that Atossa, the beautiful and many-husbanded daughter of Cyrus, after whom Mr. Matthew Arnold named his murderous cat, was the first collector of autographs and autographic letters. Who wrote these precious parchment rolls, and what became of them in that mad age of strife, are points upon which even tradition is serenely silent. They disappeared, as did, in later days, the great collections of Cicero and Pliny; and as the Roman Empire sank to its fall, and a new civilization rose slowly into wild and hazardous existence, men found scant leisure for their alphabets and set scant value on the written page.

It was not until the comparative tranquillity of the sixteenth century permitted the curse of Cadmus to reassert its influence over the human heart that we see emerging from the gloom, his name long since forgotten, a Bohemian country gentleman with an "Album Amicorum," in which were fairly transcribed the signatures, or the marks, of all the jolly friends and neighbors who daily rode with him to the chase. Little did this modest collector dream of the example he was setting to the world; but a hundred years later the new fashion had found such favor in Germany, England, and France that when Loménie de Brienne, statesman and litterateur, died in 1666, the letters and manuscripts he had accumulated were highly valued by his heirs, and were sold, after much bargaining, to Louis XIV, who placed them in the library of Versailles.

From that day to this the passion for collecting has burned with unabated zeal, and the history of autographs would furnish an admirable commentary on the history of literature. A letter from Sterne, begging an insignificant loan, was recently sold in London for forty pounds; another from Goldsmith, bemoaning his poverty, for over thirty pounds; and one from Burns brought twice the sum of his yearly salary in the excise. On the other hand, the wily hunter, stalking his game through coverts dim and mean, chances now and then on some long-hidden treasure; and the pleasure of possession is prefaced by the keener pleasure of the chase and by the supreme joy of outwitting a stupid world. Thus the carelessness of Lord Monteagle made it possible for the priceless manuscripts of Somerset House to be sold in 1840 as waste paper to a Yarmouth fishmonger, and the blunder was not discovered until after a thrice-fortunate antiquarian had possessed himself, at the price of a few herrings and soles, of a number of these precious documents, including the bellicose correspondence of Henry VIII and Clement VII, Latin themes in the childish scrawl of little Edward VI, and secret-service accounts signed with the initials of fair Mistress Gwyn.

Still more recently the culpable neglect of the Italian Government permitted a mass of valuable manuscripts, the rich spoils of many monasteries, to be plundered from the Collegio Romano, where they lay unsorted and neglected. The chance discovery of a poor scholar that two ounces of butter he had bought in a little shop were wrapped up in an autograph letter from Columbus led to an investigation, and it was found that a dishonest porter, thinking it small harm to steal stolen goods, had been selling these documents for a few cents to all the market people of his acquaintance.

Such opportunities are not likely to occur again, and every year makes the labor of the collector more arduous, more costly, and more barren of results. Museums and colleges absorb all valuable manuscripts; open sales are few and far between; dealers are no longer able to supply their most generous patrons. It would

not be possible now to amass a collection of autographs and autographic letters as far-reaching and complete as that of Mr. Ferdinand J. Dreer of Philadelphia. Patience, perseverance, and decision are the qualities essential to a man who must wait like a cat at the mouse-hole and spring like a cat at the mouse. Mr. Dreer waited forty years for one letter, a really characteristic letter, of Fielding's, and then time and determination brought him his desire.

For what gives to this collection, now in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, its unique significance is not its magnitude, the nine thousand letters and documents it embraces; or the royal, papal, and saintly signatures scattered freely along the lines; or such rare autographs as Milton's and Ben Jonson's, which we gaze at with a sort of rapture; or even that long, gentle, courteously sardonic remonstrance against the lingering process of the law, signed "Galileo G." These things excite us strangely for a moment because they are epitomized history, and they bring close to our hearts the realization of things well known, yet unconsidered. Their possession may justly gratify the passion of the collector who feels that a bit of yellow paper bridges the centuries and links us irremediably with the past; but the supreme merit of a really great collection of autographs lies, and must always lie, in its illustrative value, and Mr. Dreer's steadfast determination was to secure as far as possible characteristic letters; not documents or insignificant two-line notes or formal business communications, but letters which stand for the men and women who penned them.

This is what made his task difficult; this is why fifty years seemed all too short for its accomplishment; and this is why our pleasure in reading these precious relics is not mere idle amusement at seeing how poets and statesmen wrote their names. It is the deep delight of coming into sudden contact with those master minds who have made or marred the fluctuating standards of the world.

Here, for example, is a lengthy and very urgent letter from John Calvin to George, Count of Würtemberg and Montbéliard. It is dated Geneva, July 12, 1558, and is at once dignified and crafty, respectful and imperious, suave and belligerent. The writer deplores the growth of "schisms," hints plainly enough that the noble count has not served the faith with unbroken zeal, laments the unjust imprisonment of "an unfortunate comrade," and denounces in no sparing terms the ambition of one Pierre Loussain, whom, he protests, he has loved and served as a brother, but for whom he plainly cherishes the cordial animosity of a true reformer. Such a letter is purely representative. Though written to one greatly superior in rank, every word breathes relentless spirit and determination, the spirit and determination of the inquisitor, a character equally at home in Spain and Switzerland.

By the side of this self-revelation we may place a somewhat shorter missive from Lorenzo the Magnificent to Giovanni de Lanfredini, then living in Rome. The great Florentine entreats his friend to obtain for him from the pope permission to eat meat during the coming Lent, alleging that he is suffering from a complication of disorders, the first and foremost being gout, which should have inclined him to a meager diet. He is sadly doubtful as to his chances of obtaining this coveted dispensation, and he is unwilling that his request should be made public, to the scandal of Christendom. "Beg this favor of the Holy See in all secrecy, and despatch word to me privately," he writes; and there is a ring of real anxiety in the lines little befitting the most lordly of the Medicis, under whose imperious will "Florence the Fair" was putting on her robes of splendor, "too beautiful," said Charles V, "for the common traffic of life, and worthy to be shown and seen only upon holidays."

In the fields of American history and English literature Mr. Dreer's autographs are of inestimable value. They embody material which can hardly be found elsewhere. The collection embraces fifty-seven letters from Washington, to say nothing of signed documents, and those

lottery-tickets with which Fortune tempted him sorely, and disappointed him persistently. In this correspondence is the last letter he ever wrote, an indignant remonstrance to his overseer, Mr. Anderson, complaining in no stinted terms of his neglected farms and of the filthy pens in which his cattle were herded. The visit of inspection that called forth this letter, with the foul air of the pens, the fatigue, the exposure to a sudden storm of sleet and rain, cost Washington his life; and the painful significance of the brief note is that it contains the death-warrant of the writer.

As for English authors, they stand in serried ranks, from Addison to Cardinal Newman, from Samuel Pepys to Robert Browning, from poor Goldsmith, trying hard to get rid of a friend's manuscript, to Tom Moore, returning cordial thanks for some sprats. Here is a letter from John Dryden, its slanting lines running laboriously uphill, entreating payment from Latimer of "that hundred pounds which is due on my Sallary from Christmasse to Midsummer last," and expressing a hope that as the king was "parcell poet" in furnishing "one of the designes" of his forthcoming comedy, his majesty would at least "keep the jeast in countenance by laughing at it." And here is an admirable letter from Pope to James Eckersall, showing that the fever of speculation that swept over England with the rapid swelling of the South Sea Bubble had affected even the "little Queen Anne's man," who was not easily duped. He writes jubilantly:

I daily hear such reports of advantages to be gained by one project or other in ye Stocks that my Spirit is up with double zeal, in the desires of our trying to enrich ourselves. I assure you my own Keeping a Coach and Six is not more in my head than ye pleasure I shall take in seeing Mrs. Eckersall in her Equipage. To be serious, I hope you have sold the Lottery orders, that ye want of ready money may no longer be any Impediment to our buying in ye Stock; which was very unlucky at that time. I hear ye S. Sea rose since, and should be glad we were in it. I also hear there is considerable to be got by Subscribing to ye new African stock. Pray let us do something or other, whichever you judge the fairest prospect. I am equal as to what Stock, so you do but like it. Let but Fortune favour us, and ye World will be sure to admire our Prudence. If we fail, let 's e'en keep the mishap to ourselves. But 't is Ignominious (in an Age of Hope and Golden Mountains) not to venture.

This is worthy of the man who set all his friends hard at work collecting subscribers for his translation of "The Iliad," and who wrote to Caryll that the epigram he most admired began with "Received" and ended with "Alexander Pope." And still more characteristic, if possible, is a letter of Samuel Richardson's to Miss Granger, one of the many fair correspondents who absorbed his time and attention. The lady, it seems, had expressed her confident belief that no girl who had reached the mature age of twenty-one could ever be misled as to her duty. She must always know what was right. Richardson, however, was of the opinion that at twenty-one girls are charming, but not wise, and he declared that he had known women of fifty or sixty who had not yet arrived at years of discretion. He concludes with gentle reproach:

I wish, my dear Miss Granger, that you had vouchsafed to consider the History of Clarissa more attentively than you can have done. Dr. Young is pleased to call it "The Whole Duty of Woman." I wish, if it were in any way worthy of that Title, the Ladies would look upon it (as it was designed) as something more than a mere Novel, or Romance, or Kill-time. That there was a necessity for some such Piece to be written, I have had a Multitude of Proofs since its Publication. Oh! that I could not say I have met with more Admirers of Lovelace than of Clarissa.

Poor Richardson! The enthusiasm of the perverse female sex for his scoundrel of a hero was to him a source of lifelong

irritation. Even when he had given these wayward creatures a model man to admire, the hussies turned wearily from good *Sir Charles,* and went back smiling to *Lovelace.* The author of "Clarissa Harlowe" knew more about women than any other man of his generation; yet was he fain to acknowledge that they were the least comprehensible of God's creatures.

Others learned this lesson well. There is in the Dreer collection a long letter from Burns to Clarinda (Mrs. M'Lehose), a tender, confused, pitying, evasive letter, full of those arguments that never convince and consolations that seldom console. The poet writes passionately:

> Your fame, your welfare, your happiness are dearer to me than any gratification whatever. Be comforted my love, the present moment is the worse. The lenient hand of Time is daily and hourly either lightening our burden, or making us insensible to the weight. A decent means of livelihood in the world, an approving God, a peaceful conscience, and one firm trusty friend,—can anybody who has these be said to be unhappy? These are your's.

A sharper note of pain is struck in a letter of Lord Byron's to Lord Holland, dated Pisa, May 11, 1822. Poor little Allegra has died in her convent school at Bagnacavallo, and Byron, who loved the child, admits with dull surprise that her loss is one of the keenest sorrows he has felt in all his troubled life. He is too proud to enlarge upon this grief to one who could not be expected to share it, or even to sympathize warmly; but the heaviness of his heart forces some despondent words from his pen, and he breaks away from the subject only to inveigh bitterly against the enmity aroused in England by the publication of "Cain," "a speculative and hardy, but still a harmless production." As a fact, the angry attack of British pietism upon this scriptural drama was ill understood by its author. There were times when he sinned with open eyes and smiling lips; but "Cain," though it deeply offended, was never meant to offend.

Three of the best letters in the collection are from Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne. Fielding writes at great length to Lyttelton, congratulating him on his recent marriage, and adroitly seizing this propitious moment to beg his interest for an ardent young lover who cannot well marry without place or prospect. It is a kind and manly appeal. The lover's name is Moore. He is clever, estimable, and had already attracted Lyttelton's attention, and won from him a promise of the first vacant post. Moreover, and this is what excites Fielding's compassion:

> He is attached to a young creature of the most apparent Worth, who returns his Affections. Nothing is wanting to make two very miserable people extremely blessed but a moderate Portion of the greatest of human Evils;—so Philosophers call it, and so it is called by Divines, whose word in the matter is to be taken, as they are, many of them, more conversant with this evil than ever the Philosophers were.

Smollett's letter is valuable because of its biographical character. It was written in May, 1763, to Richard Smith of Burlington, New Jersey, and is an amiable response to one of those ruthless applications for personal details less common, let us hope, in Smollett's day than in ours. The writer lays pardonable stress on his own irreproachable respectability, a matter about which Mr. Smith has only too plainly evinced grave doubts; and asserts that his only resemblance to *Roderick Random*

> consists in my being born of a reputable Family in Scotland, in my being bred a Surgeon, and having served as a Surgeon's mate on board a man-of-war during the Expedition to Carthagene. The low Situations in which I have exhibited Roderick, I never experienced in my own Person. I married very young, a native of Jamaica, a young Lady well known and universally respected, under the name of Miss Nancy Lascelles; and by her I enjoy a comfortable, though moderate Estate in that Island.

It is pleasant to know that even a moderate estate was left after the ruinous lawsuit which swept away two thirds of Mrs. Smollett's patrimony. It is equally pleasant to read Sterne's letter to Dodsley, not for any tale of prosperity it has to relate, but because it is at once so modest and so resolute, a really wonderful missive to be sent by an author to a publisher. Dodsley is hesitating over "Tristram Shandy's" chances of success,—we know he subsequently refused the trifling sum of fifty pounds for the copyright,—and Sterne, while far from resenting these commercial doubts, expresses a sane confidence, as well he might, in the excellence of his work. There is not a more sensible letter in all this wonderful collection save and except a short model business note from Maria Edgeworth to *her* publishers, Messrs. Baldwin & Craddock, declining firmly, but courteously, to burden a new edition of her stories with prefaces, notes, or biographical gossip. "Such simple tales as mine need no explanation, and my life, wholly domestic, can afford nothing useful or amusing to the public," she writes, with a fine sense of propriety as antiquated as is her delicate and legible penmanship.

It is with genuine delight that the lover of literature turns over these yellow sheets, these messages that have long survived the hands that wrote them. Here is Swift, who was ever reproaching poor Stella with her misspelt words, dispensing "from a dizzy, aking head" information anent the rights and privileges of deans; and here is the poet Gray vowing that when he heard Delaval playing upon the water-glasses he "thought it was a Cherubim in a box." Here is Sir Henry Wotton bewailing, in the summer of 1615, the unwelcome presence of the camps. "For what sinn, in the name of Christe, was I sent hither among souldiers, being by my profession Academical, and by my charge, Political."

Here are a few prim lines of invitation from Samuel Pepys, a formal and elegant note from John Evelyn to the Earl of Godolphin, a brief letter from Chatterton, beautifully written pages from Addison and De Foe, and a most virtuous epistle from Horace Walpole, lamenting alike the sins of Whigs and Tories, and congratulating himself on the noble sincerity which had won him the ill will of both. And here is a sensible, humorous family letter from Jane Austen to her sister Cassandra. She writes:

> Your inquiry after my Uncle and Aunt were most happily timed, for the very same post brought an account of them. They are again at Gloucester House, enjoying fresh air, which they seem to have felt the want of in Bath, and are tolerably well, but not more than tolerable. Mrs. Welby takes my Aunt out airing in her Barouche, which gives her a headache,—a comfortable proof, I suppose, of the usefulness of the new carriage when they have got it. You certainly must have heard, before I can tell you, that Colonel Orde has married our cousin, Margaret Beckford, the Marchioness of Douglas' sister. The papers say her father disinherited her; but I think too well of an Orde, to suppose that she has not a handsome independence of her own.

Few of these letters can be quoted entire, for in the indolently industrious days when people found leisure for friendship they found leisure for correspondence as well. They wrote page after page in an unhurried fashion that proclaims their mastery over time—time that now drives us all in harness, with whistling whip to mend our broken speed. Compare the civil haste in which we are wont to acknowledge a chance "author's copy" with this stout, closely written sheet from Wordsworth, who condescends to criticize in detail some verses sent to him; then, by a natural transition, passes on to the faults of Lord Byron's poetry, and the excellence of his own, a subject which never permitted abbreviation, and which on this occasion takes up all the rest of the paper.

It is hard to think of any living man being as discursive as Coleridge, from whom we have two very characteristic letters. He has, it appears, "endeavored to disseminate Truth by political Lectures," and the usual reward of the truth-teller

has been liberally meted out to him. "Mobs and Mayors, Blockheads and Brickbats, Placards and Pressgangs have leagued in horrible Conspiracy against me." He has also fallen in love, and, "in expectation of emigrating on the Pantisocratic plan," is paying his addresses to Miss Sarah Fricker. "Independently of the Esteem which her person and polished understanding may be supposed to have inspired in a young man," he writes wordily to George Dyer, "I consider myself as under particular ties of Gratitude to her, since, in confidence of my Affection, she has rejected the Addresses of two suitors, one of them of large Fortune,"—foolish young woman!—"and by her persevering attachment to me has disobliged her Relations in a very uncomfortable Degree."

Uncomfortable enough the lady found herself later on, even though the failure of the Pantisocratic emigration plan spared her a portion of the misery prepared for her wedding dower. There is a delightful letter from Carlyle in the Dreer collection, too long, alas! to be quoted, in which he expresses his "total, deep, irreclaimable dissent" from all such partnership-in-nothing schemes that involve retiring from the world, digging the soil, and living exclusively upon vegetables. No man more loudly scorned his fellowmen than did Carlyle, but none knew better than he how hard it is to get along without them. In a second letter we behold this chronic grumbler, this Caledonian Diogenes, purring like a cream-fed cat over the presentation of a "Penny Tract" devoted wholly and unreservedly to his praises. "Criticisms from natural blockheads," he roundly asserts, "are of no value to gods or men,"—we all know, alas! the unappreciative fashion in which natural blockheads are wont to criticize, —but this is indeed a tract of discrimination, "a friendly, solid, rational, interesting tract, sagacity and honest good sense speaking from every line of it." Ah, well!

What author's heart can praise despise?

Here is Southey, who begins a letter with a decent pretense of interest in George Dyer's new volume of essays, and then slipping, Wordsworth-like, into a more congenial strain, describes enthusiastically his own unrhymed verse and the principles which governed it, offering in an access of generosity to send specimen odes to Dyer for examination. "You would perhaps find them useful in your essay on metre," he suggests affably, "for tho' as yet unique, I think they will not always be so."

It is comforting to turn from such effusions to the simple, courteous, straightforward letters of Sir Walter Scott; to Edward Gibbon, prudently refusing his "vote and interest" in a coming election lest he should "make an enemy, without having the power to effectually serve a friend"; and to Shelley, assuring Mr. Graham that his [Graham's] "heavenly Ode deserves to be ranked with the most exquisite productions of Pindar." Nor can we pass by a most amusing and energetic protest from Thomas Hood, who has received from Mrs. Elliot something which purports to be writing, but which more closely resembles the unfamiliar intricacies of a Chinese puzzle. Like *Tony Lumpkin,* Hood is convinced that the inside of a letter contains the cream of the correspondence; but as his utmost efforts can decipher nothing but the address and the signature, he has decided to put it carefully away, hoping that when he is famous and dead, "the mysterious billet signed 'Georgina' may suggest to an imaginative Biographer some little romantic episode to introduce into the even tenor of my life."

Hood had the more right to object to his friends' enigmatic scrawls inasmuch as he himself wrote a beautifully clear and legible hand, as fine as the famous penmanship of Lord Chesterfield, who is represented in the Dreer collection by one of those long, strenuous letters to his little son, the most over-counseled child in Europe. It is full of the usual advice, admirable, parental, futile. The boy is urged to study hard, to excel all his companions, to behave with invariable politeness. "Mere Learning without good Breeding is Pedantry, and good Breeding without

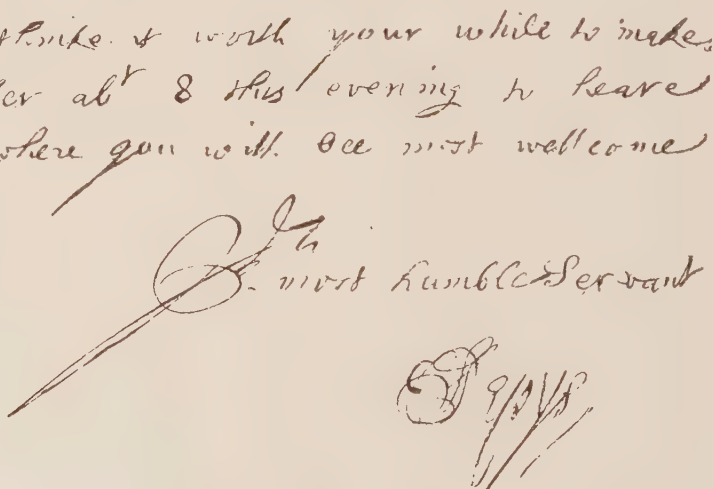
Learning is frivolous." He is also bidden, though this is only an afterthought, to be good. "I say nothing to you now as to honour, Virtue, truth, and all moral duties, which are to be strictly observed in all ages and at all times, because I am sure you are convinced of the indispensable necessity of practising them all,"—Philip is ten,—"and of the infamy, as well as the guilt, of neglecting, or acting contrary to any."

Was ever the uphill path of rectitude pointed out with such easy reliance, as if that stony climb cost no effort and threatened no failure? The "indispensable necessity" of practising "all moral duties" is so much a matter of course that it hardly needs the father's suggestion, much less the father's aid. And by the side of this comfortable assurance let us place a last letter from one who fought his way step by step up the steep road of life, who knew what was meant by doubt, discouragement, repeated failures, and that splendid mastery which helps the world to hope. Two weeks before he died Dr. Johnson wrote thus to Mr. Ryland:

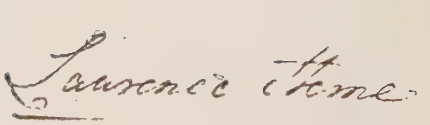
I have for some days, to speak in the lightest and softest language, made no advances toward health. My breath is much obstructed, and my limbs are wells of water. However, I have little reason to complain. My mind is calmer than in the beginning of the year, and I comfort myself with hopes of every kind, neither despairing of ease in this world, nor of happiness in another.

I shall not, I think, return to town worse than I left it, and, unless I gain ground again, not much better. But, God, I humbly hope, will have mercy on me.

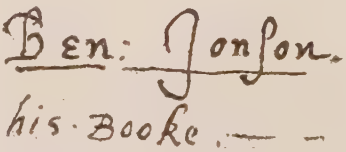
Here, indeed, is "tonic and bark for the mind." Mr. Dreer in his lifetime held this letter of Dr. Johnson's to be the most precious of all his vast collection—a collection which cost fifty years of unremitting toil and endeavor. It was toil sweetly repaid, endeavor crowned with success. "Autographic letters," said that enthusiastic antiquarian, M. Feuillet de Conches, "promise better things than the satisfaction of a sterile curiosity. A rich harvest of unhoped-for revelations wait sleeping in their folds."



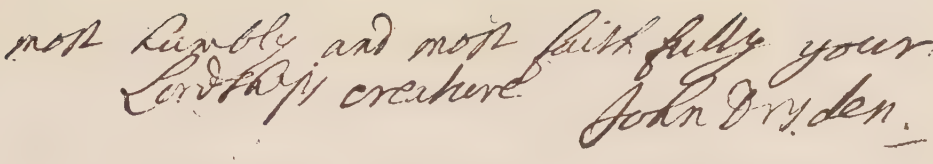
Signature of Samuel Pepys



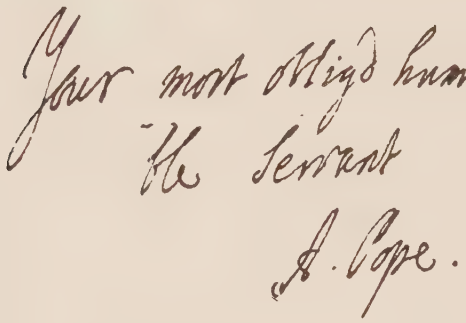
Signature of Laurence Sterne



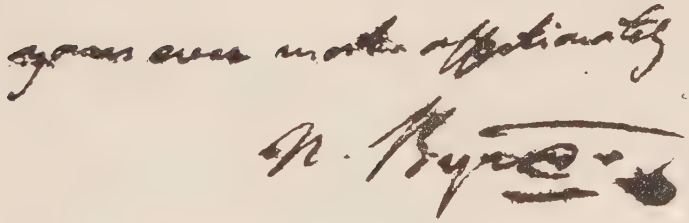
Ben Jonson's rare signature



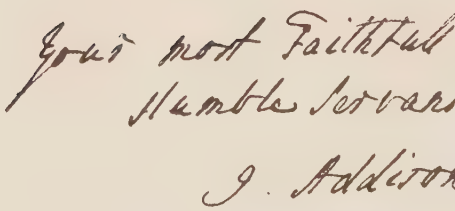
Dryden's signature. Letter asks payment of his salary as laureate



Signature of Alexander Pope



Signature of Lord Byron



Signature of Joseph Addison

Jane Austen to her sister Cassandra

of the Evil above-mentioned. I beg you will do me the Honor of making my Compliments to your unknown Lady, and believe me to be with the highest Esteem, Respect, and Gratitude

Sir,
Yr. most oblig.
most obed.
humble Servant
Henry Fielding

To the Honble
George Lyttelton Esq.

Letter from Henry Fielding

praise, for Truth is my sole ~~Author~~ Object, & it is some proof, when one offends both Sides.

I am Sr
yr most obliged
& obedient Servt
Hor. Walpole

"A most virtuous epistle from Horace Walpole"

there are some older Acquaintance than you and I;
I remain with great Truth
Sr Your most obedient
humble Servt
Jonath Swift

Signature of Jonathan Swift

I shall, I think, not return to town worse than I hope it, and unless I gain ground again, not much better. But, God, I humbly hope, will have mercy on me.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Lichfield Oct. 6. 1784

Letter from Dr. Johnson, written two months before his death

I have now complied with your request, & beg in my turn, you will commend me to all my Friends in America. I have endeavoured more than once to do the Colonies some service; & I am

Sir, your very humble servt

T. Smollett

London May 9 1763

Letter of Tobias Smollett, written to an unknown American correspondent

di voler esser l'ultimo à portare in tutte Congiunture. e questo è quanto mi occorre dirgli: favorirsami di far reu.za à Mr. Gonnelly, e mi stimi la sua gra, et il S.G. prego.

Da Bello li 9 Giugno 162[illegible]

Della P.V.M.R.

Ser.re Obl.mo Galileo G.

A remonstrance against the lingering process of the law, signed "Galileo G."

"'Yes, she was a person of consequence'"

ART INSTITUTE CHICAGO RYERSON LIBRARY

The Veil

By KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

Author of "The Quality of Genius," etc.

Illustrations by Gerald Leake

"ONE changeless tradition is upheld by all my fellow-aliens who study your glorious country," said the young Swiss biologist in his slow, accurate English. He twisted his glass in stubby, pink-and-white fingers; his blue, guileless eyes held a meditative gleam. "Namely, the unswerving convention which they all obey in describing your most gracious phenomenon, the American woman.

"Consider the uncounted volumes of impressions of America. These eminent observers may cross swords on every other theme, but your woman! For her all voices chant one harmonious peal. She may or may not be supremely beautiful, brilliant, charming; but young or old, lovely or commonplace, she differs forever from her Old-World sisters: for alone among all womankind she is supremely transparent. Her motives, her desires, are as clearly to be seen as through crystal. Never the fair unknown; always the fair obvious. *Eheu!*

"However, I myself once turned observer, and studied a woman of your America—the woman who is in my mind to-night. She was, you may say, the exception which proves this crystal rule, although, *Dieu sait,* she may not be the sole exception.

"It was a raw, cold night in autumn. We stood, a group of wrathful passengers, in the Pullman office in Boston and called down anathema upon the ticket-seller because he could not assure us of our reservations upon the Night Limited. My look was bent upon that woman because of her dignity of aspect. She had neither youth nor beauty, she was small, meager, graceless; yet, withal, she was distinguished, she was almost imperial. I perceived that she was a personage, one to whom beings of another class were creatures of outer darkness. Perhaps this impression was enhanced by her one costly adornment—a veil of superb black Spanish lace, closely swathing, yet not softening, her face, which had the hue, the texture, of a face graven in gray stone. She was even more imperial when it came her turn to address the agent. At those few words, spoken in a low, serene voice, the agent's bland unconcern became the red, enraged chagrin of the small boy who dares not even put forth his tongue in defiance. On the young face of the traveler beside me I saw a commiserating grin.

" 'Genus, *virago,*' said I.

" 'Yep. Species, *lone plute;* habitat, Brookline,' he replied, with a pensive air. His face, the face of a harlequin, lighted with mischief. Later, after we had taken our places in our car, he glanced across at our veiled lady. Yes, she was a person of consequence. That told itself in the grieved deference of the train conductor, who, august in gold braid and buttons, hovered humbly near. My neighbor continued: 'You 'll find a few specimens in every large city, but New England is their happy hunting-ground. The Fenway swarms with 'em. Unmarried women, age forty up, thin-blooded Puritan snobs, with money by cart-loads, and culture to throw to the birds. They 're a sumptuous high-brow brigade, but the whole ten thousand of 'em rolled together can't boast a drop of the warm red blood that flames in the cheek of the grimiest little Bridgie that ever blundered ashore at Ellis Island. So it 's me for Ellis Island,' he added, in his patois inscrutable, yet picturesque. 'But this specimen once had a whack at better things. Look at her hands.'

"Our lady, sheathed in her rich veil,

lifted her hands to arrange her hat; those hands shone as white as pearl. They were large, yet slender; supple, young, set on wrists molded like the wrists of a goddess. Under that ivory perfectness you saw the strength of steel.

" 'She would have been the greatest pianist of the century if grandpa had n't been a Signer and grandma a *Mayflower* descendant,' the youth went on in his sad, tranquil tone. His harlequin countenance grew grave. 'Once or twice, years ago, I heard her play in somebody's drawing-room. Play? Whe-ew! She could play to tear the heart from your breast, then fill it with fire and glory and delight. She ought to be perched on a pedestal, wearing a scratchy laurel crown, this minute. But, alas! Beacon Hill would have hoisted its sacrosanct eyebrows if a Copley, a Salem Copley, a Peabody *and* a Bromfield, should ever perform for the gross public ear. So she 's settled back meekly into her tight little Beacon Hill niche. She 's locked up all that passion and splendor, and thrown away the key. She 's chucked her talent into the ash-heap. And, take it from me, she 's the grimmest, bitterest old maid in the Essex County Blue Book. Serves her right for falling down and worshiping Beacon Hill's eyebrow. But sad luck it is for the rest of us.'

"None the less philosophically he switched on his reading-light and left me to my own thoughts. They led me far from Beacon Hill's straight heights. Yet I caught myself glancing at the woman opposite, erect, calm, her wonderful hands now hidden, her face gray stone beneath the rich veil. That veil tantalized. Could that mask be lifted, would not those harsh features betray one trace of the long struggle? For even your thin-blooded Puritan snob does not lock away all passion and delight with a light and careless hand, and golden talents do not repose tranquilly in the ash-heap.

"Perhaps, fatigued by my reflections, I dozed; for as if through sleep that terror fell—crash on crash on crash; then followed a rocking plunge; then came eternity of night.

"At last I awoke. I was lying trapped, choking in a blind, black smother. My body was bent double; my legs were a mass of pain; my head was pressed upon to bursting. All this I could endure. But what I could not endure was the darkness—the hell of darkness. Panting, I glared into that unfathomable night. Miles away I saw a tiny gleam.

"I struggled toward that pale spark. I could not move one inch. Maddened, I raved, I fought, like any other doomed beast. The dim gleam vanished. Then agony overwhelmed me; I screamed aloud.

" 'They will come back with the light. They are searching for us now,' said a voice. It was a woman's voice, very low and clear. I screamed again, but now in mad gratitude; for now I knew: I was not alone in the trap.

"My left hand was free. I clutched out wildly. My fingers tangled in something silky-soft, a weft that clung like cobweb, a woman's veil. I groped farther. My hand was seized and clasped tight in a small warm, steady hand. It gripped hard over my great trembling paw.

" 'They will come back with the light. They will find us very soon.' The low voice spoke again, and the soft hand tightened on mine so gently, as if it soothed a child. A child I was, I fear, a great sweating, gulping booby. And there we lay in the blackness, pinned down, not daring to move, and waited, waited.

"It seemed a lifetime before the train crew reached us. They hacked and wrenched and pried. At last a space opened. I could crawl free.

" 'Hike out, youse! No time to waste,' some one shouted. I was close to the gap. I will say that I had enough of decency to hold back.

" 'Go on.' From the darkness the soft hand gave me a quick push.

" 'You first, madam.'

" 'Nonsense! Do as I bid! I will follow.'

"I crawled to the gap. The men seized my arms and dragged me through. I lay gasping on the frozen ground. I did not

try to move. I was on the blessed earth, under the blessed open sky. Then out rang that voice, imperious, high:

" 'Stop, men! Don't try to lift me out. Swing that lantern down. There 's another man here; he 's unconscious. If I have light, I can pull him from under. There!'

"The brakeman swung his lantern down. There was a thud, a clatter. Now he and the conductor, crouched at the gap, were lifting out a limp, blood-stained form, the face of a harlequin, but whiter than any chalk, my young and jaunty fellow-traveler. And now they were dragging out a woman, a small, thin, elderly woman whose black clothes were smeared with blood and dust, but whose face, framed in the veil, half torn away, showed pallid and as unmoved as a face of stone.

"The men laid the boy beside me. The woman stumbled across the track. She held the lantern close, and looked at me sharply. Then, with a murmur of relief, she turned and began to feel of the boy's legs and arms. It is not possible that I can make you understand how quick she was, how quiet, how deft. Her hands flashed over him, flexed, prodded, tested, with the speed of light.

" 'No broken bones, but a hard shock. He is reviving now. But you have a bad gash on your head and some ugly bruises. Give me your handkerchief; I 'll tie up that cut. Then, if you can move, come with me. We must get the other passengers out, and quickly.'

"Even as she spoke, she had bandaged my forehead. Together we blundered down the track, guided by the brakeman's lantern, our one light in that abyss of dark. But, no. Down in the river-bottom shone another light—the red, smoking glare of the overturned engine.

"You have heard of that wreck. Engine, tender, mail-car, and the first two Pullmans, flying down-grade at high speed, struck a broken rail, and were hurled over an embankment into water and quicksand, twenty feet below. Engine and tender plunged deep into the mire, but the mail-car, an ancient coach of wood, split in two, then heaved itself on top of the tender, and lay swaying, a mass of splintered boards and iron, ready to fall at a touch. Of the hundred-odd passengers, few were dangerously hurt, not one fatally. Most of us were on the three rear Pullmans, which were overturned, but remained on the embankment. You will recall the rejoicing head-lines, so brutal, so naïve: 'Wreck Of The Limited Results Providentially! Only Trainmen Killed!'

"It was an accurate statement. To the engineer the end must have come like a thunderbolt. When we had crawled out through water and mire as far as we dared, and peered at the mass of red-hot iron, seething, half-submerged, we knew that furnace could hold no life. But the fireman—

" 'He might 'a' jumped, then been caught under the tender,' said the brakeman. 'Maybe, if that mail-car was n't stacked on top—and if he was n't pinned down too near the boiler—'

" 'We 'll never reach him. He 's smothered in the sand, or else crushed to death. We 've got to look after the passengers. My train! My Limited, piled up like this!' the conductor muttered. He was a big, blustering, handsome man, but his gilt-braided cap had been knocked off. Losing that demolished all his dignity. In the dim light, his bald head, with the livid bruises, was a spectacle preposterous and forlorn.

" 'Yes, he 's got to wait for the wrecking-crew. Dead or alive, we could n't never get him out.' The brakeman started away. But the woman grasped his arm.

" 'He will not wait for the wrecking-crew. You wade out, close to the tender, and hold the lantern. I 'll wade around the engine, and grope in the water on the farther side till I find him.'

"We tried to hold her back. The brakeman swore and entreated. The old conductor babbled miserably. I got hold of her dress, and hung to it like a stubborn baby. She would have to wade, in the black darkness, through water and quicksand, how deep no one could say.

She would have to grope through mire and wreckage, with not one chance in a thousand of finding the fireman. Above her would sway the heap of junk that had been the mail-car, and now hung on edge, toppling. At any moment the whole swaying mass might pitch down. And even if by miracle she should find the boy, and find him not held down by wreckage, how could she drag his heavy body back? 'F'r the big hulkin' young husky he is, ma'am, twice the size of yerself.' More, they must not wait to help her. Passengers first. It was the law of the road. 'We 're goin' back to the passengers, ma'am. We got to.'

" 'Hold that lantern for me, you, then!' She thrust the lantern into my hand, seized my arm, and thrust me up the muddy slope of the embankment. 'Hold it high, now. And steady! Don't you dare let it fall and go out!'

"Dizzy, shaking with weakness, I stood and held the lantern, as high as my wavering arm could lift it. Straight out into the icy black water she strode, knee-deep, waist-deep. Her veil had slipped from her head. I remember how the river wind tossed its black folds, even as it blew the thick smoke that eddied round her.

"A moment we men stood watching, too amazed and daunted to speak or move. Then that small dark, urging shape disappeared behind the dark heap that had been the engine.

"Wait? It was five minutes, perhaps. But it was to me as if we waited hours on hours. Three able-bodied men we were, and sorely needed among the wrecked coaches. We had no right to waste precious moments on this mad hope. But not one of us moved. I do not think we could move. At last a faint hail.

" 'Two of you wade out around the engine. Bring the lantern.'

"Obediently the brakeman and I splashed out toward that commanding voice.

"She was standing at the farther side of the tender, leaning against it for support against the icy current that swept her knees. She held a limp form against her shoulder: a big ghastly-faced boy of twenty, his eyes shut, the blood oozing from a broad cut on his forehead.

" 'He was lying unconscious in the mud. He 's badly hurt and half-drowned. One of you take hold of his knees. I 'll carry his shoulders. Careful with that lantern, now!'

"Dazed, the brakeman obeyed her. Half dragging, half carrying that dead weight, the two floundered back. Just as they reached the foot of the embankment there was a crash, a sucking thud. The mail-car pitched over and drove deep into the mire at the very spot where the woman had stood, that helpless shape in her arms, barely a minute before.

" 'Here, ketch ahold!' The brakeman put the body down for a moment, and took the lantern from my hand. Then he raced after the conductor, who was already running down the track at top speed, back to the overturned Pullmans. I knew I must go, too, but first I helped the woman to drag the body up the bank. There I left her, and ran after the men.

"Mercifully, little remained for us to do. Most of the passengers had already fought their way out of the wreck. It was a curious scene. People stood about in the freezing darkness, blank, quiet. Those who were injured made no moan. Even the winds seemed dazed to silence.

"In a fence-corner I found my young traveling acquaintance, very wan, but quite clear of wit. Together we wandered away down the track. I think we both had a vague wish to find the woman, to speak our thanks. But when we saw her we forgot.

"She had set one passenger to building a fire of planks. She had ordered another out of his overcoat. She had seized bandages, right and left: a lace frill from one woman, a necktie from a man, the silk lining of her own cloak. Some one had torn it out at her bidding. Before her, moveless clay, lay the young fireman. Jaw set, that colorless, lean face narrowed to an edge of steel, she was working over him like a field-surgeon. The skill, the strength, the tenderness of that small

"'I saw the law of life and death pushed aside by two frail human hands, those white, slender, imperious hands. I saw, *Hélas!* what am I that I dare try to tell?'"

grim, silent creature! No. One finds no words to tell.

"We asked timidly if we might aid. She motioned us back. One saw that we were not wished. We were in the way. We crept off down the track as if we moved in some dull, endless dream.

"After a while we crept back again. The boy still lay supine, his broad, well-featured young face a little more ashen, a little more sunk and gray. The woman still worked over him. She had put on tourniquets, and stopped the frightful bleeding; she had washed off the mire, and bandaged his bruised forehead. Now she was rubbing his big, cold, grimy hands. Her own hands flashed as swift as wings in the wavering light. As I watched their sure, flying movements, I felt a queer, bewildered wonder. Those hands of genius, which could pour out music to overflow your heart—

"The night lagged on. It seemed an eternity before the first relief engine roared in. It brought blankets and brandy and stretchers, and, best of all, a doctor, a smart suburban doctor, snatched down to our aid like a god from a cloud, and feeling, one regrets to say it, distinctly heaven-born. He bent and examined the fireman hastily. Then he turned to the woman. She had not looked up. Her eyes were fastened always on the clay-white face on her knee.

"The doctor gave her half a glance. That half-glance perceived her torn and muddy blouse, the mired skirt frozen to her knees, her disordered hair. Assuredly, it perceived nothing more.

" 'My good woman, you have done admirably,'—he spoke with brisk, arrogant authority,—'but your patient is past all aid. Leave him, and help me see to the passengers. It can be a matter of only a few minutes now.'

"I looked at him. I looked at the woman. Then, in that very gate of life and death, I felt myself strangling with wild, dismayed laughter. And close at my side I heard my companion's gulp of rapture:

" 'Oh, Lord! *Oh,* Lord! Now just watch him get his!'

"A moment she pondered. A faint smile crossed her face.

" 'Very well, my good man. If the time is so short, I can surely be spared—till then. In the meantime you may go.' Her eyes swept him, shriveled him, then their cold flame blazed upon the waiting ring of us. 'Go, I say—every one!'

"They went, all save myself. I had not the wits to haul my undesired carcass away. I sat huddled by the fire, and stared and stared at the woman, her narrow, calm face, her grim mouth, her dark, impenetrable eyes, fixed always on the dying face on her knee. Perhaps I had some dim prescience, yet, in my wildest dreams I could never vision—"

He stopped abruptly, and wrung the stem of his glass between his strong fingers. His blond, stolid face twitched queerly. His voice grew a little husky.

"What I saw then, my friend, is past believing. Scarcely can I myself believe the warrant of my own senses. I am a biologist, remember. I am not an imaginative person. I perceive that two and two make four. I know that never, while the world lasts, can two and two make five. But, hark you, in that hour I sat by and watched the iron certainties of life put by and made a mock of. I saw the law of life and death pushed aside by two frail human hands, those white, slender, imperious hands. I saw, *Hélas!* what am I that I dare try to tell!

"Then, glimmering up the track, like a sick, tired ghost, came the conductor. He bent his bruised head; he put out his hand.

" 'Madam, I beg you, come away. It is not possible that you should save him.'

"She did not seem to hear. She did not even look up. A moment the man stood, fretted, irresolute. Then he stumbled away.

"She did not see him go. She was stooping over the boy. Her hands clasped him, her face bent to him, illumined. And then I saw, and saw without wonder, only with a great awe, that it was not life alone she would bestow. In all reverence, I say it: it was her love she gave."

Again his even voice grew a little hoarse.

"Yes, perhaps it was the eternal miracle that I looked upon. There I watched her—watched this woman who had never borne a child, this cold New England virgin, withered on her stalk, as she sat there, with that broken, miry young body gathered to her lean breast. And minute by minute I winced for shame, but could not turn my eyes away. For it was as if the veil before that woman's deepest being was flung aside, while I, barbarian, stood and gaped, open-mouthed, as at some white, hidden shrine. So it was that I looked in upon the real woman, profound, unchanging as the stars. Not the musician, so crowned with talent, so sourly thwarted, not the great lady, insolent and bland; but the intrinsic woman, the very flesh and spirit of Mary, Mother—her eyes of love, her hands so eager to give, her very breast of motherhood. With those hands, so wise, so gentle, she had bound his torn limbs. Now, with all the might of her soul, she would urge that failing soul back to the weary flesh.

"Then at last it was gray dawn. And the smart suburban doctor, much subdued, no longer pompous, stood beside us once more. Very deferentially he bent to feel the boy's wrist.

" 'The ambulance is here at last, madam. A motor-car has been sent for you, and there are several telegrams for you. Your friends are much concerned. We will take the boy to the hospital. You have done marvels! I had not dreamed—' He broke off, mumbling apologies.

"She rose, reluctant. She said no word as the men laid the boy on the stretcher. Only she stood and looked and looked at him, at that faint, unmistakable hue of returning life on his still face.

"Then I saw that the tears were streaming down her face.

"No, she was not beautiful enough to dare tears. Few women are. I remember, too, that her cheek was pitifully flushed and stained, her thin mouth quivering. But I know that from my one glance at that weeping face I had bowed my head; for it was to me as if I had looked upon the face of an angel.

"Then in a moment she raised her head. Her trembling lips set into harsh, even lines. She took up her torn coat and thrust it on.

" 'Your limousine is waiting, Miss Bromfield,' ventured the conductor. He gazed at her with a mournful eye. 'The —this gentleman represents the railroad company. He regrets, as do we all, the inconvenience to which you have been put. If you will speak with him—'

" 'Ah.' Her cold eyes perused the stout, obsequious personage at his side. 'I will refer the gentleman to my attorneys. I do not care to make any statement. That is all.'

"She grasped the rich, torn folds of her veil and drew them close over her face. As she put it on, it was as if she put on once more the austere mask of her icy panoply. Beneath it her eyes hardened, her lips grew cold; her face grew as harsh and pale as a granite wedge.

" 'Where is my car, Conductor? Put it at the service of the injured passengers. I 'll go with the ambulance.'

"We gaped after the ambulance as it plunged away. One last glimpse we had of the lean, small figure, erect on the intern's seat. Even beneath the soft shadows of her veil that face was a profile cut in gray stone.

"Then, close at my side, I heard a weak chuckle.

" 'Genus, *virago*. The grimmest, bitterest old maid in the Essex County Blue Book.' It was the voice of my jaunty fellow-traveler. He was sniveling, frankly and quite ridiculously. He blew his nose with a gesture tragic and abased. With his plastered jaw, the droll, white furrows which tears had streaked down his smoke-blackened face, he looked more than ever the harlequin. And, like the harlequin, he must bedizen his thought in foolery. Yet he put it all into words,—our chagrin, our amazement, the reverence unspeakable that filled our hearts,—into his own patois, atrocious, serene. 'Say, old man, had n't we better guess again?' "

Jackson Square and the Cathedral of St. Louis, New Orleans

A Democratic Despot

Our Nation in the Building

By HELEN NICOLAY

Author of "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln"

Part VI. Chapter VIII

ANDREW JACKSON was sixty-two years old when he became President, and "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated," though seven years before, in a fit of disgust and temporary ill health, he had retired to his estate to pass the sunset of his life in stock-breeding and horse-racing.

Washington had given him his first office in 1791, making him United States district attorney "for the whole district south of the Ohio." He took part in the convention that formed a state constitution for Tennessee, and represented her in both branches of Congress within a few months of her admission to the Union. What little impression he made upon his colleagues and upon the staid city of Philadelphia was then unfavorable. Jefferson, who was presiding officer of the Senate, remembered that he was "so passionate he would choke with rage when he attempted to speak."

He had not the judicial temperament, yet in 1798 he was made judge of the supreme court of Tennessee, and held the office successfully for about five years. Thus he had more than twenty years of experience, legislative and judicial, to his credit before he came into his own as warrior. But nature will out, and even on the bench his methods were militant. "Though unlearned in the law, he knew well how to enforce order," says General Scott, who tells a picturesque tale of Judge Jackson having himself summoned as a posse to

subdue an offender who proved too much for the sheriff, descending from the bench, personally knocking the culprit into submission, placing him before the bar, and then remounting to pronounce sentence, proceedings unusual, but eminently suited to the emergency.

To keep his own counsel, to move straight toward his object, to strike hard, and to care little what precedents were broken by the blow were his invariable rules of action. "The red tape was never made that could bind those lean muscular limbs of his," says a biographer. He had little opportunity and no desire to learn the technic of arms. As President he held cabinet counsels in small esteem. He was willing to be judge, sheriff, and posse in one, and he would doubtless gladly have acted as an overwhelming majority in Congress, but not as a unanimous vote, for opposition was as the incense of battle to his nostrils.

His military fame began with the campaign against the Creek Indians in 1813, when, in addition to the usual hazards of Indian warfare, he faced mutiny and starvation among his own troops. He rode along the rebellious line, threatening to shoot the first man who turned homeward; he himself set the example of living upon acorns; and he brought to a victorious end an expedition unimportant in itself, but one that combined with others to bring about notable results.

Tecumseh, the moving spirit among the Indians of the Northwest, had recently fallen at the battle of the Thames, in Canada. His scheme for a federation of the tribes perished with him, and this campaign of Jackson's broke the power of the Indians in the Southwest as well, making it possible for military forces to move where they would through territory that the Indians had heretofore held against all comers.

This campaign had also an important bearing on the war with England. At the beginning of his expedition he informed the secretary of war that he had no scruples whatever against crossing the border and carrying the flag to Mobile, Pensacola, or St. Augustine, the excuse for such invasion being that England was occupying these places and profiting by the hospitality of Spain. The administration's cautious answer, not forbidding this, but pointing out that it was necessary first to make sure that Spain willingly allowed England to occupy her territory, reached Jackson after the war was well over. Meantime he forged ahead and did what he saw fit, his success shining brighter by contrast with the gloom elsewhere. As a reward, he was appointed from the volunteer service into the regular army, which he had twice before tried to enter.

Then came his high-handed and brilliant defense of New Orleans, carried on very much as he conducted his campaign against mutiny and desertion, by force of indomitable will and heartening example. He had several thousand good men, each one of whom could shoot straight and think for himself, but who together made up a very badly disciplined army. They were of many nationalities and of every complexion under the sun. One of the small gunboats in the river was manned by New-Englanders; another by a swarthy crew drawn from the sailor population of the water-front, Portuguese, Norwegians, West Indian Spaniards, and French smugglers like the notorious brothers Lafitte, who in this time of stress scorned British overtures and rendered Jackson such service that their former misdeeds were pardoned. The local militia was made up of blacks and whites, French and Americans, among them a band of free negroes. Jackson had a few regulars, but they were raw and new to the service; his chief hope lay in the Tennessee volunteers, who reached him over nearly impassable roads on the very day that the British commander forced his way through watery lanes of swamp and bayou into the Mississippi River, only a few miles below New Orleans. His volunteers were the sort with which Jackson had won his victories over the Indians—frontiersmen in leggings and coonskin caps, of unquestioned bravery and unerring aim, and only a shade less determined than Jackson himself.

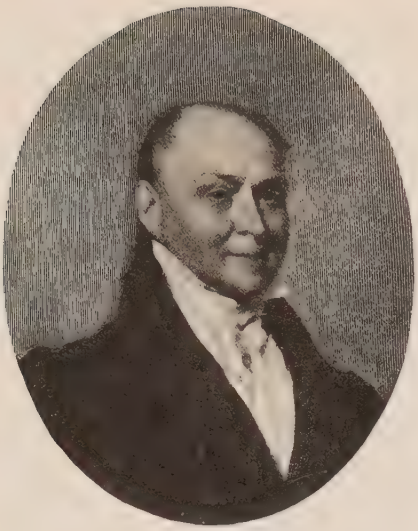
In the final encounter the British commander Packenham had double the numbers at Jackson's disposal, all veterans seasoned in Napoleonic wars; but they were too well trained to presume to use the brains the Lord had given them. Packenham mistook the character of his opponent, and threw away much of his usual caution, so that the two generals met on an equality of rashness, if not of numbers. They had also the same material out of which to build redouts, Mississippi mud, for the tale that Jackson defended New Orleans from behind bales of cotton has been relegated to fable. At the end of the battle, after barely half an hour of fighting, the British works were battered to pieces, while those of the Americans came out of the ordeal almost uninjured. The British loss was twenty-five hundred, including the commanding general; that of the Americans was eight killed and thirteen wounded. Nothing further need be said either in eulogy of American marksmanship or British courage.

There were picturesque features in the defense, apart from the fighting. The tact of the "Tennessee barbarian" in handling the high-spirited inhabitants of New Orleans was equaled only by his success in bending them to his will. He pressed rich and poor, slave and free, into his service; proclaimed military law, put a stop to all business except the imperative one of preparation, and after his victory over the British completed his conquest of the people by calling upon the Rev. Abbe Dubourg to hold public services of thanksgiving in the cathedral, by allowing himself to be crowned with laurel by the gentle nuns of the Ursuline convent, who had prayed for him during the battle, and by a personal court scene of dramatic intensity.

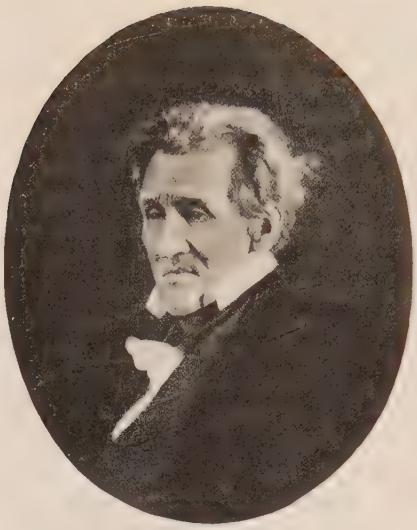
During the preparations for defense he had paid small heed to civil authority. A judge tried to interfere when he proclaimed martial law. He ignored the writ, ordered the arrest of the judge, and sent him beyond the military lines. After civil authority was restored, the judge returned the compliment by arresting Jackson and fining him a thousand dollars for contempt of court. By this time Jackson was the idol of the city, and the audience in the crowded court-room seemed on the point of becoming an angry mob. Jackson mounted a bench, begged his friends to show their regard for him by showing respect for the law, paid his fine, and turned to depart; whereupon the populace went quite mad, and, taking the horses from his carriage, dragged it to his hotel, shouting all the way. Twenty-five years later Congress, with no little oratory and ceremony, remitted the fine.

General Scott, whose professional admi-

The Hermitage, Jackson's home near Nashville, Tennessee



John Quincy Adams



Andrew Jackson

ration for Jackson was tinged by personal dislike, thought him all wrong in this struggle with the courts. "For the glorious defense of New Orleans, Congress voted thanks and a gold medal," he wrote in his autobiography. "That measure of justice was short at both ends. Censure and a monument should have been added."

At the end of the war the army was reduced to a peace footing, but Jackson remained in the service, and in 1817 another Indian campaign brought him before the public in a far from agreeable light. Florida still belonged to Spain, and the Seminole Indians had a way of making sudden raids across the border into Georgia. The Spanish colony offered them a safe place of retreat after an orgy of murder and pillage. It was also a refuge for white criminals of many nations and kinds, who added their iniquity to the forays. The raids became so frequent and daring that Jackson was ordered to put an end to them. The exact degree of authority given him was later a subject of bitter dispute. He claimed that he had distinct orders to invade Florida, and that the Government knew and approved his belief that eastern Florida should be taken and held as indemnity for outrages upon our citizens. The administration denied this.

Whatever his orders, he did not stop until he had taken Pensacola and accidentally executed two Englishmen that he found there helping the Indians. This raised a storm at home and abroad. Resolutions of censure were introduced in both branches of Congress, and debated to the exclusion of all other business, in one house or the other, for the space of twenty-seven days. The House finally voted to sustain him, while the Senate laid the resolution on the table, Clay making a speech arraigning Jackson, for which he was never forgiven.

In Monroe's cabinet discussion was equally violent, though not made public. Long years afterward Jackson learned that Calhoun, secretary of state, had favored disavowing Jackson's acts and holding him to account, and on the instant his previous admiration for the South Carolinian changed to undying hate. John Q. Adams upheld him, being the only member of the cabinet to do so, and cited authorities on international law and instances of history to prove that the impetuous general was well within his rights. Jackson learned of this at the time, but ungratefully pooh-poohed the attempt to thrust him into the academic past.

"Damn Grotius!" he said. "Damn Pufendorf! Damn Vattel! This is a mere matter between Jim Monroe and myself."

Jim Monroe meanwhile, with Adams's help, framed a reply to Spanish protests which was a triumph of diplomacy, since it upheld Jackson, promised to give up Pensacola to any one authorized to receive it, and offered Spain a sum of money for the territory in dispute, thus managing successfully to be on every side of the question at once. And Spain, seeing that Florida would sooner or later pass into our hands, took the reply and the cash in a friendly spirit, concluding a treaty in 1819 by which she transferred her colony to the United States for the sum of five million dollars.

The first important act of Monroe's second term was to appoint Jackson governor of the new Territory of Florida, a position the annoyances and embarrassments of which the hero of New Orleans found to outweigh its advantages. It was from this office that he resigned in disgust to pass his declining years in Tennessee. But he was too much a born leader of men to be content with molding the destinies and promoting the victories of horses and cattle.

He returned to the United States Senate in 1823, and in 1824 Adams, alive to the strength the general's popularity would add to his own unemotional ticket, suggested that the vice-presidency would be a nice place for his old age. Jackson was in truth less than four months older than Adams. The idea of deliberately accepting second place to anybody did not appeal to him, but his claim to first place was worked up so effectively during the campaign of 1824, largely through the efforts of his friend Major Lewis of Tennessee, a most adroit politician, that the House of Representatives had to choose between him and Mr. Adams.

General Lafayette was in Washington at the time this vote was taken, and witnessed the meeting between Adams and Jackson that night at the White House. Jackson hastened to congratulate the successful candidate, and the newspapers noticed and praised the cordiality of victor and vanquished. Perhaps the influence of the kindly Frenchman smoothed over the rough edges of the situation. They did not long remain smooth. Clay was unforgiven because of his speech of censure, and when Jackson learned that Clay was to be Adams's secretary of state, the charge of bribery rose naturally to his impulsive lips. With the passing days his ire grew to include Adams as well, and in October of that year he resigned his seat in the Senate and came out squarely as a candidate for President in the next election, still more than three years in the future. His charge was corruption in high places. "Shall the Government or the people rule?" he asked, coining a good phrase that carried far; and soon he was accusing Adams, in effect, if not in words, with being a usurper, and calling him and his administration "these enemies of liberty."

His election was an innovation. The American Presidents heretofore had been men of a different type, differently educated, and achieving the Presidency as the crowning honor of a long official career. Jackson's civil experiences had been sufficiently varied and stretched over a sufficient length of years, but were more remarkable for energetic disregard of precedent than for carrying out the laws. This, however, troubled the rank and file of his followers very little. Jackson was a candidate from the new West, where short cuts through means to ends were the fashion, and his military record, always a formidable asset in this peace-loving land of ours, was eminently satisfactory.

His political methods were largely those of the military chief. This campaign of 1828 showed on both sides a more thorough organization and more skilful use of party machinery than any that had gone before. Feeling ran high, and quarter was neither given nor asked. The "silk vestings, printed with excellent likenesses of the candidates," and the tape-needles stamped with their names, which can still be found among the treasures of granddaughters of that generation, were hidden under a deluge of abusive pamphlets. Hand-bills spread abroad woodcuts of scurrilous import. One headed by a row of coffins charged Jackson with premedi-

tated murder in duel and in court-martial. Another, issued by Jackson's partizans, showed John Quincy Adams using a horse-whip on a crippled old soldier who dared come near him to ask a favor. Newspapers published extras full of slanders and refutations in a succession that would seem slow enough now, used as we are to a dozen editions in a morning, but were then a marvel of journalistic enterprise.

After Jackson's election his party machinery was not allowed to rust. He and his friends were astute enough to see the "penetrating" power of the press, and used it throughout his administration.

"Every deputy postmaster is required to insert in his return the title of every newspaper received at his office for distribution," Mrs. Trollope was told while in Washington. "This return is laid before the secretary of state, who, perfectly knowing the political character of each newspaper, is thus enabled to feel the pulse of each limb of the monster mob."

David Crockett, whose career in Congress was cut short by Jackson's mandate in 1831, testifies that "each editor was furnished with the journals of Congress from headquarters, and hunted out every vote I had missed in four sessions whether from sickness or not, no matter, and each was charged against me at eight dollars, a day's pay. In all I had missed about seventy votes which they made amount to $560, and they contended I had swindled the Government out of that sum, as I received my pay as other members do." That, and making spurious engagements for him to speak all over his district which he could not keep, because knowing nothing about them, while his opponents took care to be on hand to ridicule and denounce him, cost him his seat. But at the next election he was ready for them, and won despite their tactics.

Rachel, wife of Andrew Jackson
In a locket worn by the President

When Jackson was renominated and re-elected in 1832, his running-mate was Martin Van Buren of New York, whose whole life had been spent in adroit manipulation of his fellow-voters; and in this union of political forces and methods of East and West the country saw something in political team-work the like of which it had not dreamed. This same year 1832 saw the beginning of the system of nominating Presidential candidates in national conventions and of setting forth party aims in party platforms. But the "spontaneous unanimity" of Jackson's renomination was doubtless greatly aided by his firm hold upon the press.

At the time of his first election Jackson's wife was still living. Her name was dragged into the canvass, and she was subjected to rougher usage than should fall to the lot of any woman. She died in the Christmas season preceding his inauguration. He was devotedly attached to her, and a wave of personal sympathy swept over the country. The crowds that gathered to greet him on his lonely way to Washington met him with a respectful silence more eloquent than applause. Being American crowds, they remained for the most part covered as their ranks opened for the gaunt old man in deep mourning who walked bareheaded among them in the chill air. "He looked," said a for-

eigner who saw him, "like a gentleman and a soldier."

It was on February 11, the day the electoral votes were counted, that he arrived in Washington and took up his residence at Gadsby's, an inn famous in stage-coaching days. He declined to call upon President Adams, implying that he could not bring himself to touch the hand of a man who had attained office through unworthy means. He busied himself with the office-seekers, who rushed to Washington in incredible numbers, likewise avoiding Adams, to flock around the power that was to be. Adams, resenting this breach of etiquette, took no official or social notice of his successor, and left the city on the third of March, neither he nor any member of his cabinet remaining to welcome Jackson to office.

But the populace was there in force. Never had Washington seen such inauguration crowds. A man of the people had been elected President at last, and the people came rejoicing to see him take his oath. "They really seem to think the country has been rescued from some danger," wrote Webster.

On the morning of the fourth of March those fortunate to secure a commanding position on Capitol Hill looked down upon Pennsylvania Avenue alive with carts and carriages full of women and children, their male escorts walking beside them. At last a small company of men was seen marching compactly through this crowd up the middle of the avenue, one tall figure holding his hat in his hand while the wind played through his wilful gray locks. There was something military in the sight, something most unmilitary in the rabble of people shouting themselves hoarse in acclaim of the spare, erect figure. It was an expression of popular will and popular trust that gripped the heart and sent an ache to the throats even of those who feared the "Tennessee barbarian" and his host.

After taking the oath of office, Jackson returned to the White House on horseback, followed indiscriminately by white and black, rich and poor, men, women, and children, who swarmed over the lawn and through the rooms of the Executive Mansion, where no police provision had been made for such an onslaught. The courageous old warrior was forced that day to do what he seldom did: he retreated, and sought refuge in his old quarters at Gadsby's. Current rumor had it that a quantity of china and cut glass to the value of several thousand dollars was broken in an attempt to get refreshments to the multitude, and that finally great tubs of punch were carried out in front of the house, but that "hogsheads would not have been enough."

No man has had warmer supporters or bitterer enemies than Jackson, and of no man have more contradictory descriptions been written than of him. He had innate dignity. Webster thought him "more presidential" than the other candidates in 1824, when the others included the imposing Crawford, the learned Adams, and Clay with all his magnetism. A life of hardship made him look all of his sixty-two years, but his long, straight legs still bore him well, and his long, narrow face under the iron-gray hair tumbling all ways at once was illuminated by small, but wonderfully alert, blue eyes that seemed to "scintillate light."

He was not arrogant, although "not a man to suffer a difference of opinion with equanimity." He was simply so sure of being right that the possibility of being wrong did not find lodgment in his brain; and being energetic in the cause of right, things happened wherever he might be.

Things began to happen the moment he was President. He hated fiercely, and at this instant hated no man more bitterly than Henry Clay. Van Buren, who was to succeed Clay as secretary of state, was governor of New York and could not immediately assume the new office. But Jackson did not purpose to leave Clay in possession one minute longer than the law required. As he was starting to the Capitol to take the oath, he thrust a paper into the hands of Colonel James Hamilton of New York, son of Alexander Hamilton, saying:

"Colonel, you do not care to see me inaugurated."

"Indeed I do," the other protested. "I came here for that purpose."

"No," Jackson insisted. "Go to the State House, and as soon as you hear the gun fired, I am President and you are secretary. Go, and take charge of the department." This was the manner of his first appointment, and the others were quite as arbitrary.

Fewer than seventy-five people had been removed from office during the forty years of the Government's existence. Washington had removed nine and recalled one foreign minister; John Adams also removed nine; Jefferson thirty-nine; Madison five, three of them defaulters; Monroe had displaced nine, and John Quincy Adams two. Sentiment in favor of a short tenure of the higher federal offices had gradually increased, helped on by the refusal of both Washington and Jefferson to be President a third time. In 1820 a law had been passed making four years the legal term for certain federal financial offices, and in the States it became more and more unusual for governors to serve more than two or three successive terms, while in some of them the entrance into office of a new governor was a signal for turning out the appointees of his predecessor. But it was through Jackson that the idea of rotation in office reached the national civil service. He came into power on a wave of reform, making the question, "Shall the Government or the people rule?" do alternate duty with charges of bribery and corruption; and in the first year of his Presidency he made 690 removals, selecting successors on some whimsical plan of his own that he did not trouble to explain to his supporters. "No thought appeared to be given to the fitness of the persons for their places," according to Colonel Hamilton. "I am sure I never heard one word in relation thereto, and I certainly had repeated conversations with him in regard to these appointments."

There was doubtless need of change. Forty years of undisturbed possession had given time for old age to creep in and occupy the chairs of many minor officials; one of the great bureaus was known as the "Octogenarian Department." But such wholesale turning out spread terror through the government service. When Jackson had been President only a week Clay compared the plight of the office-holders to that of the inhabitants of Cairo in time of plague. "No one knows who is next to encounter the stroke of death or, which is with many of them the same thing, to be dismissed from office. You have no conception of the moral tyranny which prevails here." And against this moral tyranny he inveighed in the drawing-rooms of society, "reclining," as was his fashion, perhaps the fashion of the day, on friendly and comfortable sofas, while the air pulsated to his rich eloquence, and his hearers, many of whom were feminine, and most of whom were suffering in apprehension, if not in fact, from the acts of the new tyrant, fervently wished that Providence had seen fit to make this wise statesman President.

The Senate, dazed and hypnotized, confirmed Jackson's many appointments as they were sent in. Webster was convinced that it would have rejected half of them if freed from the compelling power of his popularity with country constituents.

The charges of corruption, which had been lavishly used, had been sadly overworked, but Jackson made the most of the very small proportion of fraud he did discover. The only official of any prominence caught robbing the Government, a fourth auditor of the Treasury, whose stealing amounted to about two thousand dollars, was promptly convicted and placed in a cell, over the door of which Jackson, with grim ferocity, ordered a label to be placed reading, "Criminal Department."

Thus he started on his term of office, opinionated, energetic, and sincere. He was soon at daggers' points with Calhoun, who had accepted the Vice-Presidency on the understanding that Jackson wanted only one term and that he was to be his successor. The President was as bitter as ever against Clay and had quarreled with

every member of his cabinet except Van Buren, the secretary of state, who was as diplomatic as his chief was dictatorial, and deliberately set himself to humor Jackson's eccentricities with a view to mastering the situation and climbing into the Presidency. Fortune favored him in this by throwing a social scandal into the political arena, one of those small tempests that carry large consequences.

The cause of the trouble was the vivacious lady lately married to General Eaton, Jackson's secretary of war. She was referred to in Washington as Bellona, because she was plucky and a stirrer-up of strife. The ladies of the cabinet thought they knew entirely too much about her past both as Peggy O'Neil, the jolly and clever daughter of a local innkeeper jesting with her father's patrons, and later as the wife of a purser in the navy who had chosen to end his earthly troubles by blowing out his brains. They had no intention of taking such a person into their exclusive circle, and, drawing their skirts about them, refused to sit at table with her or to attend receptions to which she was invited. Mrs. Calhoun sided with them, thus helping to widen the breach between the President and the Vice-President. Van Buren, on the other hand, in the freedom of widowerhood, sided with the testy Jackson and acquired merit thereby. Jackson chose to believe the attack on Mrs. Eaton an attempt to drive her husband out of the cabinet, and suspected Clay of being at the bottom of it. It was in a way a repetition of attacks that had been made upon his own wife. His political animosity, his gallantry,—he was an ardent defender of slandered virtue,—and his natural pugnacity were all aroused. He stormed, and ordered his cabinet to order their wives to treat the wife of his secretary of war with respect. The poor cabinet, caught between the upper and nether millstones of Presidential and domestic tyranny, signified that it was helpless. One man, braver than the rest, answered that he could not allow the President to interfere in the management of his household and that he was willing to resign. Jackson thundered that he had not made a cabinet to please the ladies, but to govern the country.

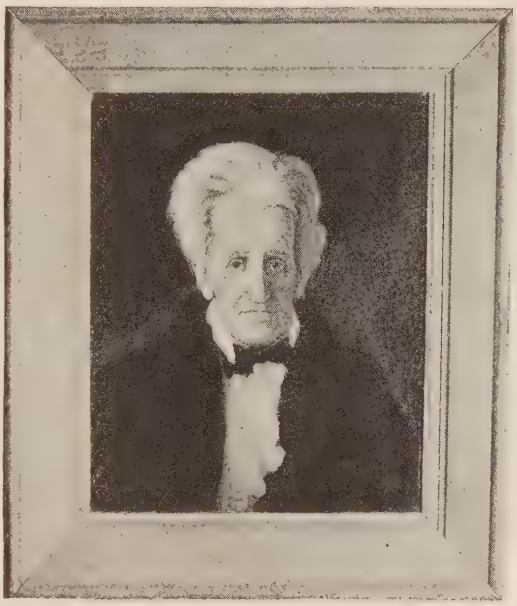
In his encounter with the ladies of Washington, Jefferson had routed them. In this more serious affair the more wilful President had to submit. Gradually the matter died down, but not before it put an end to all cordiality between him and the heads of the departments, Van Buren only excepted. They remained heads of departments and nothing more. When Jackson wished advice or help he received it from a group of half a dozen men personally agreeable to him, but without official position or responsibility, who became known as his kitchen cabinet. One of them was Major Lewis, who had ably managed his campaign in 1824. Another was Amos Kendall of Massachusetts and Tennessee, whom Harriet Martineau described as a "twilight person" working with "goblin extent" and "goblin speed" in the affairs of his chief. Another was Francis P. Blair, who long remained a power in politics. These men were honest enough, but deft and crafty, working his bidding with consummate skill and keeping the public guessing.

In this their chief was no whit behind them. One element of Jackson's interest for friends and foes alike was his unexpectedness. Nobody was quite sure what he would do next. Some laid this to studied design, some to the natural expression of a temperament the very violence of which had its fascination. His favorite threat was to "cut off the ears" of any one who differed with him: his favorite oath, "By the Eternal," a euphemism for a shorter word that would have greatly distressed his pious wife.

His intentions were uniformly good. The summing up of his foreign policy, "Ask nothing but what is right, submit to nothing wrong," was really the summing up of his attitude toward the world. When not angry he was just. When angry, which often happened, the chances of his being just were about fifty in a hundred. Long experience had taught him also that a certain amount of bluster was effective.

Henry A. Wise insisted that he was a consummate actor, and that often his towering passions were simulated for a purpose; but the moment the door closed behind one of his victims he would resume his pipe with a chuckle and say, "He thought I was mad."

He smoked, Mr. Wise tells us, "as he did everything else, with all his might," puff, puff, whiff, whiff, until the room was so blue it was difficult to see the spare figure sitting with knees crossed, the long reed pipe-stem resting in the hollow between them and extending nearly to the floor. Naturally choleric, he had the tenderness that goes with a warm, rich nature. Benton surprised him at his home in Tennessee sitting beside the fire in the twilight fondling a lamb and a little child. He seemed a bit embarrassed at being caught thus off his guard. Kendall, his trusted friend and amanuensis, said that in all their intercourse he never saw him in a rage or heard him swear.



Last portrait of Jackson

On the whole, he usually acted better than his friends dared hope. Buchanan, himself a model of propriety in dress and deportment, tells of going to inform him of the visit of a distinguished English lady, and of finding him looking more than usually unkempt and unpresidential behind his haze of tobacco smoke. Gathering his courage, Buchanan asked respectfully if his Excellency did not wish to make some change in his toilet before granting the interview. Jackson eyed him while he knocked the ashes out of his pipe with great deliberation and answered:

"Buchanan, I want to give you a bit of advice that I hope you will remember. I knew a man once who made his fortune by attending to his own business. Tell the lady I will see her presently." And "presently" he appeared shaven and brushed, in clothes of ceremony, with a manner so gracious and cordial that the lady exclaimed on leaving, "Your republican President is a royal model of a gentleman."

Naturally hospitable, his home in Tennessee was overrun with guests, among whom he moved more as a fellow-guest than as a host. Sometimes he sent out and compelled friends to come in. Learning that the son of Daniel Boone was staying at a near-by inn, he sent him the message, "Your father's dog should not stay at a tavern where I have a house." He did not leave his hospitality behind him in Tennessee, but as President lived up to what he considered the requirements of the position, spending all his salary in a hospitality both lavish and generous, though himself partaking sparingly of only milk, bread, and vegetables even at state dinners.

In Tennessee he had kept his coach, with four handsome grays and servants in suitable livery, and was so much inclined to follow such fashions that "plain John Brown of Virginia, an old Revolutionist and one of the near 200,000 freemen which I hope have taught Congress a lesson not soon to be forgotten," felt constrained after his election to warn him against the pomp and frivolity at Washington which could be pardoned in "Gen-

eral la Fiatte" because of the "volatile fancy of a Frenchman," but no truly wise man should be pleased by it. Jackson understood the homely, well-meant advice, and indorsed it, "A friendly letter—worth reading. Private."

While ignorant of books, Jackson talked remarkably well, though occasionally mispronouncing or even misusing words. He did not write with ease, but knew enough to use the talents of one better educated. Amos Kendall, that "twilight person," served him as scribe. Jackson dictated his ideas through a cloud of smoke, Kendall writing and reading aloud paragraph by paragraph, Jackson correcting for greater clearness of meaning, and the collaboration going on until of a sudden the younger man would be astonished at the masterly power of the President's thought. Jackson had the keener mind, Kendall the readier pen. The two combined well, and their joint political letters are a marvel of apparent frankness covering subtle suggestion.

While on the subject of Jackson's literary accomplishments it is permissible to recall the fact that Harvard gave him the degree of LL.D. He had been a judge and presumably a lawyer, but the absurdity of conferring this degree upon a man who heeded no law but his own will weighed heavily on a part of the Cambridge community. President Quincy of the college was approached and solemnly asked if it could not be avoided.

"Why, no," he replied. "Since the people have twice decided that this man knows law enough to be their ruler, it is not for Harvard College to maintain that they are mistaken."

Jackson rose from a sick-bed to receive the degree. At sight of him the critical Cambridge audience was moved to something like admiration, the younger Quincy tells us, and he goes on to repeat the apocryphal story of how Jackson responded to President Quincy's Latin speech. What he really did was to answer in a few modest words of English spoken so low as to be scarcely heard. But rumor had it that he replied:

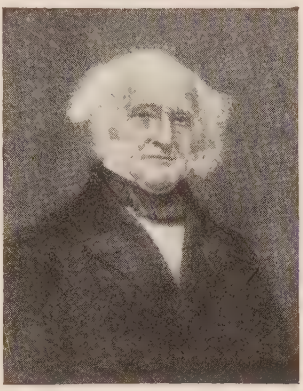
"Caveat emptor: corpus delicti; ex post facto; dies iræ; e pluribus unum; usque ad nauseam; Ursa Major; sic semper tyrannis! quid pro quo; requiescat in pace."

"The story was on the whole so good as showing how the man of the people could triumph over the crafts and subtleties of classical pundits that all Philistia wanted to believe it. And so it came to pass that as time went on part of Philistia did believe it, for I have heard it mentioned as an actual occurrence."

That part of the voters who resented the tyranny of "King Andrew" rallied around Clay, and taking to themselves a name consecrated by English usage to the opposition, became the Whig party, while Jackson's partizans, especially the unlettered, who saw in him a man pure in motive like themselves and strong enough to put his theories into practice, loyally acclaimed all his acts as much from devotion to the man as from belief in his policies. Thus early in his administration the country found itself again divided into two great political camps. The distinction even entered the kitchens, where Whigs and Democrats became the names of two breakfast breads, the receipts of which survived down to the date of a childhood not yet remote. Democrats were rich and smooth and crumbly, almost like pound-cake, a little deceptive corn-meal smuggled into the flour adding to their specious air of butter and sugar richness. Whigs were a sort of popover, very high and imposing to look upon and very empty in the middle.

It was an invidious distinction. The Whigs numbered among them men of solidity and substance quite as much as their opponents. In fact, substance in the monetary sense was one of the crimes charged against them by the Democrats. The Whigs advocated the National Bank, which Jackson, for reasons wholly sincere, though partly personal—and it was hard for him to consider anything impersonally—bent every energy to destroy. This became the great issue of his second term. The overshadowing question of his first term was Nullification.

At some time in his political career Jackson favored a constitutional amendment making a President ineligible for renomination. But circumstances alter cases, and whatever prejudices he may have had against a second term vanished utterly as the election of 1832 drew near. Although Nullification was an issue, he himself seemed to take greater interest in the overthrow of the National Bank, for which he had conceived intense dislike.



Martin Van Buren

The charter of the National Bank of 1816 would not expire until 1836, but in 1832 Clay introduced a bill for its renewal. This was passed, and Jackson, not the man to decline such a challenge, promptly returned the bill with a veto message that made an excellent campaign document, whatever its merits as a treatise on finance. Soon afterward the great party conventions chose as their respective candidates the defender of the bank and the champion of its suppression, making it the chief issue of the campaign.

In one sense it was a contest between town ways and country prejudices—the distrust of the farmer for the methods of the man of business. Jackson, the people's candidate, adored in the rural districts, championed hard coin, and his "yellow boys" were contrasted sonorously against "Clay's rags" and the paper notes issued by the bank. This was one of the few questions upon which Clay, Webster, and Calhoun were all agreed; but the rural population still far outnumbered that of the towns, and Jackson won. His victory was made more decisive by a wave of anti-Masonry, one of the semi-patriotic, semi-religious agitations against secret societies that sweep over the country at intervals. A weak member of the order of Masons had attempted to reveal its secrets, and soon after mysteriously disappeared. This added a touch of grisly human tragedy to the campaign, and the cleverness of Democratic managers made it a potent counter-irritant to the bank question, winning thereby many a voter from Clay's standard.

Jackson received 219 electoral votes, and Clay only 49. Fortified by this tremendous majority, Jackson gave his will free rein during his second term, using the veto power more frequently than all previous Presidents and conducting himself generally after the manner of a warm-hearted, well-meaning tyrant.

He pursued his war against the banks, dismissing one secretary of the treasury who refused to remove government deposits from the national banks to state banks already in existence, and appointing in his stead the same Roger B. Taney who later became Chief-Justice of the United States, and achieved a lasting and unenviable place in the history of American slavery by his famous Dred Scott Decision.

The President's removal of government deposits to state banks precipitated a long discussion in Congress, but neither Clay's eloquence nor Webster's arguments, nor the combined oratory of a three months' Senate debate sufficed to turn Jackson from his purpose. He honestly believed the National Bank corrupt, distrusted and personally disliked its president, and cherished the scheme for its downfall with the devotion of parenthood.

Clay's final effort, a personal appeal made to Vice-President Van Buren upon the floor of the Senate, to use his great influence with Jackson to defeat the measure, was met by studied insolence. That usually well-mannered politician meant to succeed Jackson and did not purpose to endanger his chances by a quarrel.

Clay thereupon introduced a resolution censuring Jackson, which was passed by the Senate, but not agreed to in the House. Another senator instantly moved that this gross insult to the President of the United

States be expunged from the record, a motion that he repeated at intervals for the next three years, until it was agreed to, and the book was brought in with much solemnity, black lines drawn around the resolution, and the words "Expunged by order of the Senate" written across it. Jackson gave a great dinner to the expungers and their wives.

Contrary to Jackson's expectations, suppression of the bank did not work unalloyed good. For a time, indeed, there was an illusion of great prosperity. Large transactions in public lands took place, and increased imports went on piling up revenue. By 1855 the national debt was virtually extinguished. As a means of disposing of the government funds that still went on accumulating, non-interest-bearing loans were made to the States in proportion to their population, on the understanding that part of the money was to be used in establishing a system of public schools. This was a favorite project of Clay's.

But the great apparent increase in wealth all over the country brought its own troubles. A craze for all kinds of speculation took possession of the people. Internal improvements on a scale too big for even the marvelous growth of America, and private enterprises of every degree of imprudence, were begun. The number of state banks—"Jackson's Pets" they were called—greatly increased, and "wild-cat" banks sprang into being, difficult to distinguish from actual counterfeiting, since they had no more solid claims to respectable business life than "a mythical home, a resounding name, and a supply of handsomely engraved notes." What little hard money had previously been in circulation speedily disappeared under a drift of state bank-notes good, poor, and utterly irredeemable.

Jackson tried vainly to counteract all this by ordering the coinage of gold and silver, and forbidding the issue of paper money in denominations smaller than five dollars. Then, against the opposition of his cabinet, he issued the famous Specie Circular, which announced that after a certain date only gold and silver would be received in payment for public lands. Far from helping matters, this made them worse, and Jackson's ill-considered measures resulted in the serious panic of 1837, during which the next administration reaped the harvest of his valiant attempt to bend the laws of trade to his stubborn will.

The spoils system, Nullification, and war upon the National Bank had given the country much to talk about during his first four years of office. The other four were quite as prolific. The bank remained an ever-present issue. Nullification, though defeated, let loose the slavery question to be argued in its moral as well as in its economic aspects, with immoral and uneconomic accompaniments of riots, lynchings, and incendiarism even in New England, where Whittier was stoned, and a gallows was erected before Garrison's Boston home. Anti-Masonry, a minor issue of the campaign of 1832, was followed by a wave of anti-Catholic feeling in which church property was attacked and destroyed. The unexpected evils of the new banking system led to much suffering. Bread riots and the gutting of flour warehouses resulted. One victim of this violence issued a card pointing out that wanton destruction of an article is not the way to make it cheaper or more plentiful. A grim truth, but hard to impress on an angry mob.

While Jackson's whole administration was a season of growing lawlessness, there is one aspect in which this turbulence appears natural and not at all to be regretted. It was the country's age of belligerent optimism, a season comparable to the fighting age of the growing boy, who is not so much bellicose as boy. It is his youthful way of expressing dissatisfaction with things as they are, and also the optimistic young faith that is in him that things as they are can be altered for the better.

Jackson, the commanding figure of the administration, came in for much praise and much blame. He was the first President upon whose life an attempt was

made. A pistol was aimed at his heart at the distance of only a few feet as he was leaving the Capitol after attending a congressional funeral. The percussion-cap failed to act, and the would-be assassin tried again with another pistol ready in his left hand. The wiry old President rushed upon him with blazing eyes and uplifted cane, and at the same instant a bystander felled the man to the ground. He was so evidently insane that he was never brought to trial.

Public feeling, stirred by discussion, took absurd forms of revenge. One young eccentric vented his spite by sawing off the head of an image of Jackson that had been placed as a figurehead on one of the old war-ships. He accomplished this queer task on a dark and stormy night, when the sound of wind and rain drowned the noise of his saw. The vandalism raised a great outcry—almost as great as though the surgery had been performed upon Jackson himself. A reward of a thousand dollars was offered for the offender, but he remained undiscovered, until years later he chose to boast of the exploit.

Jackson's tomb

Democratic party managers were skilful enough to turn much of the distress into political capital. There was some talk among Jackson's admirers of a third term, but it was not encouraged by him or by the man who meant to succeed him. The Whigs meanwhile were so divided among themselves that they failed even to hold a national convention.

Van Buren was triumphantly elected, and on a beautiful and balmy fourth of March, the kind of inauguration day that dawns once in twenty years in Washington to lull suspicion of that treacherous date, with its blizzard possibilities, Jackson and his chosen successor rode down Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House to the Capitol in a barouche made from timbers taken from the old frigate *Constitution*. It was upon the older man that the eyes of the vast crowd rested rather than upon the smug and smiling Mistletoe Politician whose fame and fortune had been nourished on the virile sap of Old Hickory. There was silence, not so much in distrust of the new incumbent, as in tribute to the passing of a man of mark. It may be, as one of his critics declared, that the outgoing President owed everything to a chance of battle, the victory at New Orleans, "that springboard from which General Jackson vaulted into the saddle." But once in the saddle he had ridden gallantly, stopping at no obstacle, and had never been unhorsed. He had been obstinate, and often blinded by passion, but on the whole he was leaving the difficult office more popular than when he entered it, an achievement equaled only by Washington and Jefferson.

Now as he was laying down the cares of office and passing into the solemn shadow of old age there was silence as the two rode down the avenue. But after the ceremony was over, when Jackson began to descend the steps of the Capitol to his carriage, the feelings of the multitude broke forth in a tribute of real affection. The old man bowed in acknowledgment in the kingly way he sometimes had, and those who were near enough saw that his thin, wrinkled face worked with emotion.

(To be concluded)

Pride

By JULIAN ROTHERY

"PRIDE," exclaimed Big Andy, with a toss of his white beard—"what if the top of those two graves don't exactly shine with civic pride? For real human pride, Injun pride, the big one with the cross, the grave of Blackfoot Nell, holds more down in it than any other spot in this green earth." The rover of the peaks paused, and gazed dreamily down the silent trail.

I often rode in to the old, dying mining-camp of War Eagle, which, tucked away in a remote corner of the national forest I administered, slumbered serenely beneath the gathering decay of years. Evidently my remarks about the neglected condition of the two crumbling stone cairns I had noticed by the Lucky Shot Mine stirred memories in the old prospector. So I moved to the shady side of his cabin porch and passed over my tobacco-pouch. Gaunt and battered, this derelict of the camp's long-ebbed golden tide sat in silence. His bony, blue-veined hands, thrust far from the ragged jumper-sleeves, slowly rammed the tobacco home, and the smoke appeared to conjure up before his eyes the men and women of the camp's wild zenith. A genial reminiscent light brightened the time-furrowed face, while his soft voice fell with that rich mellowness that comes to aged dwellers of the open.

"Yes, sir, pride and Blackfoot Nell is all one and the same word to me. She had more than enough for herself, Doc Howard, and all of War Eagle here. So bristling much that there ain't any of it left in these hills since her day. Just an ignorant Injun squaw she was, with a brain that would only hold one idea at a time, but the prancingest critter that ever ranged this upper country.

"You see, those Blackfoot Injuns were the pick of the plains; no Piute or Digger blood about them, but genuine go-getters, the whole outfit of them. Nell was a true shoot off the mother lode. They don't make women like that these days. She broke the mold.

"But folks is queer, white or red, and she takes up and lived with a white scrub named Doc Howard, as ornery sneak of a quitter as ever hit this camp. For two years she stuck to him through a gladsome string of dirty tricks high, wide, and crooked enough to dishearten any lady who did n't have such an ancient family and such a rosy complexion. Them two sure' raises ructions enough about this camp to accommodate the most particular. Howard drifts from rough to tough, and finally jumps himself off by holding up the stage, shooting Jack Reilly, the driver, and lifting six thousand dollars in gold-dust.

"A feller had n't really ought to act that way, and we was getting more civilized than we was the first year or two, and our vigilante committee takes the case under serious advisement. Carl Steinman is our sheriff, and he 'spicions this Doc Howard before he ever tried to get out of camp, and nabs him. But we can't find that gold, though we hunts everywhere. Doc Howard he keeps shut tight, and the squaw she says she don't know, and when an Injun says he don't know, you might as well give it up and hunt a new trail. It peeves us that we can't locate that dust, and also we can't forgive that bad-actor feller for shooting Jack Reilly, for there war n't a finer boy in the camp than he was.

"So the very next thing we does is to try the murderer, and our maiden effort in the self-governing justice line was this regular rip-snorter of a murder trial, with frills and fixings fit to astonish Dan'ul Webster, as Bill Hickey, that ran our first newspaper, would put it. Slick-Fingered Joe, who run the straightest game in camp, is nominated judge, and Dynamite Dick, on account of his peppery spirit, is elected prosecuting attorney. Old man Kelley is foreman of the jury; I 'm jailer

and rides herd on the calaboose. We hold that trial in the Palace Saloon, and that shebang was packed plump tighter than the bottles filled the shelves. It was sure a rollicking, roaring court scene. Slick-Fingered Joe, using a single jack for a judge's gavel, pounds order on the bar.

"We all learns a lot at the trial about this feller Howard. He war n't a doc at all, not even horses, corns, or divinity; he 'd only got some small doses of education back East, where he hailed from. 'Pears like wine, women, and considerable song had kind o' nipped that education in the bud, and his folks had shipped him out here, thinking it might make a man of him. We admits all that, for the salubrious climate and mountain scenery, as Bill Hickey used to say, would make a man out of anything that had the makings in it, from a stone statue to an Egyptian mummy; but in the case of this Howard, well, it was a blind lead and a slim chance.

"As a starter, Dynamite Dick offers a few well-chosen remarks about the brand of manliness shown in shooting a humdinger of a six-hoss driver like Jack Reilly with a sawed-off shot-gun at twenty feet, and that, too, when Reilly was n't looking. He appeals to Slick-Fingered Joe to reverse the allegation and issue some kind of location notice and serve it on those gourd-headed wallopers back East who sent the cuss out here and who had oughter be soaked as fellow-conspirators, allowing as how we were under no oblibe-gosh-darn-gations to them. Slick-Fingered Joe he can't quite stand for that, and he pounds whangity-bang on the saloon bar with his hammer, like he had six inches of hard granite to drill before chuck-time, and sings out that he 'll clear the court. Then three or four of the boys slaps their hands to their guns, real good-natured-like, and looks around to see who is anxious to take the contract to clear the room. Notwithstanding these small digressions, the trial proceeds, and the life and liberties of this Bigelow Coolidge Howard, as his full name was, were further panned and spread upon the records. A rotten pile they made, too.

"The defense tries to make out that it war n't really murder, and that Howard did n't cal'late to even shoot—much, and that the regrettable accident and sudden demise of the victim were merely due to those things that Julius Cæsar, referring to booze, states 'tend to make the character effeminate.' I often wondered since if this Cæsar chap ever knew the kind of red-eye we drinks up here, or if he was acquainted with women like Blackfoot Nell. But we 'd only got good and started on this justice deal when Doc Howard loses his nerve like a trapped bob-cat and breaks down completely, owning up he done it. He cries and sniffles considerable, but finally tells us the whole story.

"Because he 'd made a clean breast of it, some of the jurors were favoring letting him off easy; but because he would n't tell what he 'd done with the sack, it riles us some, and Foreman Kelley at last carries the day by declaring that 'any galoot that rams both barrels of shot into another bloke's cranium, and does the same accidental' and careless-like is a blamed sight more dangerous to have loose than a dozen bad actors and a band of renegade Injuns to boot, and under them circum-dam-stances he oughter to be shot himself.' So a verdict of guilty comes in, and attached thereto is an order of execution—by a firing-squad.

"Well, leaping Judas! the Palace Saloon is a wild riot. Some of the boys turns loose a few shots easy-like. Slick-Finger comes down smash with his hammer on the bar, and the bottles jumps a foot. Everybody is roaring but Doc; he just slumps in all to once, like he 's made of mush. He 'd 'a' fell clean over if Steinman had n't grabbed him. He never was sandy; he only tried to be rough and could n't. But Nell! She just looms up above all that racket, never batting an eye. Stands there, head up and solemn, like she was looking into the sky to see if the wild geese were flying south. That woman sure had airs enough to throw envy into the Queen of Sheba.

"Being jailer, I 'm charged with keeping the would-be bad man under my wing

for two days, seeing that 's Saturday, and they feel like giving him Sunday to pray on, figuring he needs it bad enough, for he ain't a desperate character, but just a worthless sort of a fruit. He was educated all right and well raised, but it war n't on the right lines.

"Blackfoot Nell she 'd never had any education, being only a squaw, and only had room for one idea in her head; but she seems to savvy him, and he depends on her and won't speak much to anybody else. Those two is sure different, but they seem to line up first-rate and get along fine. She comes down to the corral to see him, and, let me tell you, it 's a twisty sort of a sight. He was a young-looking feller, kind o' handsome, with a pleasant way, and maybe he 'd been decent if he 'd worked on that lead good and hard. He pokes his hands through the door bars and whines like a licked pup. He pours it all out on her, and, what is more, she seems to know how things are. I 've figured it all out since; that man and that squaw sure sets a heap by each other; I 'll grant 'em that. He could act real nice, too, when he wanted to, and I reckon not many men had acted nice to Nell.

" 'I can't do it, Nell! I can't, I can't, walk out there and get shot! I never can. I 'll fall down; my knees will cave in. Will I feel the shot? Will they throw me to the coyotes? Oh, woman, for the love of God! get me off!' And then a lot more. I was plumb harrowed up, and hardly gets my nerve back when she comes a-sailing out calm and steady, head up like she was looking for them wild geese in the sky. Back of those black eyes of hers I could n't help wondering what she thought of him—that Injun woman who 'd seen men of her own color march out to torture with a grin on.

"Sunday she 's back again, and I 'm a little bit leery. I lets her in to chin with him through the barred door while I skips outside and picks a little daub of mud from the chink in the logs close to his cell and flaps my ear up, real friendly-like. Howard he starts in again shaking and shivering and begging her to get him off. She stands there in her flappy clothes and deerskin moccasins for quite a spell, and then she says in her funny Injun way:

" 'Maybe so I can do.' It sure has a powerful effect on Doc Howard, and they start whispering, but so blame' low I can't hardly hear.

" 'How? How?' he asks, Injun fashion, too.

" 'The gold, the gold; for heap gold the sheriff he no shoot 'em. Where you cache the gold?' And I knows that sneaking cuss had hid that dust for a get-away stake, and never told his woman.

" 'Why? Why?' he says, and I know he 's 'spicious.

" 'For the gold the sheriff he no shoot 'em,' says she.

" 'How so?'

"Then that Injun woman starts to tell him her scheme. Says she has offered Steinman all the dust if he 'd help get Howard off, and Steinman had agreed. Only he was scared of the boys if he pulled off that rescue too rank, and figured it would be safer to stage a dummy execution and use blank-ca'tridges. Nobody could catch on then, and Doc Howard could topple over when the guns cracked; then they would stick him in his coffin and later put a sack of sand in his place. It is a mighty pretty trick as she had it laid out, and Howard he revives immediately.

"Mean to the very end he is, and kind o' gets cold feet about disclosing where the gold is cached; but he sees there 's no other way out, and leans over to tell her. Here is my chance, and I am just straining my ears forward like a mule to catch it all, and then he whispers so low that I can't hear a damn' word, just something about 'fire,' that 's all. Well, I sure am stacked ag'in' it, and the more I thinks, the more I don't know what to do. I want to get that gold back for the reputation of the camp and the thousand dollars' reward that 's offered. As to 'fire,' I can't make no sense in that at all unless it 's the big piece of burnt timber over here about a mile to the westward. I can't think clear, and just has brains enough to cal-

'late it would be best to stick to Steinman like a tick to a bull, and locate the gold through him; for if that squaw got a sniff of things, she 'd never tell nothing, come hell or high water.

"I 'm sure some surprised at this Steinman a-figuring to double-cross us that way; though we ain't none of us known him long, he strikes us all as the real sort. He 'd been a United States marshal over to the Green Horn camp, too.

"So I sits alone, and decides that execution is due to come off if I has to hold a post-mortem with my own gun, and I also allows that Steinman won't get away with that dust unless he eats it. Nary a wink does I sleep that night. I 'm all excited, and swears I 'm going to trim Doc Howard, Carl Steinman, and that squaw if it is my last act. But I might as well admit right here that I don't do no such a thing, and that Nell's plan goes bang through exactly as she 'd figured it out in spite of me. She sure' does scheme it nice and pass me a few jolts.

"The next day, along before sun-up, Steinman and five of the boys comes down to the jail all glum and quiet. Steinman looks so big and strong that I gets a bit scary; he was a regular nailer of a man. He just steps over into his own office, unlocks the door, and snaps out sharp and cold:

" 'There is five Winchesters, and so as you won't have any blood on your conscience, I 'll say that one of them is loaded with a blank-cartridge. Don't open the chambers. That blank may be in any man's gun.'

"Well, I goes and trots out Doc Howard, and Steinman steps over to tie his arms, speaking gruff-like.

" 'Come, it ain't a-going to be as hard as you think.' But I pats my little six gun and thinks to myself it will still be tolerable hard. Out we march, and there is Blackfoot Nell, in all her beads and her pride, waiting, and a feller driving a wagon with a new shiny coffin on it. Howard he starts like a deer when he sees that coffin, and says he ain't anxious to ride on that kind of a wagon; feels more like walking. We are all agreeable, and heads for the Lucky Shot Mine as a convenient and suitable spot for this execution.

"I 've seen a lot of men when they were jubilant, some that struck it rich, some bound back East again, some that were going to get married, and some that were elected to Congress; but this here Doc Howard he has 'em all faded. The perkiest geezer I ever see. His head is cocked up, and his chist is swelled out like a drumming grouse; spunky enough he looks now, and happy, too. He 'pears like he was thinking of his new chance or maybe of his folks back home. Blackfoot Nell is just the same way. It 's getting redder and redder in the east; sunrise is beginning to flash. The creek seems to chatter like fiddlers playing a jig, the wind swings through the pines, and it 's a fine fresh day. It 's a queer procession, the camp a-sleeping below, them two high steppers up ahead, a coffin banging along behind, and me nursing a gun, and planning to trim the whole of 'em. Ahead I sees the gravel cut in the hillside there by the Lucky Shot. When we gets there, Steinman ties a bandage over Doc's eyes, pins a paper target over his heart, and backs him up again' that gravel bank. There he stands, face up and shoulders square as a soldier on dress-parade. He looked brave enough to charge all hell with a dipper of water. Blackfoot Nell is standing off to one side with her chin tipped up like she was looking for them wild geese in the sky. The sun heaves up over the summit of War Eagle Mountain yonder, bright and beaming, red as blood. There ain't no words; no, not a one. Just as the sun pops up, Steinman raises his right arm, and the boys, about twenty yards away, brings level their rifles, steady as prison bars. He drops his arm quick before any one expects it, never giving a command. Sudden as lightning, those guns rip out, while the echoes roll across the cañon. Scared stiff, I swings up through the smoke. Steinman was spreading a blanket over Howard, who was a-lying there on the ground all twisted up.

I grips my gun and walks straight up to them, so rattled I don't see or hear much. I bucked up, and pulled off that blanket.

"I 've seen heaps of curious sights in my day, heaps of 'em, but, so help me, suffering saints, that was one that hit me like a ten-pound sledge-hammer, and darn nigh flattened me. There 's Doc Howard all right, with his eyes bandaged and the gosh-awfullest look on his face I ever saw on a human. He is plumb dead, for you could cover with the palm of your hand all four holes where them bullets had smashed through his heart. I 'm knocked galley west and crooked. Somehow I comes to and looks up, and sees Blackfoot Nell a-standing by, gazing at the corpse; right there I gets wallop number two. She has never turned a hair, calm as a mummy. That execution was some surprise to Doc Howard all right, but none to Blackfoot Nell.

"While we are walking back to camp I drops in alongside of Steinman, and still kind o' dazed I says:

" 'Carl, I figured you war n't going to shoot that feller. I 'm ashamed to admit I thought that of you, but I did.' He turns and looks at me once with those eyes like blue tempered drills, and then with that jaw of his that shuts like a bear-trap he clips out the words:

" 'Ever know me to bungle a job yet?'

"And I knows right then and there that the man or woman never lived who had the nerve to even try and buy him off his job, not with all the gold in the grand Northwest.

"Maybe this all don't sound so very proudful, and it don't look that way. Looks like that Injun woman had just lied and wheedled the gold out of him, and then left him to get shot. Anyhow, that 's the way I figured it out; so I watches to see what she would do with the bag of dust. And, sure enough, as I 'm waiting out on the trail that very night, along slides Nell, sailing out of camp with the sack in her hand, bound God knows where.

"Here is my chance a-coming; so I steps out square into the trail in front of her. She stops dead, draws herself up, glaring at me bristly as a horned toad, but never says a word.

" 'Nell,' I begins, easy-like, 'I reckon I 'll have to take that there sack,' a-pointing to the one she held.

" 'How?' she grunts, squaw-fashion.

" 'That gold there has cost considerable blood. You give it to me, and right now, too,' I replied. She stiffens up, proud as a porcupine.

" 'Ugh,' she snorts, squeezing more damned contempt into that one word than I ever heard before or since. 'Gold? Huh, no good.'

" 'Give me that bag,' I shouted, 'and quick, too!'

"She stops and thinks a minute, then passes it over serene as you please.

"Right there I got another jolt, and a pretty hard one, too. That sack only weighs about two pounds, and just holds Howard's old bullet-ripped shirt and a few gimcracks. That 's everything, every blessed thing. Her own tribe would never have her back again, and she was lighting out to a new country with nothing but that! Just a bullet-ripped shirt to prove how game her man had died. She sees I 'm flabbergasted, and breaks into her funny squaw cackle.

" 'Gold,' she snorts again, uppity as a hog on ice—'gold no good.'

"I realizes she 'd played her high card, and had me guessing. Then I thought of one to beat hers, and tried for a high stake.

" 'Look at here,' I says, kind o' savage. 'I want that bag of gold-dust. Now you tell me where it is, and pretty damn *pronto,* too, or I 'll blab it to every soul in War Eagle that your man was a sniveling coward and only because you lied to him about a fake execution did he buck up nerve enough to face the music. Him thinking all the time he was going to get off, and acting brave, while really he had n't the courage of a pack rat.'

"That fixed her. She just crumpled up. Her one idea was busted all to blazes. I followed up my play close.

" 'Yes,' says I, 'I had my ear up ag'in'

a crack in the jail wall, and I heard every blasted lie you fed that poor fool of a coyote of yours.'

"She pulls herself up solid as a stump, and says real dignified:

" 'Maybe so I make 'em parley.'

"Well, I parleyed heap Injun, promising I 'd never squeal what a coward Doc really was if she 'd tell me where the gold lay hid. So we struck a bargain.

" 'Good,' she grunts. 'Make 'em trade.'

"I never did tell, either, not a blame word, until Nell died 'most twenty years ago. She traveled clean back here to cash in, too. Now she 's dead and buried under that pile of stones you saw there by the Lucky Shot Mine, planted alongside that poor whelp Doc Howard, just as she wanted to be.

"So I thought the game was over, that she had played her last card, until she told me where it was that gold was cached. When I figured that all out, I knew there was n't one woman in a thousand, white or red, that ever held a hand like Nell's. That woman had just one idea in her life, and gold was n't it, for I found that dust was cached right where Doc Howard first put it, right where it was safe, and where Blackfoot Nell might have taken it easy for a get-away stake.

"It was under the fireplace in the very cabin where they 'd lived."

Dedication to Edmund Gosse

By JOHN DRINKWATER

SOMETIMES youth comes to age and asks a blessing
Or counsel or a tale of old estate,
Yet youth will still be curiously guessing
The old man's thought when death is at his gate;
For all their courteous words, they are not one,
This youth and age, but civil strangers still—
Age with the best of all his seasons done,
Youth with his face toward the upland hill.
Age looks for rest while youth runs far and wide;
Age talks with death, which is youth's very fear;
Age knows so many comrades who have died,
Youth burns that one companion is so dear.
So, with good will and in one house, may dwell
These two, and talk, and all be yet to tell.

But there are men who in the time of age
Sometimes remember all that age forgets:
The early hope, the hardly compassed wage,
The change of corn and snow and violets.
They are glad of praise; they know this morning brings
As true a song as any yesterday;
Their labor still is set to many things;
They cry their questions out along the way.
They give as who may gladly take again
Some gift at need; they move with gallant ease
Among all eager companies of men;
And never signed of age are such as these.
They speak with youth, and never speak amiss.
Of such are you; and what is youth but this?

The Better Half of Russia

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Author of "Jim Hands," etc.

"YOU will learn in America that this great war will have its benefits," the doctor said. "It is teaching us that we are strong; it has issued a call commanding us to organize and act not only in war, but in peace; it has taught us to see a world larger than the world of our family doorstep. It has shown us that we can do all the necessary old duties and have energy and desire to accept new labors. This morning at breakfast my children spoke of Russian victory. I said to them that the great Russian victories were in the new thought and visions of the people."

The doctor did not speak of any class or sex; she made no distinction between different kinds of Russian hearts and Russian heads. There are almost twice as many men, women, and children in the empire as in our States, and the doctor seemed to include them all. The doctor was nearing middle age, but was still pretty even in a severe woolen suit. She was an attractive and competent woman.

The reason for her disregard of sex is not difficult to define. Russia is the foremost undeveloped country in the world. Like its own flat, gray expanse of physical surface, beneath which untouched treasures of resource lie, a crust of mystery covers the human resource of the Russian millions. The charm of Russia is not in its romantic, hazardous, youthful past, but in the suppressed seething of human force beneath the crust. What will burst up through it? What will this war, cracking open the surface, rending the cover, let loose?

When I went to Russia to put my ear where I could hear beneath the crust the new bubble and heaving of potentiality, the volcanic seething which the war has filled with new tremors, I did not think of the Russian woman at all.

Yet she is of extraordinary importance, not, however, as a part of a woman's movement, but as a part of a great human movement. Her progress and her potentiality are so interwoven with the progress and potentiality of her country that the story of the woman parallels the story of the new war-awakened Russian nation.

It is the women, I think, who to-day possess a vision calmer than that of the Russian men. From a woman I received the coolest and the wisest analysis of the politics of the empire and the most sensible forecast of the struggle between the people and the bureaucracy. Through a woman I obtained the greatest fund of information about the future commercial development of the land and about the opportunities for American business. A woman drew for me the clearest picture of what was needed to organize for military victories. It was the woman of Russia who, without distortion of self-interest or prejudice or fear, could see what the new human growth required of compromise with the present form of the Government and what of a fight to a finish. And that is the most delicate question which Russia must determine in the decade which follows the final peace.

In Russia there are three classes of women, just as there are three classes of men, that those who know little of the empire must distinguish from one another. The first is that of the peasants.

Perhaps it cannot be reiterated too often that Russia is a land of peasants. The first thing that one will be told in the capital is this: "Petrograd is not Russia. Russia has more than a hundred and twenty-five million peasants. About three fourths of the people in the empire live in rural communities or on isolated farms; three fourths are engaged in agriculture; two thirds are illiterate, and eighty-seven per cent. of the peasant women cannot read or write. To know the true Russian one must go to the villages."

To consider the Russian woman without due regard for the overwhelming numbers of peasant women varying in types and customs according to the districts from which they come is to exclude the mass.

The women of the nobility and the small merchant class make up the second group; but there is only one of these to about 130 of the class of peasants.

But there is a third class. Among Russian women, as among Russian men, this third class is characterized not by its exclusion from the other two classes, which are classes of high birth or wealth or lack of wealth and birth, but by intellectual characteristics. This class is called the *intelligentsia*, and an individual member of it is called an intelligent.

Sophie Kovalevskaja, professor of mathematics, one of the pioneers of woman suffrage in Russia

"Define an intelligent," suggested a war correspondent from the United States who had a distaste for generalities.

The Englishman who writes articles upon Russian manners and customs slid down into his chair, the French diplomatic attaché scowled, an American who for seven years has done business in Kieff, Moscow, and Warsaw coughed, and the two Russians, one a journalist and the other a member of the Duma, smiled sourly.

The Petrograd editor, running his long forefinger about his collar as if seeking relief from asphyxiation, said:

"An intelligent is an educated person, from a university, perhaps engaged in a profession, and perhaps with ideas of reform for Russia."

"And yet there is Leonid H——," said the Frenchman, dreamily, looking across the tables, at which well-gowned and smiling ladies, vastly different from the women of London and Paris, sat just as if war was not going on. "He never saw a university; his hobby is individual study. He is in no learned profession, has no idea of reforming Russia, and is a bureaucrat."

"But he, too, is an intelligent," the Englishman said, and the others nodded.

"Ah, there it is as always—an intelligent is an intelligent," the journalist cried out in despair.

The member of the Duma said:

"Let us say that an intelligent is one who thinks."

"Who thinks—" repeated the Englishman, waiting for more.

"Who thinks or talks or writes of change," finished the Russian. "An intelligent is an intelligent."

"It will do," they all said.

The Russian *intelligentsia*, however, has in its vague membership a startlingly large proportion of women. The last two I heard conversing together were a countess of immense wealth and the daughter of a peasant of the Tver district who speaks six languages and at the age of nineteen has published two pamphlets. It was two o'clock in the morning, and two professors in the university were present; but it was I, an American, who first felt that it was necessary to go. The zealous intelligent will sit up until dawn, apparently believing that this, the latest discussion, may summon the destiny of the country. There is a taste for debate, an appe-

tite for the last dregs at the bottom of the world's barrel of intellectuality; and among all the eager Russian minds, most of which, as an incident, suffer from the inevitable pains of theories and pretenses which cannot be made realities, I found none so eager as those of Russian women.

But the women of all these groups are touched by this fact: the war has served to bring into higher light the character of the Russian people as a people. Something of the veil behind which the Slav finds a complacent content has been torn aside by the emergencies of belligerent days. A titled Englishwoman, pouring soup for the miserable refugee stream near the Warsaw station in Petrograd, said to me:

"You know by this time how baffling is Russia. It is a country of extremes and contradictions. It accepts life as life comes, saying, 'What does it matter?' but in meditation it builds a new world for itself. It flares up in emotional tests of its power and sinks back into philosophic lethargy. It is cheerful four fifths of the time and contemplates suicide for a contrast. It is aware of autocratic suppression, but maintains the strongest kind of individualism. It is irreverent, but none the less religious feeling and religious forms grip the daily life of it. It is without conceit, admits its shortcomings with excellent good nature, and yet has profound faith in its own irresistible destiny. And will you believe that it is the women of all classes who have shown the largest response?"

The position of women is a reasonably accurate barometer of the civilization of men, and from their history in Russia there is evidence that the empire is not badly named "backward Russia."

As to the woman of the first class, the peasant woman, she has been the victim of endless labor. She is expected to care for the house, provide clothing, and prepare all food. She often tills a plot of ground on her own account, and labors in the planting and the harvest.

"And education has barely touched our peasant woman," said my friend, leaning over the wall of the River Neva in a thoughtful mood. "Those who go away from the villages to the cities and the gymnasia? Ah, yes; but I refer to the education which reaches out to the country. And yet it is education which has already done something to help the position of the peasant woman. It is badly needed, for not only does it give the woman a sense of being more than a beast of burden, but it will raise her in the respect of our men. You see, we think women who are beasts of burden are much nearer emancipation than they would be if they were uncreative parasites. That is the strength of the peasant woman of Russia. Here is a bit of paper. I have gone to a bureau for these figures, and you must show them to Americans."

She had taken her statistics from compilations made over ten years ago, but the figures of the Russian census showed that in rural economy and in industry and manufactures more women were employed than men!

"You may be sure that education is needed by the peasant woman," she went on. "You see what a part she plays in our farm life, which is the life of the nation. Well, she as well as the man must be prepared to receive instructions in modern methods of farming. With our great resource in soil and our tremendous production, we are still primitive farmers."

I remembered that the average yield of wheat per acre in England and Germany was over twenty bushels and in Russia less than eight.

"And we are backward even in the fight to live," she added. "Russia, particularly peasant Russia, has the highest death-rate in the world, and the infant-mortality in the country districts is beyond belief, increasing despite all the work of the zemstvo doctors. Russia has a vast resource of healthy human beings, but she may lose it.

"The point, however, is this: the woman of Russia is wholly different from the woman of America. I understand that in America a party of women seeks to have a right to other occupations than mother-

hood; they call that their woman's movement. Ah, what a cruel jest it appears to the women of Russia! Our peasant women have almost an equality with men in productive labors. While this is labor of the hands and is done in detached communities and there is no education, the position of our women will be very bad. Fundamentally the question of right and wrong is settled by the fact that the man can strike harder with the fist than can the woman.

"So the problem of our peasant women is different from the problem of the women of America. But industry has been coming in, and it makes a change. First of all, men go to the centers. Women follow, and even displace the men. And children follow the women. But in this way the peasant woman becomes freer, no matter what the cost."

She had touched upon a great problem of Russia, that of underpaid female and child labor. Cotton and hardware manufacturers had already told me something of the fearful competition of men, women, and children for employment in industrial centers. Recently Russia's industry has shown a marked tendency to centralize in a few industrial cities of mushroom growth. The peasants leave the country, and the ancient communal idea of the agricultural class shows signs of fading away. At first the peasant, always land-mad, but whose land-holdings grow smaller because the population is increasing faster than acreage is acquired, plans to earn money in the cities to buy new fields. But the drift is really in the other direction. The women follow the men to the gregariousness of the centers. The war has augmented the movement, and the cities are molding the new social life of Russia despite the fact that probably even with the refugees and the congregating movement which the war has brought not more than sixteen per cent. of the population is in them.

The factory wage-earner is the new type of lower-class Russian woman, and her influence spreads back into the agricultural class.

"For the moment we see some horrible things," I was told by a settlement worker. "We see the peasantry furnishing vast numbers of prostitutes, most of them very young. We see the great supply of female labor driving itself into starvation wages through its willingness to work in industries. But, after all, it is promising of a better position for women. On the farm the woman has been too often a beast of burden. Once she or her relatives have a taste of the outer world, there will be a new life of the intellect and a new and better relation between husband and wife. The independent earnings of women will tend to create new property laws fairer to women. The Slav woman will find herself. Put education within her reach, and she responds in a way that surprises us all."

To this settlement society, which, like others in Petrograd, exists through the gifts and energy of advanced Russian women and despite the misgivings of some authorities, there come on Sundays hundreds of peasant girls who are now industrial workers. The contrast between their faces and those of girls in the villages is astonishing. The girl who has stayed on the soil has a happier expression, but the film of an inactive mind often covers her countenance. These settlement visitors, whose clothes are much uglier and whose faces are much harder, look into one's eyes without the rural shyness, and send forth a friendly challenge. They have tasted of thinking life. And this fact lifts their heads and perhaps their spirits out of the mire into which they may have had to put their feet. I do not believe that this new thinking life comes to them with any consciousness of sex-differences. Women who for generations have shared in productive manual labor, and now have not been behind the men of their class in finding a way through the muck of Russia's industrial growth toward larger expressions of self, look upon themselves as Russians and human beings before the idea occurs to them that they wear long hair and by its symbol are set apart in a class to fight with self-interest some kind of

class battle. I have seen evidence enough that when they are aware of fighting a battle at all they are aware only of fighting the battle of all the people, men and women, for new freedom.

In the industrial communities the men, too, slide into the point of view that regards a woman first as a co-worker. She is capable of bearing children, but that is not against her; she is a co-worker. The whole drift is toward this recognition. Women are not only accepted as members of political parties, but they are accepted in the labor organizations, which, by the way, the Government prohibits, and are admitted to the coöperative societies that sprang up to perform the "harmless" functions of the unions.

"The industrial labor class is our great menace," I was informed by a reactionary bureaucrat. "The rural peasantry is controllable; it does not seek innovations. But the working-class is dangerous. It organizes for revolt, furnishes the terrorists, and seeks to become intelligent. And the women you mention are in the forefront."

I confess that I found some sympathy with the bureaucratic fear of revolt. The autocratic Government of Russia is at least a government. At times it takes terrible and often stupid measures to suppress the people. A censorship, whether in war or peace, that aims to deceive is in the eyes of awakening intelligence a fact more irritating than those truths which the censorship can conceal. The fact that only half-truths go about in rumors leads to exaggerations. Secret police activities have stimulated rather than restrained the spirit of revolt. But were revolt to come successfully, the people of Russia could not to-day supply a government which would last. The intelligent class might set one up; but it would be too idealistic to be firm, and the unintelligent mass and mob would tear it down. It would be a Mexico raised to the *n*th power; and it is fortunate that the war and other influences have come to give the people a national spirit and a sense of restraint and, in the end, a more deliberate manner of seeking reform.

"And yet even if the radical women are too eager for action, they must be credited with a large contribution of singleness of purpose," said a woman professor in one of the institutes. "I believe they wait with more restraint than the men. You must not forget the pain that comes to those men and women who acquire the education to see clearly, to think theories out, and then are utterly incapable of doing anything. This explains why reforms have appeared almost hysterical. I am an old woman, and I have seen the gloom and cynicism and the bitterness which have come to men of the *intelligentsia* when reaction has surged back, sweeping the people off their feet because they were exhausted by their own march of protest. Nothing is so unwholesome as the desire to put thoughts into action without the ability to do so. This produces diseased minds and accounts for waves of suicide and for the Russian trait which you have named badly 'Oriental sullenness.'"

She had turned the subject from the uneducated Russian woman to the educated Russian woman, the nobility and the *intelligentsia*. Unconsciously, however, she had expressed her primary interest, which lay in the "intelligent" Russian woman, whether she be countess or schoolmistress. And, after all, when one speaks of advanced Russian women, one is speaking of that class. Though it is numerically slight compared with the uneducated peasants, it is the significant class. Every new day of the many I spent in Russia added to my admiration for it.

The conception of Russian women to which many Americans cling, reluctant to let it go, as if it were a sacred tradition, is that of sabled, cooing, powdered, lithe, and languorous ladies who are irresistible, and invite from hearthside to suicide. Any one who has seen Russian gentlemen in Moscow or Petrograd, with opera-glasses, lost in admiration for cabaret singers and dancers who would disgrace the management of a patent-medicine show could be convinced that the American notion of Russian beauty must be in some particulars faulty. There are women of too much

Russian soldiers in one of the hospitals maintained by a woman's society

weight of body and features whom one sees about in the cities, and there is a large class of most refined and hospitable ladies who represent society and whose many titles mean little, because titles in Russia descend on the all-inclusive principle. It is nice to say, "I have just been at the princess's to lunch," or, "The countess dropped me a note," but it means little. One day a maid in a Russian home in which I was having tea announced that the prince had come back from the front with a little wound, and was again at the door offering to buy rags. The ragman was in fact a prince; but I have ceased to give my word for it, because many Americans, even in Russia, refuse to take the fact seriously. One who wishes to be gallant will mark the charm of the minds and the graciousness of the manner of many in the class of society women, which includes many titled persons. Many are fascinating women whose minds are better trained and whose manners, though more direct, are more considerate and whole-hearted than those of our own "best people." But the "intelligent" woman in Russia looks without admiration upon the woman who is living as a respectable ornament. One of them, who has wealth and yet works eight hours a day in social service, spoke of the charming idlers as "the mewing women."

"I do have affection for some of them," she said, "but they mew so! This war is helping them to find out that they may stop mewing and do something; I have seen many of the young daughters of their kind plunged in work in our hospitals for the wounded. I have two nieces who are going every day and really working. Ah, a good taste of usefulness will change them so that they will never be content to be dolls again. They will cease to mew. The flatness is truly leaving their faces."

The active, educated, self-expressive women of Russia who from whatever cause owe their stimulus to gymnasia, institute, or university do not have flat faces. Russian women are not pretty; many are ugly, but they have that beauty of active minds and excellent hearts. The modern Russian woman has not much art in dress; there is little between the furbelows of

those who pay much attention to styles and the dowdiness of the woman who is dowdy by nature or merely too busy to pay attention to clothes or too restricted in means. There is more modesty in Petrograd or Moscow than in New York or Chicago; in Russian cities the adventuress imitates the woman of society rather than the woman of society the adventuress.

"Education has produced this type of woman," I said to a young American girl who had come to Russia in war-time to study the Russian women.

"There must be something else," she answered. "The women of Russia have fought for their education for over sixty years. And more than that, the Russian woman seeks her education for reasons in the main different from those of the American. Many of us at home go to schools and universities with a general idea of absorbing culture and preparing ourselves to make a good intellectual appearance; but to-day I have been at the woman's college, and through one of the teachers I have talked to a great number of the students, and it began to dawn upon me that in Russia most women seek education as means to actual service in life, as a pathway to real productive labor. They, like ambitious Russian boys, have a desire to join in the actual fight for progress."

The impression that the bureaucracy has constantly opposed elementary education is not correct. Scattered responsibility, clumsy plans, and financial limitations have been the real enemies of general and compulsory education. The population of Russia is rural, and to bring schools to all at once is nearly impossible. Furthermore, the schools maintained by the organization of the orthodox religion under the Holy Synod are suspected by the intelligent Russian of being seats of reaction. On the other hand, the liberal teachers of the city and district, the municipal and zemstvo schools, are suspected by conservatives of being the sources of radical and heretic doctrines. The zemstvos, or local self-governments, have done more practical work in extending the system of education than any other agency. Their schools, of which there are more than twenty thousand, are usually open to both boys and girls and give a four-year course. The city schools usually require a longer training. But toward these two classes of schools even the most reactionary supporters of the autocracy are forced to take an indulgent attitude. Why? Because if any educational system is to be set up, and no one dares to oppose it, then it is better for the bureaucracy that the system be in charge of authorities rather than a system which exists by private or coöperative management of the people and beyond government control.

Above the elementary schools which are beginning to lift the mass of Russian women from a wretched illiteracy there are gymnasia and institutes. The latter are mainly for the daughters of landed gentry, bureaucrats, and the nobility, and correspond, except in tuition fees, to our expensive boarding-schools for girls of affluent families. The members of the court have founded many such institutes, and these turn out the cultivated, unproductively brilliant "mewing women." They furnish opportunities for the girl not a member of the upper class who is striving to find a career of usefulness and ambition.

"Into higher education the Russian woman has pushed her way," I was told by the secretary of one of the institutions for women on the Vassily Ostrov. "To be sure, there has been no marked resistance on the part of men as men. Keeping women out of institutions would appear to the average Russian intelligent as sensible as keeping out men with light hair and admitting those with dark complexions, or distinguishing between fat and thin persons. I believe we have less sense of sex difference than even you American men, who are said to look with indulgent good nature upon women's desire to be your mental equals. And yet our women had to assert their right to the fullness of intellectual development and to their right to enter the learned professions."

The college in which these words were spoken is a vast rectangular, gloomy struc-

Home for children of soldiers maintained in Petrograd by the Russian Society for Equal Suffrage

ture filled with endless classrooms and laboratories. As the president took us about, introducing us to both men and women professors and instructors, I noticed that the curriculum had in it much of the exact sciences and little of history, sociology, or political economy; the thumb of government authority had left its mark. But six thousand girls are enrolled in this one institution in Petrograd, and there is in the direct, cheerful, active manner of these girls a promise which it would be hard to find among any other group of women in the world. Those students to whom I was introduced looked squarely into my eyes without self-consciousness, and though hand-shaking is much more of a custom in Russia than in the United States, there was something in the thrust and grip of these girls which spoke of better partnership between the sexes than yet has reached full development.

"The higher education for women began early in Russia," said the president. "You will hear of the young woman who in 1861 walked into a medical-school lecture in one of the provinces, and, with note-book opened, but without comment, took up the course. The faculty had never thought of such a situation, and there being no good reason to refuse, they admitted her. But it was before that year that this college was founded with an endowment of not more than fifty English pounds."

From the middle of the last century the women of Russia have asserted their eagerness for professional training. Teaching, surgery, medicine, and government service have attracted the greatest number. When the medical schools were closed to them, they went to Switzerland and other foreign countries. A Russian girl took a doctor's degree at Zurich in 1867. In the early seventies the admission of women to medical courses became a settled practice in Russia. In 1876, women surgeons in numbers distinguished themselves at the front in the Servian-Turkish War; the same distinguished service has been given by them in the Russo-Japanese War and in the present conflict. To-day women physicians are as prominent as

men, and in some cities there are many more female than male dentists. More than sixty-two per cent. of the teachers in the zemstvo schools are women, and the census of 1897 showed that there were four women to every five men in the state and public services.

I went to a Sunday-night musicale at the home of a Petrograd merchant. The hostess has five children. The eldest daughter has left school to enter the relief work of the war; the wife has to manage the household, and at present is taking care of two refugees from Poland. She belongs to many organizations of women, but despite her outside interests, her children—if one is tolerant of the unaffected self-assurance of Russian children—are attractive young persons, and her hospitality is of the constant, all-hours, and informal kind.

"Will you have a cigarette?" a guest asked her.

"Oh, no," she said. "I have my work to do this evening. Cigarettes are bad for one's efficiency."

I asked about her work.

"Why, she is a distinguished mathematician," I was told. "She has been engaged for several years in work the Government is doing—charting the Northern seas. She is a government hydrographer."

The women of Russia are not self-conscious concerning their abilities. If one expresses surprise at their work, they express wonder at the surprise. "Why not?" they ask.

The Russian monthly for women, patterned after our own women's magazines of "fashion, fiction, and fact," and many other periodicals, are edited by women, and women are often in charge of the business management as well.

One of my acquaintances in Petrograd was an active, diminutive widow whose son asked eternally, and to my embarrassment, questions concerning the fighting strength of the United States. His mother does not regard it as remarkable that she is a political reporter and an international correspondent, sending daily telegrams to a London publication about the fortunes of war on the Russian front. In her study she has covered the walls with military maps and her book-shelves with manuals of military science, and it is impossible to convince her that there is anything extraordinary in her attempt to master strategy.

"I have a mind. It can grasp these things or it cannot," she says. "If it can, well and good. It will not be because I am a woman that it can. If it cannot, it will not be because I am a woman that it cannot. And so—"

Women in Russia have not advanced to the degree that they do not foster women's organizations. No people are fonder of societies and associations than Russians. There are associations of arts, technical associations, musical clubs, and endless societies, but efficiency in joint action is not yet a virtue of the Russians. They are too individualistic. The Government frowns upon any coöperative body which aims to do anything, and the Russians lack practice in acting together. Assembly is always dangerous even when it is not clear that there is any political significance in it. Not many months ago members of the American and English colonies in Petrograd went out into the country for a picnic. The affair was conducted in a somewhat stately fashion, and proud men and elegant dames joined in the celebration. They were all put under arrest by the local police for conducting an unlawful assembly.

Russian women, however, have shown skill in making their organizations effective. I went to typical settlements which are maintained by women's societies. Unlike our own settlements, they rely upon the coöperative labors of members more than upon their endowments. When the national relief committee under Prince Oldenburg called upon districts of cities and upon towns for the establishment of hospitals, the "intelligent" women of Russia came to the forefront in the business administration in these.

"The movement for woman suffrage in Russia occupies a peculiar position," I was told by one of the women reporters who

Scene in one of the kindergartens which the Russian Society for Equal Suffrage maintains in Petrograd

had been attached to daily papers in Moscow and Petrograd. "We feel the influence of Finland, where women vote and hold office just as men do," she went on. "There are many reasons why women in Russia would want to vote, and occasionally they are granted the privilege. For instance, when long ago, before the war, the first steps were taken against drunkenness and local option was tried, the women were allowed to cast ballots because it served the purpose of the imperial council to allow them to do so. But you must not forget that even male suffrage in Russia is not what it seems under our so-called constitutional rights. The first desire of the people is for any extension of suffrage, but whether to men or women is not for the moment vital. The question of women suffrage is somewhat lost in that larger question."

None the less there are active suffrage societies. They are forbidden to maintain an existence, but under various guises they persist. The presiding officer of one of them in Petrograd talked freely enough about their work.

"We increase our membership-list constantly, and some prominent members of the Government who are considered reactionary would be surprised to find their wives and daughters secretly interested in our movement," said she. "Russian women are sent abroad to attend international conferences of the suffrage movement. We keep ourselves informed as to what other countries are doing, but we are very different from your woman-suffrage societies. We spend much of our energy trying to show that women can be practical and efficient in government. For instance, I understand that in America if one goes to a woman-suffrage society and says, 'We need better education; therefore draw a bill for the assembly,' your women say: 'We do not understand education. If we did, we would draw no bill. We bother with no political questions but woman suffrage."

I smiled.

"Well, how can they say so?" she exclaimed. "They must convince by showing in deeds how worthy they are in politics. They must seize all opportunities for political expression. How can any one know their worth until they do so? So we are busy working for good measures. I have helped to draw a bill for compul-

'sory education to be put before the new Duma. We women must practise for political fitness."

When I left Petrograd for Mohileff in an army-train, a young soldier who shared my compartment, on his way to the front, leaned out of the window to say good-by to a young girl. An old artillery officer explained to me in French that they were married, but both had been attending universities, and both expected to be doctors. The young Slav giant, with his flaxen hair and clear skin, roared with laughter, though somewhat nervously, and the girl, tall, well-poised, rested her large hands on the window-sill and chatted with a smiling countenance. They were Spartans.

The train started. The girl ran behind a post, where he could not see her, but I could, and buried her face in her arm, shaking with emotion. The young blond giant turned to me, and with tears in the corners of his eyes gripped my knees and poured forth in a low, thick voice a flood of Russian words.

"Ah, he desires to communicate to you," the old artillery officer said in French—"he desires to communicate to you that it is not difficult to say good-by to an ordinary pretty woman to whom one is married and whom one loves, but that it is much more difficult if she is also one's best friend."

Perhaps there is in this a deserved tribute to the best of the better half of Russia.

The Snare of the Tropics

By RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

He of the North should shun the South:
Its fruits are wormwood in his mouth.

Too brilliant wings, too bright a sky
Daze him and blind the inner eye.

Strange flowers like scented velvet flames
Stir feelings which his will disclaims;

And soon the sly, narcotic air
Makes his own flesh a secret snare.

Fearful, he faces now the night
Of fevered perfumes, flaring light.

A million miching evils creep
Into his once stout-gated sleep.

He broods, throws off each human bond,
Lured by the wilderness beyond.

The noose of parasitic vines
A snake about his rash heart twines.

The jungle drags him to his knees;
He dreads, then worships, its disease.

Miasmic fingers pluck his brain;
Back to the North he turns. In vain!
He cannot find his soul again.

CURRENT COMMENT

The Philosophic Future

IF we accept from our modern materialistic philosophy the premise that the philosophies of the past were all creatures of the conditions of life in the past, and that our present philosophies have been similarly produced and molded, then there is in our life to-day a movement of thought and a change in philosophy that give the present a significant aspect, and promise for the future a queer turn.

We are told that when man lived under the feudal system his religion arranged itself in a similar feudal system, with a feudal king in heaven ruling over a celestial court, and delegating his authority to representatives on earth who derived their powers from him, not from their subjects. We are told that when the feudal period passed into that age of trading and industry which has been called the era of handicraft, the King of Heaven became the First Cause or the Great Artificer; the individualism of independent workmen instituted the doctrines of natural liberty and the rights of man; and man lived in a world that had been created for him, for his use and benefit. We are told that with our modern period of machine industry there arrived the mechanistic theories of life and a universe that were neither ruled by a Most High nor created by a First Cause—a universe of blind forces by which life had been mechanically evolved, a universe in which man, an equal victim with all the other animals, preyed on them and was preyed upon by them, as irresponsible as they, and as incapable of any intelligent self-direction against the forces that molded him and his social system.

But now, against this last conception of science, there has arisen a wide revolt. The most popular philosopher of the day is Henri Bergson, who has attacked the mechanistic theory on the ground that it explains how the blind forces of nature have controlled evolution, but does not account for that urge of life, that *élan de la vie* which has propelled life along the lines of evolution; and in his theories of instinct and the adaptive powers even of plants, he has allowed life not a mind precisely, and not a purpose, but a sort of impetus, as of determination to achieve, that seems in its blindness to see further than intelligence can (as in the case of instinct) and to develop intelligence as it develops organs, in order to move against the resistance of the inert matter within which it works. Scientists like William M'Dougall, who began as a mechanistic philosopher, are writing books like his "Body and Mind," in which the old doctrines of animism are restated; and if they do not boldly reinstall the soul that was left out of man by the mechanistic theory, they listen at the door of the closed throne-room and declare that the chamber is occupied by some mysterious sovereign—call it a soul or what you will. There has sprung up a religion that denies the very existence of matter and is eagerly received. A whole crusade of social progress is being preached upon the doctrine that society is guilty of all its sins of poverty and injustice and can redeem itself from them by taking thought. Industrial Germany is pointed to as an example of what a nation can do to control the course of its own growth, to guide and educate itself toward its future, and to study and take advantage of the social and economic laws of progress so as to accelerate their action, instead of blindly drifting with them or rowing desperately against them, as the nations of the past have done.

And if we accept all this new philosophy as the product of new conditions of life,—as the old philosophies were the creatures of old conditions,—then the mechanistic theories of existence must be passing away chiefly because our machine era is passing into a new period of directed science, purposeful invention, and the sovereignty of mind over matter and its laws

and over society and its progress. What such a change would imply imagination itself can hardly picture. It would be as if man, the victim of nature, having spent all the generations of the past in first blindly worshiping and then blindly serving the powers that controlled him, was at last to find the strength and faculty to control himself and them. It would mean that Germany's "will to power" is going to be imitated by its neighbors, and that the nations are all to be as purposeful as so many self-made men, and purposeful in some form of state socialism, with little of the old individual liberty and laissez-faire of the past. It would mean that our future governments are to be administered by experts and scientists, whose rule would be obeyed, as we obey physicians, because we wanted our country to "keep fit."

The Uses of Adversity

THE survivors of the San Francisco earthquake spoke with enthusiasm of the fraternity of mutual aid and kindliness that inspired the victims of that disaster and made life to them, in the midst of its ruins, seem something more right and noble than it had ever been in its security. In the Ludlow tent colony of Colorado the striking miners of a dozen antagonistic nationalities suffered destitution together in midwinter, half-starved, and exposed, with their wives and children, to all the adversities of cold and want and armed inhumanity; and yet through all their stories of their misery there is the evidence of an extraordinary good-fellowship that gave a gala air to their encampment, the happiness of a society united in sympathy, a delighted concord between alien races that were glad to find their old prejudices unfounded. Now in the great calamity that has wrecked Europe we are hearing daily of the resolute cheerfulness of the German people or the calm and dignified exaltation of the French. And Professor Jacks of Oxford, writing in "The New Republic" on "The Peacefulness of being at War," speaks of "the peace of mind" that has come to all England, "the spirit of fellowship, with its attendant cheerfulness" that is in the air, "the exhilaration" that every one feels, the contentment of the young officer at the front who writes that at last he has found his "proper job," and even the relief of the chronic sufferer from insomnia who confesses, "Since the war I have slept remarkably well."

An alarmed commentator on Professor Jacks's article demands of his readers, "Is this condition of 'peacefulness' so supreme a human good that it makes war the best form of international relationship?" No more, one might answer, than the experience of San Francisco proves that earthquake and fire are the best promoters of social harmony. It is not their relations with the Germans that make the English feel at peace; it is their relations with one another. The miners of the Ludlow colony were not cheered by their enmity to the armed mine-guards, but by their amity with their fellow-workers. Like the citizens of San Francisco, who were shaken out of their social strifes by being shaken out of every material possession for which they had been striving, the peoples of Europe find themselves serene in the satisfaction of the primitive herd instinct of coöperation which man, under favoring conditions, is always happy to indulge.

For it would seem that the envies and enmities of our ordinary life have their tap-root in the disparity of our possessions, and any disaster that reduces us to a state of common human exposure cuts off these enmities at their source. The laboring men of England and Wales felt so little of Professor Jacks's "peacefulness" that they went on strike against the demands of war-time work despite the general cry of "Treason!" but returned to their mines and their munition factories as soon as the Government promised that their employers should not be allowed to make an exorbitant profit out of the needs of the nation. Modern man is a fairly wholesome and friendly animal who loves to

move in a mass, rubbing shoulders with his file-mates, cheered by the approval of his fellows, and relieved from the chafing of his own egotism against the competitive good fortune of his neighbor. The peacefulness of being at war comes surely from the fact that war allows us to enjoy this gratification of our gregarious instinct unthwarted by the envies of peace and prosperity. In our ordinary day it takes a determined social worker like Judge Lindsey or Jane Addams to luxuriate in the unselfish hardships of a life devoted to the common good. In war we are all of their mind, and enter into something of their dignity.

The Poe Portrait

The Editor of THE CENTURY.
Dear Sir:

I am satisfied in my own mind that the portrait you printed in your April issue as "An Unpublished Daguerreotype of Edgar Allan Poe" lacks authentication. The daguerreotyper's art was not invented until the year 1839, and not well in vogue until some years afterward. As John Allan died in 1834, it was impossible for him to have any daguerreotype among his effects, as your text states he had.

I am familiar with the court proceedings at Richmond, Virginia, when a cousin of Mrs. Pryor, whose testimony is also recorded there, attacked the will of her grandmother, the second Mrs. Allan. It was brought out in the case that Mrs. Allan, shortly before her death, went about the house packing up pictures and doing other odd things which lawyers characterized as "the old lady losing her grip upon her affairs." The only legacy she left her grandchild was a small portrait of her father. I have little doubt that the picture you published was a family heirloom of her immediate family, which she had hidden away without telling its history. John Allan Galt, a namesake and near relative of John Allan, whose father was also Allan's executor when he died, left some interesting "Poe-Allan" reminiscences. He told that John Allan left private papers and other matters in a trunk, which he stowed away at his place of business after his second marriage. Among them were the unpublished Poe letters, now owned by the Valentine Museum at Richmond, Virginia. His father carried this trunk with its contents to Fluvanna County, Virginia, where as a boy he had frequently examined them. Mrs. Pryor never saw them. I have had them fully traced. Other Allan personal effects went through a public auction sale, so this daguerreotype could hardly have been very carefully preserved among the effects of John Allan.

I have also met a person who had importuned the second Mrs. Allan for a memento of Poe, and she finally gave him a small table as the only thing in her possession that she associated with him.

It is a fact, which I have never seen in print, that Poe never used tobacco. The group picture has him with a rather modern-looking cigar in his hand.

Those who knew and were familiar with Miles George and Thomas Goode Tucker find no likeness to them in your published group picture.

Finally, Mr. Edward V. Valentine, the Richmond sculptor, who is a connection of the Allan family, visited that home, and knew all the sons, recognizes one of the pictures in your published group as "Willie Allan," one of the three sons of the second Mrs. Allan. The face of his companion, sitting with a glass in his hand, is most familiar to him, and he thinks that later he will be able readily to recall his name, as well as to identify the alleged Poe portrait as that of a member of a well-known early Richmond family.

(Signed)
J. H. WHITTY.

(On behalf of Miss Lilian McG. Shepherd, THE CENTURY feels it necessary to state that according to the recent testimony of Mrs. William Price Pryor herself, Mr. Whitty's statements concerning

the Allan heirlooms are incomplete and misleading; Mrs. Pryor inherited from the Allans a great many things, and the Poe portrait was part of the Allan estate. Furthermore, in the opinion of some experts, the daguerreotype in question could have been made from a pastel after John Allan's death, while in that of one expert it represents Poe in about the year 1840. In this latter case Miss Shepherd's idea that the daguerreotype belonged to John Allan would be an error; in either case, however, Mr. Whitty's opening, and chief, argument against the authenticity of the portrait would be demolished. THE CENTURY has little doubt that the daguerreotype actually represents Poe.—THE EDITOR.)

"Industrial Relations"—a Correction

Editor of THE CENTURY.

Dear Sir:

In the May issue of your magazine, in an article called "Industrial Relations," you say:

Mr. Taft, being at the close of a Presidential term, with troubles of his own requiring no little attention, generously handed over the appointment of the commission to his successor, perhaps as a genial bit of Presidential hazing, and doubtless accepted by the Presidential neophyte in like spirit.

There seems to be a misunderstanding on the subject. I have a letter from William H. Taft, dated August 25th, 1912, wherein he said:

Dear Mr. Lewisohn:

I have to appoint nine men on an Industrial Commission. It is one of the most important tasks I have. I would like to consult you in regard to the personnel of the commission.

Mr. Taft appointed a commission, and I was one of the appointees. The Senate did not confirm Mr. Taft's appointments, and it went over to the following spring, when President Wilson made new appointments, which were confirmed by the Senate and which constituted the commission that had charge of the matter. May I ask you to publish this in your next issue?

I remain,

Yours very truly,

ADOLPH LEWISOHN.

ERRATUM.—An unfortunate transposition occurs in THE CENTURY for July in the legends of two illustrations by Mr. Pennell in the paper on Edinburgh. "The Tolbooth, High Street" should read "The Playhouse Close, First Theater in Scotland," and vice versa.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

My Tailor

A Study in Still-Life

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

HE always stands there, and has stood these thirty years, in the back part of his shop, his tape woven about his neck, a smile of welcome on his face, waiting to greet me.

"Something in a serge," he says, "or perhaps in a tweed?"

There are only these two choices open to us. We have had no others for thirty years. It is too late to alter now.

"A serge, yes," continues my tailor; "something in a dark blue, perhaps."

He says it with all the gusto of a new idea, as if the thought of dark blue had sprung up as an inspiration. "A dark blue, Mr. Jennings,"—this is his assistant,—"kindly take down some of those dark blues."

"Ah!" he exclaims, "now here is an excellent thing." His manner as he says this is such as to suggest that by sheer good fortune and blind chance he has stumbled upon a thing among a million.

He lifts one knee and drapes the cloth over it, standing upon one leg. He knows that in this attitude it is hard to resist him. Cloth to be appreciated as cloth must be viewed over the bended knee of a tailor, with one leg in the air.

My tailor can stand in this way indefinitely, on one leg in a sort of ecstasy, a kind of local paralysis.

"Would that make up well?" I ask him.

"Admirably," he answers.

I have no real reason to doubt it. I have never seen any reason why cloth should not make up well. But I always ask the question as I know that he expects it and it pleases him. There ought to be a fair give and take in such things.

"You don't think it at all loud?" I say. He always likes to be asked this.

"Oh, no; very quiet indeed. In fact, we always recommend serge as extremely quiet."

I have never had a wild suit in my life; but it is well to ask.

Then he measures me, round the chest; nowhere else. All the other measures were taken years ago. Even the chest measure is only done, and I know it, to please me. I do not really grow.

"A *little* fuller in the chest," my tailor muses. Then he turns to his assistant. "Mr. Jennings, a little fuller in the chest; half an inch on to the chest, please."

It is a kind fiction. Growth around the chest is flattering even to the humblest of us.

"Yes," my tailor goes on—he uses "yes" without any special meaning—"yes, and shall we say a week from Tuesday? Mr. Jennings, a week from Tuesday, please."

"And will you please," I say, "send the bill to—"

But my tailor waves this aside. He does not care to talk about the bill. It would only give pain to both of us to speak of it.

The bill is a matter we deal with solely by correspondence, and that only in a decorous and refined style never calculated to hurt.

I am sure from the tone of my tailor's letters that he would never send the bill, or ask for the amount, were it not that from time to time he is himself, unfortunately, "pressed," owing to "large consignments from Europe." But for these heavy consignments I am sure I should never need to pay him. It is true that I have sometimes thought to observe that these consignments are apt to arrive when I pass the limit of owing for two suits and order a third. But this can only be a mere coincidence.

Yet the bill, as I say, is a thing that we never speak of. Instead of it, my tailor passes to the weather. Ordinary people always begin with this topic. Tailors, I notice, end with it. It is only broached after the suit is ordered, never before.

"Pleasant weather we are having," he says. It is never other, so I notice, with him. Perhaps the order of a suit itself is a little beam of sunshine. Then we move together toward the front of the store on the way to the outer door.

"Nothing to-day, I suppose," says my tailor, "in shirtings?"

"No, thank you."

This is again a mere form. In thirty years I have never bought any shirtings from him. Yet he asks the question with the same winsomeness as he did thirty years ago.

"And nothing, I suppose, in collaring or in hosiery?"

This again is futile. Collars I buy elsewhere, and hosiery I have never worn.

Thus we walk to the door in friendly colloquy. Somehow, if he failed to speak of shirtings and of hosiery, I should feel as if a familiar cord had broken.

At the door we part.

"Good afternoon," he says. "A week from Tuesday—yes,—good afternoon."

Such is, or was, our calm, unsullied intercourse, unvaried, or at best broken only by consignments from Europe.

I say it *was;* that is, until just the other day.

And then, coming to the familiar door for my customary summer suit, I found that he was there no more. There were people in the store unloading shelves and piling cloth and taking stock. And they told me that he was dead. It came to me with a strange shock. I had not thought it possible. He seemed, he should have been, immortal.

They said the worry of his business had helped to kill him. I could not have believed it. It always seemed so still and tranquil, wearing his tape about his neck and marking measures and holding cloth against his leg beside the sunlight of the window in the back part of the shop. Can a man die of that? Yet he had been "going behind," they said (however that is done), for years. His wife, they told me, would be left badly off. I had never conceived him as having a wife. But it seemed that he had, and a daughter, too, —at a conservatory of music,—yet he never spoke of her; and that he himself was musical and played the flute, and was the sidesman of a church, yet he never referred to it to me. In fact, in thirty years we never spoke of religion. Now it was hard to connect him with the idea of it.

As I went out I seemed to hear his voice still saying, "And nothing to-day in shirtings?"

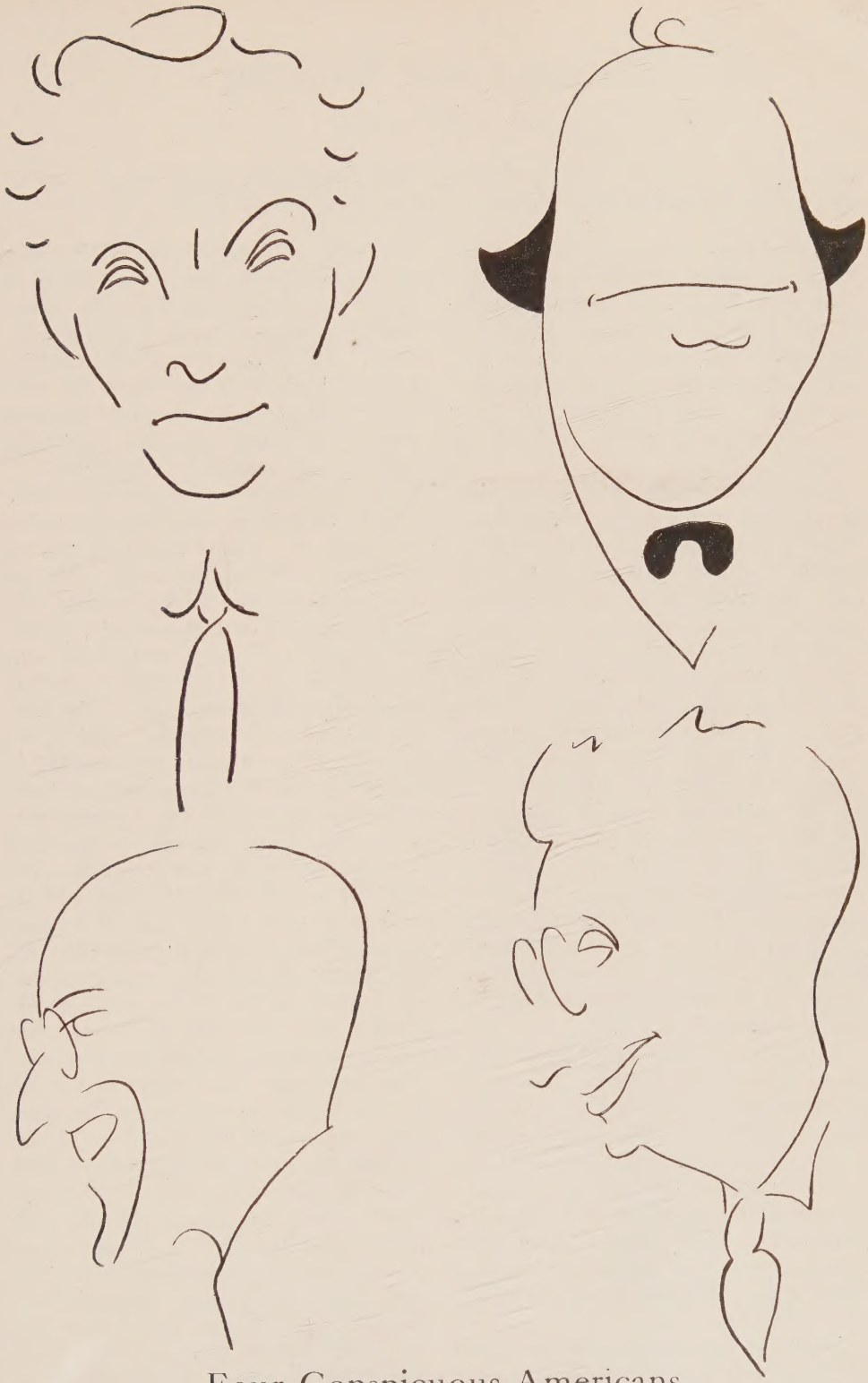
I was sorry I had never bought any.

There is, I am certain, a deep moral in this; but I will not try to draw it. It might appear too obvious.

Triolet of the *Thé Dansant*

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

MY Betty is a charming miss,
And all the carefuller for that.
In dancing, one 's so near a kiss
(My Betty *is* a charming miss),
She, just to keep me at a dis-
Tance, wears a sweet, but broad-brimmed,
hat.
My Betty is a charming miss,
And all the carefuller for that.



Four Conspicuous Americans

Indicated by Gluyas Williams

Finance and Banking

By H. V. CANN

BEGINNING with this issue, THE CENTURY will publish each month hereafter an article on financial and banking subjects of interest to the general reader.—THE EDITOR.

IT has become a mere platitude to speak of the great reforms and improvements in American banking brought about by the new law of 1913. Every one knows how the central reserves of gold and credit have been mobilized and what the benefits are of the sound note issues that are adjustable to the needs of the country.

These newly created safeguards against the old-time panics are such outstanding features as to overshadow other advantages now enjoyed by the public from the daily operations under the same law. Readily available reserves and an ample supply of currency afford the very necessary provision against emergencies, yet for ordinary times and in the day-to-day work of financing the industry and commerce of the country other new developments are equally or more important. A low and stable rate of discount has for the first time been made effective throughout the country. A considerable volume of trade is being cheaply financed by bankers' acceptances. A national discount market has passed the first stages of development. Many economies are apparent in the settlement of domestic exchanges through a central gold fund.

Perhaps more important than all in ultimate effect upon American banking is the beginning of branch banking by the national banks. If many follow the lead of the two or three who have started to operate domestic and foreign branches, the possibilities for American banking are unlimited. Most people agree that branches abroad are needed, but opinions differ when a domestic branch bank system is proposed.

Years ago there used to be discussions of the relative merits of single independent banks and branch banks. The uninformed contended that a community is better served by a small locally owned bank than by the branch of a large institution. Those who are experienced in both kinds of banking do not doubt the superiority of the branch system that for more than two hundred years has been tried under every conceivable condition. It grows in usefulness and strength everywhere. In fact, in every important country except the United States the day of the small bank is almost ended. During this generation the private bankers and small banks in Great Britain have gradually merged with large institutions until there are now only about half as many as there were twenty years ago. The present number is seventy-nine, with 9100 branches. The branches have doubled in number during the same period, and there is one for about every five thousand people. One bank operates a thousand branches, several have over five hundred branches, and all except the Bank of England have over a hundred. The same tendency is observed on the Continent and in Canada; the process of amalgamation, the gradual decline of the small banks, has left only about half the number that were doing business twenty-five years ago. The twenty-two head offices in the dominion operate three thousand branches there and seventy-five elsewhere. Competition has given the Canadians a bank office for about each twenty-five hundred people. Here the national and state institutions combined show an average of one for each four thousand inhabitants. The state banks furnish some examples in a small way of efficient branch-bank service. But only by a recent ruling has it been made possible for a national bank to

(*Continued on page 45 following*)

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

ART INSTITUTE
CHICAGO
RYERSON LIBRARY

From the original in the Louvre

"La Finette," by Jean-Antoine Watteau

(Timothy Cole's Wood-engravings of Masterpieces)